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LIFE AND POEMS

OF THE

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

VOL. II.

Burke's House
[Beaconsfield]

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1834.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

REV. GEORGE CRABBE:

46623

WITH

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

AND HIS LIFE,

BY HIS SON.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXXIV.

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Cc a/Hn.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume opens with the Dedication prefixed to that collection of Poems, by Mr. Crabbe, which appeared in 1807; and which included "The Library," originally published in 1781· "The Village," in 1783; and "The Newspaper," in 1785;—together with four then new poems; viz., "The Parish Register," "The Birth of Flattery," "Sir Eustace Grey," and "The Hall of Justice." The Author's Preface to the same collection, of 1807, is next given; and then follow the Poems which it embraced; now for the first time arranged in the order in which they were written.

The original draft of "The Library," as first shown to Mr. Burke, has been found among Mr. Crabbe's MSS., and the various readings supplied from this and other sources, together with explanatory matter of different kinds, are appended to the present pages in notes distinguished by brackets.

In imitation of the example given by Sir Walter Scott, in the collective edition of his Poetical Works, an Appendix is added to this volume, containing various juvenile Poems by Mr. Crabbe, some from his MSS., others from two anonymous publications which have now become extremely scarce. These early essays cannot detract from the fame of his maturer productions; and illustrating, as they do, in a striking manner, the progress of the Author's taste and talents, they may furnish both encouragement and warning to the young aspirant in the art of poetry. They are, however, chiefly valuable for the light which they throw on the personal character of the author himself; the purification of his heart from youthful errors under the influence of virtuous love, and an awakened sense of religious obligation; and the struggles of his mind during the period of what, like Dr. Johnson, he calls "*his distress*."

February 10. 1834.

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POEMS.

Ipse per Ausonias Æneia carmina gentes
Qui sonat, ingenti qui nomine pulsat Olympum;
Mæoniumque senem Romano provocat ore:
Forsitan illius nemoris latuisset in umbrâ
Quod canit, et sterili tantum cantásset avenâ
Ignotus populi; si Mæcenate careret.

LUCAN. *Panég. ad Pisones.*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY-RICHARD FOX,

LORD HOLLAND,

OF HOLLAND, IN LINCOLNSHIRE; LORD HOLLAND, OF FOXLEY; AND FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

My Lord,

That the longest poem in this collection (1) was honoured by the notice of your Lordship's right honourable and ever-valued rel ion, Mr. Fox; that it should be the last which engaged his attention; and that some parts of it were marked with his approbation; are circumstances productive of better hopes of ultimate success than I had dared to entertain before I was gratified with a knowledge of them: and the hope thus raised leads me to ask permission that I may dedicate this book to your L..dship, to whom that truly great and greatly lamented personage was so nearly allied in family, so closely bound in affection, and in whose mind presides the same critical taste which he exerted to the delight of all who heard him. He doubtless united with his unequalled abilities a fund of good-nature;

(1) [The Pa..ish Register was the longest poem in the volume, published ..n 180], to which this dedication was prefixed.]

and this possibly led him to speak favourably of, and give satisfaction to, writers with whose productions he might not be entirely satisfied: nor must I allow myself to suppose his desire of obliging was withholden, when he honoured any effort of mine with his approbation: but, my Lord, as there was discrimination in the opinion he gave; as he did not veil indifference for insipid mediocrity of composition under any general expression of cool approval; I allow myself to draw a favourable conclusion from the verdict of one who had the superiority of intellect few would dispute, which he made manifest by a force of eloquence peculiar to himself; whose excellent judgment no one of his friends found cause to distrust, and whose acknowledged candour no enemy had the temerity to deny. (1)

With such encouragement, I present my book to your Lordship: the "Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega" (2) has taught me what

(1) ["Mr. Fox's memory seems never to have been oppressed by the number, or distracted by the variety, of the materials which he had gradually accumulated. Never, indeed, will his companions forget the readiness, correctness, and glowing enthusiasm, with which he repeated the noblest passages in the best English, French, and Italian poets, and in the best epic and dramatic writers of antiquity. He read the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome, not only with exquisite taste, but with philological precision; and the mind which had been employed in balancing the fate of kingdoms, seemed occasionally, like that of Cæsar, when he wrote upon grammatical analogy, to put forth its whole might upon the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, the quantity of syllables, and all the nicer distinctions of those metrical canons, which some of our illustrious countrymen have laid down for the different kinds of verse in the learned languages. Even in these subordinate accomplishments, he was wholly exempt from pedantry. He could amuse without instruction, while he instructed without arrogance." — Parr.]

(2) [First published in 1807. A new edition appeared in 1817, to which

I am to expect; I there perceive how your Lordship can write, and am there taught how you can judge of writers: my faults, however numerous, I know, will none of them escape through inattention, nor will any merit be lost for want of discernment: my verses are before him who has written elegantly, who has judged with accuracy, and who has given unequivocal proof of abilities in a work of difficulty,—a translation of poetry, which few persons in this kingdom are able to read (1), and in the estimation of talents not hitherto justly appreciated. In this

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was added "An Account of the Life and Writings of Guillen de Castro." "No name among the Spanish poets," says Mr. Southey, "is so generally known out of its own country as that of Lope de Vega, but it is only the name; and perhaps no author, whose reputation is so widely extended, has been so little read. The good fortune, however, of this 'phœnix of Spain' has not wholly forsaken him; and he has been as happy now in a biographer, as he was during his life in obtaining the patronage of the great and the favour of the public."

(1) ["For about a hundred years, French had been the only literature which obtained any attention in this country. Now and then some worthless production was 'done into English by a Person of Quality,' and a few sickly dramatists imported stage plots and re-manufactured them for the English market; making of less value, by their bad workmanship, materials which were of little enough value in themselves. But at this time a revival was beginning; it was brought about, not by the appearance of great and original genius, but by awakening the public to the merits of our old writers, and of those of other countries. The former task was effected by Percy and Warton: the latter it was Hayley's fortune to perform. A greater effect was produced upon the rising generation of scholars, by the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry, than by any other contemporary work, the Relics of Ancient Poetry alone excepted. A most gratifying proof of this was afforded him thirty years after these notes were published, when he received from Lord Holland a present of the 'Life of Lope de Vega,' and a letter saying, that what Hayley had there written concerning the Araucana, had induced him to learn the Spanish language. And this was followed by an act of substantial kindness on his Lordship's part, in procuring an appointment for one of the author's relations. There are many persons who might make the same acknowledgment as Lord Holland, though few who have pursued the study of that fertile literature with such distinguished success."—SOUTHEY.]

view, I cannot but feel some apprehension: but I know also, that your Lordship is apprised of the great difficulty of writing well; that you will make much allowance for failures, if not too frequently repeated; and, as you can accurately discern, so you will readily approve, all the better and more happy efforts of one, who places the highest value upon your Lordship's approbation, and who has the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful

and obliged humble servant,

Geo. Crabbe.

Muston, Sept. 1807.

PREFACE.

[TO POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1807.]

ABOUT twenty-five years since was published a poem called "The Library;" which, in no long time, was followed by two others, "The Village," and "The Newspaper:" these, with a few alterations and additions, are here reprinted; and are accompanied by a poem of greater length, and several shorter attempts, now, for the first time, before the public; whose reception of them creates in their author something more than common solicitude, because he conceives that, with the judgment to be formed of these latter productions, upon whatever may be found intrinsically meritorious or defective, there will be united an enquiry into the relative degree of praise or blame which they may be thought to deserve, when compared with the more early attempts of the same writer.

And certainly, were it the principal employment of a man's life to compose verses, it might seem reasonable to expect that he would continue to im-

prove as long as he continued to live; though, even then, there is some doubt whether such improvement would follow; and, perhaps, proofs might be adduced to show it would not: but when, to this "*idle trade*," is added some "*calling* (1)," with superior claims upon his time and attention, his progress in the art of versification will probably be in proportion neither to the years he has lived, nor even to the attempts he has made.

While composing the first published of these poems (2), the author was honoured with the notice and assisted by the advice of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke: part of it was written in his presence, and the whole submitted to his judgment; receiving, in its progress, the benefit of his correction: I hope, therefore, to obtain pardon of the reader, if I eagerly seize the occasion, and, after so long a silence, endeavour to express a grateful sense of the benefits I have received from this gentleman, who was solicitous for my more essential interests, as well as benevolently anxious for my credit as a writer.

I will not enter upon the subject of his extraordinary abilities; it would be vanity, it would be weakness, in me to believe that I could make them better known or more admired than they now are;

(1) ["I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd."— POPE.]

(2) ["The Library."]

but of his private worth (1), of his wishes to do good, of his affability and condescension; his readiness to lend assistance when he knew it was wanted, and his delight to give praise where he thought it was deserved; of these I may write with some propriety. All know that his powers were vast, his acquirements various; and I take leave to add, that he applied them with unremitted attention to those objects which he believed tended to the honour and welfare of his country. But it may not be so generally understood, that he was ever assiduous in the more private duties of a benevolent nature; that he delighted to give encouragement to any promise of ability (2), and assistance to any appearance of

(1) [Mrs. Montagu, who had the good fortune to know, and the good taste to admire, Mr. Burke in the very early part of his life, thus speaks of him in one of her letters: — "I shall send you a 'Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful,' by Mr. Burke, a friend of mine. I think you will find him an elegant and ingenious writer. He is far from the pert pedantry and assuming ignorance of modern witlings, but in conversation and in writing an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools rush behind the altar at which wise men kneel and pay mysterious reverence."]

(2) [While in Dublin, in 1763, Burke's attention was called to a friendless young adventurer, who had just arrived from Cork, to exhibit a picture. This was Barry, the celebrated painter. Burke saw him frequently; examined and praised his picture; enquired into his views and future prospects; offered him a passage to England; received him, as he afterwards did Crabbe, at his house in town; introduced him to the principal artists; and procured employment for him to copy pictures under Athenian Stuart, till a change in his own circumstances enabled him to do still more. By his advice Barry went to Italy for improvement in his art, and while there the painter was chiefly supported by his munificence. Barry, like Crabbe, acknowledged the weight of his obligations. "I am your property," he wrote to Burke; "you ought surely to be free with a man of your own making, who has found in you, father, brother, friend, every thing." See PRIOR'S *Life of Burke*, and CUNNINGHAM'S *British Painters*.]

desert (1): to what purposes he employed his pen, and with what eloquence he spake in the senate, will be told by many, who yet may be ignorant of the solid instruction, as well as the fascinating pleasantry, found in his common conversation (2), amongst his friends; and his affectionate manners, amiable disposition (3), and zeal for their happiness,

(1) [Having already brought forward a painter and a poet of celebrity, he endeavoured to do the same by a sculptor. Writing to Lord Charlemont, in 1782, he says, — "I find that Ireland, among other marks of her just gratitude to Mr. Grattan, intends to erect a monument to his honour, which is to be decorated with sculpture. It will be a pleasure to you to know, that, at this time, a young man of Ireland is here, who, I really think, as far as my judgment goes, is fully equal to our best statuaries, both in taste and execution. If you employ him, you will encourage the rising arts in the decoration of the rising virtue of Ireland; and though the former, in the scale of things, is infinitely below the latter, there is a kind of relationship between them. The young man's name who wishes to be employed is Hickey."]

(2) ["Burke," said Johnson, "is never what we call hum-drum; never in a hurry to begin conversation, at a loss to carry it on, or eager to leave off. He does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." The Doctor often delighted to say, "If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke, under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man!'" — CROKER's *Boswell.*]

(3) [The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs. Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Mr. Burke's death, in 1797:—"A feeble old horse, which had been a great favourite with the junior Mr. Burke, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports when both were alike healthful and vigorous, was now, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr. Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, deliberately rested its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself; the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied much of his thoughts at all times; and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathise with his inward sorrows; rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck he wept long and bitterly."]

which he manifested in the hours of retirement with his family.

To this gentleman I was indebted for my knowledge of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was as well known to his friends for his perpetual fund of good humour and his unceasing wishes to oblige, as he was to the public for the extraordinary productions of his pencil and his pen. (1) By him I was favoured with an introduction to Dr. Johnson, who honoured me with his notice, and assisted me, as Mr. Boswell

(1) [This great painter and most amiable gentleman died in 1792. "Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that department of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and of the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appears not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to have been derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. . . . In full happiness of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. . . . . His talents of every kind — powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters — his social virtues in all the relations and in all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to provoke some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail! and farewell!" — BURKE.]

has told, with remarks and emendations for a poem I was about to publish. (1) The Doctor had been often wearied by applications, and did not readily comply with requests for his opinion; not from any unwillingness to oblige, but from a painful contention in his mind, between a desire of giving pleasure and a determination to speak truth. No man can, I think, publish a work without some expectation of satisfying those who are to judge of its merit: but I can, with the utmost regard to veracity, speak my fears, as predominating over every pre-indulged thought of a more favourable nature, when I was told that a judge so discerning had consented to read and give his opinion of "The Village," the poem I had prepared for publication. The time of suspense was not long protracted; I was soon favoured with a few words from Sir Joshua, who observed, — "If I knew how cautious Doctor Johnson was in giving commendation, I should be well satisfied with the portion dealt to me in his letter." Of that letter the following is a copy: —

"March 4. 1783.

"SIR,

"I have sent you back Mr. Crabbe's poem; which I read with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant. The alterations which I have made, I do not require him to adopt; for my lines are, perhaps, not often better [than] his own: but he may take mine and his own together, and perhaps,

(1) [See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 118, and Croker's Boswell, vol. v. p. 55.]

between them, produce something better than either. —He is not to think his copy wantonly defaced: a wet sponge will wash all the red lines away, and leave the pages clean.—His Dedication (1) will be least liked: it were better to contract it into a short sprightly address.—I do not doubt of Mr. Crabbe's success. I am Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

That I was fully satisfied, my readers will do me the justice to believe; and I hope they will pardon me, if there should appear to them any impropriety in publishing the favourable opinion expressed in a private letter: they will judge, and truly, that by so doing, I wish to bespeak their good opinion, but have no design of extorting their applause. I would not hazard an appearance so ostentatious to gratify my vanity, but I venture to do it in compliance with my fears.

After these was published "The Newspaper:" it had not the advantage of such previous criticism from any friends, nor perhaps so much of my own attention as I ought to have given to it; but the impression was, disposed of, and I will not pay so little respect to the judgment of my readers as now to suppress what they then approved.

(1) Neither of these were adopted. The author had written, about that time, some verses to the memory of Lord Robert Manners, brother to the late Duke of Rutland; and these, by a junction, it is presumed, not forced or unnatural, form the concluding part of "The Village."

Since the publication of this poem, more than twenty years have elapsed: and I am not without apprehension, lest so long a silence should be construed into a blamable neglect of my own interest, which those excellent friends were desirous of promoting; or, what is yet worse, into a want of gratitude for their assistance; since it becomes me to suppose they considered these first attempts as promises of better things, and their favours as stimulants to future exertion. And here, be the construction put upon my apparent negligence what it *may*, let me not suppress my testimony to the liberality of those who are looked up to as patrons and encouragers of literary merit, or, indeed, of merit of any kind: their patronage has never been refused, I conceive, when it has been reasonably expected or modestly required; and it would be difficult, probably, to instance, in these times and in this country, any one who merited or was supposed to merit assistance, but who nevertheless languished in obscurity or necessity for want of it; unless in those cases where it was prevented by the resolution of impatient pride, or wearied by the solicitations of determined profligacy. And, while the subject is before me, I am unwilling to pass silently over the debt of gratitude which I owe to the memory of two deceased noblemen,—His Grace the late Duke of Rutland, and the Right Honourable the Lord Thurlow: sensible of the honour done me by their notice, and the bene[illegible] received from them, I trust this acknowledgment will be imputed to its only motive—a grateful sense of their favours.

Upon this subject I could dwell with much pleasure; but, to give a reason for that appearance of neglect, as it is more difficult, so, happily, it is less required. In truth, I have, for many years, intended a republication of these poems, as soon as I should be able to join with them such other of later date as might not deprive me of the little credit the former had obtained. Long, indeed, has this purpose been procrastinated: and if the duties of a profession, not before pressing upon me—if the claims of a situation, at that time untried—if diffidence of my own judgment, and the loss of my earliest friends,—will not sufficiently account for my delay, I must rely upon the good-nature of my reader, that he will let them avail as far as he can, and find an additional apology in my fears of his censure.

These fears being so prevalent with me, I determined not to publish any thing more, unless I could first obtain the sanction of such an opinion as I might with some confidence rely upon. I looked for a friend who, having the discerning taste of Mr. Burke, and the critical sagacity of Doctor Johnson, would bestow upon my MS. the attention requisite to form his opinion, and would then favour me with the result of his observations; and it was my singular good fortune to gain such assistance; the opinion of a critic so qualified, and a friend so disposed to favour me. I had been honoured by an introduction to the Right Honourable Charles-

James Fox some years before, at the seat of Mr. Burke; and being again with him, I received a promise that he would peruse any work I might send to him previous to its publication, and would give me his opinion. At that time, I did not think myself sufficiently prepared; and when, afterwards, I had collected some poems for his inspection, I found my right honourable friend engaged by the affairs of a great empire, and struggling with the inveteracy of a fatal disease: at such time, upon such mind, ever disposed to oblige as that mind was, I could not obtrude the petty business of criticising verses; but he remembered the promise he had kindly given, and repeated an offer, which, though I had not presumed to expect, I was happy to receive. A copy of the poems, now first published, was immediately sent to him, and (as I have the information from Lord Holland, and his Lordship's permission to inform my readers) the poem which I have named "The Parish Register" was heard by Mr. Fox, and it excited interest enough, by some of its parts, to gain for me the benefit of his judgment upon the whole. Whatever he approved, the reader will readily believe, I have carefully retained; the parts he disliked are totally expunged, and others are substituted, which I hope resemble those more conformable to the taste of so admirable a judge. Nor can I deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of adding, that this poem (and more especially the history of Phœbe Dawson, with some parts of the second book), were the last

compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.

The above information I owe to the favour of the Right Honourable Lord Holland; nor this only, but to his Lordship I am indebted for some excellent remarks upon the other parts of my MS. It was not, indeed, my good fortune then to know that my verses were in the hands of a nobleman who had given proof of his accurate judgment as a critic, and his elegance as a writer, by favouring the public with an easy and spirited translation of some interesting scenes of a dramatic poet, not often read in this kingdom. The Life of Lope de Vega was then unknown to me: I had, in common with many English readers, heard of him; but could not judge whether his far-extended reputation was caused by the sublime efforts of a mighty genius, or the unequalled facility of a rapid composer, aided by peculiar and fortunate circumstances. That any part of my MS. was honoured by the remarks of Lord Holland yields me a high degree of satisfaction, and his Lordship will perceive the use I have made of them; but I must feel some regret when I know to what small portion they were limited; and discerning, as I do, the taste and judgment bestowed upon the verses of Lope de Vega, I must perceive how much my own needed the assistance afforded to one, who cannot be sensible of the benefit he has received.

But how much soever I may lament the advantages lost, let me remember with gratitude the helps I have obtained. With a single exception, every poem in the ensuing collection has been submitted to the critical sagacity of a gentleman, upon whose skill and candour their author could rely. To publish by advice of friends has been severely ridiculed, and that too by a poet who, probably, without such advice, never made public any verses of his own: in fact, it may not be easily determined who acts with less discretion, — the writer who is encouraged to publish his works merely by the advice of friends whom he consulted, or he who, against advice, publishes from the sole encouragement of his own opinion. These are deceptions to be carefully avoided; and I was happy to escape the latter by the friendly attentions of the Reverend Richard Turner, minister of Great Yarmouth. To this gentleman I am indebted more than I am able to describe, or than he is willing to allow, for the time he has bestowed upon the attempts I have made. He is, indeed, the kind of critic for whom every poet should devoutly wish, and the friend whom every man would be happy to acquire; he has taste to discern all that is meritorious, and sagacity to detect whatsoever should be discarded; he gives just the opinion an author's wisdom should covet, however his vanity might prompt him to reject it; what altogether to expunge and what to improve he has repeatedly taught me, and, could I have obeyed him in the latter direction, as I invariably have in the former, the public would have

found this collection more worthy its attention, and I should have sought the opinion of the critic more void of apprehension.

But, whatever I may hope or fear, whatever assistance I have had or have needed, it becomes me to leave my verses to the judgment of the reader, without my endeavour to point out their merit, or an apology for their defects: yet as, among the poetical attempts of one who has been for many years a priest, it may seem a want of respect for the legitimate objects of his study, that nothing occurs, unless it be incidentally, of the great subjects of religion; so it may appear a kind of ingratitude of a beneficed clergyman, that he has not employed his talent (be it estimated as it may) to some patriotic purpose; as in celebrating the unsubdued spirit of his countrymen in their glorious resistance of those enemies who would have no peace throughout the world, except that which is dictated to the drooping spirit of suffering humanity by the triumphant insolence of military success.

Credit will be given to me, I hope, when I affirm, that subjects so interesting have the due weight with me, which the sacred nature of the one, and the national importance of the other, must impress upon every mind not seduced into carelessness for religion by the lethargic influence of a perverted philosophy, nor into indifference for the cause of our country by hyperbolical or hypocritical professions of universal philanthropy: but, after many efforts

to satisfy myself, by various trials on these subjects, I declined all further attempt, from a conviction that I should not be able to give satisfaction to my readers. Poetry of a religious nature must, indeed, ever be clogged with almost insuperable difficulty: but there are, doubtless, to be found poets who are well qualified to celebrate the unanimous and heroic spirit of our countrymen, and to describe in appropriate colours some of those extraordinary scenes, which have been and are shifting in the face of Europe, with such dreadful celerity; and to such I relinquish the duty.

It remains for me to give the reader a brief view of those articles in the following collection, which for the first time solicit his attention.

In the "Parish Register," he will find an endeavour once more to describe village manners, not by adopting the notion of pastoral simplicity, or assuming ideas of rustic barbarity, but by more natural views of the peasantry, considered as a mixed body of persons, sober or profligate, and hence, in a great measure, contented or miserable. To this more general description are added the various characters which occur in the three parts of a Register; Baptism, Marriages, and Burials.

If the "Birth of Flattery" offer no moral, as an appendage to the fable, it is hoped that nothing of an immoral, nothing of improper tendency, will be imputed to a piece of poetical playfulness; in fact,

genuine praise, like all other species of truth, is known by its bearing full investigation: it is what the giver is happy that he can justly bestow, and the receiver conscious that he may boldly accept; but adulation must ever be afraid of enquiry, and must, in proportion to their degrees of moral sensibility,

Be shame " to him that gives and him that takes."

The verses, " *When all the youthful passions ceqse,*" &c. want a title; nor does the motto, although it gave occasion to them, altogether express the sense of the writer, who meant to observe, that some of our best acquisitions, and some of our nobler conquests, are rendered ineffectual, by the passing away of opportunity, and the changes made by time; an argument that such acquirements and moral habits are reserved for a state of being in which they have the uses here denied them.

In the story of " Sir Eustace Grey," an attempt is made to describe the wanderings of a mind first irritated by the consequences of error and misfortune, and afterwards soothed by a species of enthusiastic conversion, still keeping him insane; a task very difficult; and, if the presumption of the attempt may find pardon, it will not be refused to the failure of the poet. It is said of our Shakspeare, respecting madness,—

" In that circle none dare walk but he:"—

Yet be it granted to one, who dares not to pass the

boundary fixed for common minds, at least to step near to the tremendous verge, and form some idea of the terrors that are stalking in the interdicted space.

When first I had written "Aaron, or The Gipsy," I had no unfavourable opinion of it; and had I been collecting my verses at that time for publication, I should certainly have included this tale. Nine years have since elapsed, and I continue to judge the same of it; thus literally obeying one of the directions given by the prudence of criticism to the eagerness of the poet: but how far I may have conformed to rules of more importance, must be left to the less partial judgment of the reader.

The concluding poem, entitled "Woman!" was written at the time when the quotation from Mr. Ledyard was first made public: the expression has since become hackneyed; but the sentiment is congenial with our feelings, and, though somewhat amplified in these verses, it is hoped they are not so far extended as to become tedious.

After this brief account of his subjects, the author leaves them to their fate, not presuming to make any remarks upon the kinds of versification he has chosen, or the merit of the execution: he has, indeed, brought forward the favourable opinion of his friends, and for that he earnestly hopes his motives will be rightly understood; it was a step of which he felt the advantage, while he [illegible]

the danger: he was aware of the benefit, if his readers would consider him as one who puts on a defensive armour against hasty and determined severity; but he feels also the hazard, lest they should suppose he looks upon himself to be guarded by his friends, and so secure in the defence, that he may defy the fair judgment of legal criticism. It will probably be said, "he has brought with him his testimonials to the bar of the public;" and he must admit the truth of the remark: but he begs leave to observe in reply, that, of those who bear testimonials of any kind, the greater number feel apprehension, and not security; they are, indeed, so far from the enjoyment of victory, of the exultation of triumph, that, with all they can do for themselves, with all their friends have done for them, they are, like him, in dread of examination, and in fear of disappointment.

Muston, Leicestershire,
September, 1807.

THE LIBRARY.(1)

(1) [For Mr. Crabbe's own account of the preparation of this poem for the press, under Mr. Burke's eye, at Beaconsfield, see the preceding volume of this collection, p. 95. "The Library" appeared anonymously, in June, 1781; but the author's name and designation as domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland were on the title-page of a second edition published in 1783.]

Books afford Consolation to the troubled Mind, by substituting a lighter Kind of Distress for its own — They are productive of other Advantages — An Author's Hope of being known in distant Times — Arrangement of the Library — Size and Form of the Volumes — The ancient Folio, clasped and chained — Fashion prevalent even in this Place — The Mode of publishing in Numbers, Pamphlets, &c. — Subjects of the different Classes —— Divinity — Controversy — The Friends of Religion often more dangerous than her Foes — Sceptical Authors — Reason too much rejected by the former Converts; exclusively relied upon by the latter — Philosophy ascending through the Scale of Being to moral Subjects — Books of Medicine: their Variety, Variance, and Proneness to System: the Evil of this, and the Difficulty it causes — Farewell to this Study — Law: the increasing Number of its Volumes — Supposed happy State of Man without Laws — Progress of Society — Historians: their Subjects — Dramatic Authors, Tragic and Comic — Ancient Romances — The Captive Heroine — Happiness in the Perusal of such Books: why — Criticism — Apprehensions of the Author: removed by the Appearance of the Genius of the Place; whose Reasoning and Admonition conclude the Subject.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

THE

LIBRARY.

When the sad soul, by care and grief oppress'd,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire? (1)
Where fade away and placidly expire?

(1) [After line fourth, the original MS. reads as follows: —

Where can the wretched lose their cares, and hide
The tears of sorrow from the eyes of pride?
Can they in silent shades a refuge find
From all the scorn and malice of mankind?
From wit's disdain, and wealth's provoking sneer,
From folly's grin, and humour's stupid leer,
And clamour's iron tongue, censorious and severe?
There can they see the scenes of nature gay,
And shake the gloomy dreams of life away?
Without a sigh, the hope of youth give o'er,
And with aspiring honour climb no more.
Alas! we fly to peaceful shades in vain;
Peace dwells within, or all without is pain:
No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas —
He dreads a tempest, but desires a breeze.
The placid waves with silent swell disclose
A clearer view, and but reflect his woes.
So life has calms, in which we only see
A fuller prospect of our misery.

Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain;
Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain:

When the sick heart, by no design employ'd
Throbs o'er the past, or suffer'd, or enjoy'd,
In former pleasures finding no relief,
And pain'd anew in every former grief.
Can friends console us when our cares distress,
Smile on our woes, and make misfortunes less?
Alas! like winter'd leaves, they fall away,
Or more disgrace our prospects by delay;
The genial warmth, the fostering sap is past,
That kept them faithful, and that held them fast.
Where shall we fly?—to yonder still retreat,
The haunt of Genius and the Muses' seat,
Where all our griefs in others' strains rehearse,
Speak with old Time, and with the dead converse;
Till Fancy, far in distant regions flown,
Adopts a thousand schemes, and quits her own;
Skims every scene, and plans with each design,
Towers in each thought, and lives in every line
From clime to clime with rapid motion flies,
Weeps without woe, and without sorrow sighs;
To all things yielding, and by all things sway'd,
To all obedient, and by all obey'd;
The source of pleasures, noble and refined,
And the great empress of the Poet's mind.
Here led by thee, fair Fancy, I behold
The mighty heroes, and the bards of old!
For here the Muses sacred vigils keep,
And all the busy cares of being sleep;
No monarch covets war, nor dreams of fame,
No subject bleeds to raise his tyrant's name,
No proud great man, or man that would be great,
Drives modest merit from its proper state,
Nor rapine reaps the good by labour sown,
Nor envy blasts a laurel, but her own.
Yet Contemplation, silent goddess, here,
In her vast eye, makes all mankind appear,
All Nature's treasures, all the stores of Art,
That fire the fancy, or engage the heart,
The world's vast views, the fancy's wild domain,
And all the motley objects of the brain:
Here mountains hurl'd on mountains proudly rise,
[illegible] Nature's dull realities;
[illegible] here decks a sacred clime,
[illegible] never blooms in rhyme,

Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove, and murmurs in the stream;

And heroes honour'd for imputed deeds,
And saints adored for visionary creeds,
Legends and tales, and solitude and sighs,
Poor doating dreams, and miserable lies,
The empty bubbles of a pensive mind,
And Spleen's sad effort to debase mankind.
Here Wonder gapes at Story's dreadful page,
And Valour mounts by true poetic rage,
And Pity weeps to hear the mourning maid,
And Envy saddens at the praise convey'd.
Devotion kindles at the pious strain,
And mocks the madness of the fool's disdain:
Here gentle Delicacy turns her eye
From the loose page, and blushes her reply,
Alone, unheeded, calls her soul to arms,
Fears every thought, and flies from all alarms.
Pale Study here, to one great point resign'd;
Derides the various follies of mankind;
As distant objects seen their several cares,
And with his own their trifling work compares;
But still forgets like him men take their view,
And near their own, his works are trifling too: —
So suns and planets scarcely fill the eye
When earth's poor hills and man's poor huts are nigh;
But, were the eye in airy regions tost,
The world would lessen, and her hills be lost;
And were the mighty orbs above us known,
No world would seem so trifling as our own.
Here looking back, the wond'ring soul surveys
The sacred relics of departed days,
Where grace, and truth, and excellence reside,
To claim our praise, and mortify our pride;
Favour'd by fate, our mighty fathers found
The virgin Muse, with every beauty crown'd:
They woo'd and won; and, banish'd their embrace,
She comes a harlot to their feebler race:
Deck'd in false taste, with gaudy shows of art
She charms the eye, but touches not the heart;
By thousands courted, but by few caress'd,
False when pursued, and fatal when possess'd.
From hence we rove, with Fancy for our guide,
O'er this wide world, and other worlds more wide,

For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air:
No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas,—
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus, in the calms of life, we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales and gently clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;

Where other suns their vital power display,
And round revolving planets dart the day;
Where comets blaze, by mortals unsurvey'd,
And stray where Galileo never stray'd;
Where God himself conducts each vast machine,
Uncensured by mankind, because unseen.
Here, too, we trace the varied scenes of life,
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife,
The hero fearful to appear afraid,
The thoughts of the deliberating maid;
The snares for virtue, and the turns of fate,
The lie of trade, and madness of debate;
Here force deals death around, while fools applaud,
And caution watches o'er the lips of fraud;
Whate'er the world can show, here scorn derides,
And here suspicion whispers what it hides—
The secret thought, the counsel of the breast,
The coming news, and the expected jest.....
High panegyric, in exalted style,
That smiles for ever, and provokes a smile,
And Satire, with her fav'rite handmaids by—
Here loud abuse, there simpering irony....
All now display'd, without a mask are known,
And every vice in nature, but our own.
Yet Pleasure too, and Virtue, still more fair,
To this blest seat with mutual speed repair;
The social sweets in life's securer road,
Its bliss unenvied, its substantial good,
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.]

And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,
Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.

Not Hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart:
The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares;
Those lenient cares, which, with our own combined,
By mix'd sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind;
A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This, BOOKS can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;(1)
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:(2)
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;

(1) ["Books without the knowledge of life are useless; for what should books teach but the art of living?"—JOHNSON.]

(2) ["These studies are the food of youth, and the consolation of age: they adorn prosperity, and are the comfort and refuge of adversity: they are pleasant at home, and are of no incumbrance abroad: they accompany us at night, on our travels, and in our rural retreats."—CICERO.]

Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects, what they show to kings. (1)
Come, Child of Care! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene;
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold!
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find
And mental physic the diseased in mind;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage;
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage;
Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul;
And round the heart and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed. (2)

1) ["The learned world, as I take it, have ever allowed a liberty of thinking and of speaking one's sentiments. That serene republic knows none of the distance and distinctions which custom has introduced into all others. There is a decent familiarity to be admitted between the greatest and the meanest of it. This has often raised a thought in me, which has something wild, and at the same time something very agreeable in it, when indulged to any degree. 'Tis in relation to the peculiar happiness of men of letters; in that they can sit down in their closets, and converse with the greatest writers of every age and of any nation; and that in as much freedom and intimacy as their nearest friends could ever use towards any of them when living. What an illustrious assembly is there on these shelves! The courts of Augustus, Louis XIV., or Charles II., never beheld such a frequency of great geniuses as stand round a man in his own private study. How large a happiness is it for a person to have it in his power to say at any time, that he is going to spend an afternoon with the most agreeable and most improving company he will choose out of all ages! If he is in a gay humour, perhaps with Horace and Anacréon and Lord Dorset; or if more solid, either with Plato or Sir Isaac Newton." — Spence, *Essay on Pope's Odyssey.*]

2 ["A library pharmaceutically disposed would have the appearance of a dispensatory, and might be properly enough so called; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that those great benefactors to literature, Radcliffe, Mead, Sloane, Hunter, and others have had this very idea in their minds, when they founded their libraries." — Cumberland.]

Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude:—
Silent they are—but, though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound;
Here all that live no more; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.(1)

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring;
But Man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.(2)

(1) [" How often does the worm-eaten volume outlast the reputation of the worm-eaten author? Some literary reputations die in the birth; a few are nibbled to death by critics—but they are weakly ones that perish thus; such only as must otherwise soon have come to a natural death. Somewhat more numerous are those which are overfed with praise, and die in the surfeit. Brisk reputations, indeed, are like bottled two-penny, or pop—'they sparkle, are exhaled, and fly,'—not to heaven, but to the Limbo. To live among books is, in this respect, like being among the tombs;—you have in them speaking remembrances of mortality."—SOUTHEY.]

(2) [" As the Supreme Being has expressed, and, as it were, printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in Books—which, by this great invention of these latter ages, may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the universe, has these admirable lines:—

'Now all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And *Virgil's sacred Work*, shall die.'

There is no other method of fixing these thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of men, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices."—ADDISON.]

In sweet repose, when Labour's children sleep,
When Joy forgets to smile and Care to weep,
When Passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And Fear and Guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care?
Because the hope is his, that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy;
That after-ages may repeat his praise,
And fame's fair meed be his, for length of days.
Delightful prospect! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind!
Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day,
Shall all our labour, all our care repay.
Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us, and the blind would guide;
Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show
The poor and troubled source from which they flow:
Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
But though imperfect all; yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves:—
Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find;
The curious here to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.(1)

(1) [Here follows, in the original MS.:—

Maxims I glean, of mighty pith and force,
And moral themes to shine in a discourse,
But, tired with these, I take a lighter train,
Tuned to the times, impertinent and vain.

With awe, around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:—
"The dead!" methinks a thousand tongues reply;
"These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
"Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
"And laugh at all the little strife of time."(1)
Hail, then, immortals! ye who shine above,
Each, in his sphere, the literary Jove;
And ye the common people of these skies,
A humbler crowd of nameless deities;

The tarts which wits provide for taste decay'd,
And syllabubs by frothy witlings made,
An easy, idle, thoughtless, graceless throng,
Pun, jest, and quibble, epigram and song,
Trifles to which declining genius bends,
And steps by which aspiring wit ascends.
Now sad and slow, with cautious step I tread,
And view around the venerable dead;
For where in all her walks shall study seize
Such monuments of human state as these?]

(1) ["Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to bring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life."—MILTON.]

Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind
Through History's mazes, and the turnings find;
Or whether, led by Science, ye retire,
Lost and bewilder'd in the vast desire;
Whether the Muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
Or godlike Wisdom teaches you to show
The noblest road to happiness below;
Or men and manners prompt the easy page
To mark the flying follies of the age:
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo, all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios (1) first, a lordly band;
Then quartos (2) their well-order'd ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain:
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos;
While undistinguish'd trifles swell the scene,
The last new play and fritter'd magazine.

(1) ["'No man,' Johnson used to say, 'reads long together with a folio on his table. Books,' said he, 'that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. Such books form the mass of general and easy reading.' He was a great friend to books like the French 'Esprits d'un Tel;' for example 'Beauties of Watts,' &c. &c., 'at which,' said he, 'a man will often look, and be tempted to go on, when he would have been frightened at books of a larger size, and of a more erudite appearance.'" — HAWKINS.]

(2) [Horace Walpole says, "I prefer the quarto to the octavo. A quarto lies free and open before one: it is surprising how long the world was pestered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was asked if he liked books in *folio*? 'No,' said he, 'I like them in *fructu*.'" A quarto is now condemned as unwieldy, as a folio was when Walpole wrote; and, if matters go on as they are at present doing, an octavo will be, fifty years hence, an unmanageable tome.]

Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state; (1)
Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
Are much admired, and are but little read:
The commons next, a middle rank, are found;
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;
Reasoners and wits are next their place allow'd,
And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.

First, let us view the form, the size, the dress; (2)
For these the manners, nay the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close-press'd leaves, unclosed for many an age;
The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd
Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold;
These all a sage and labour'd work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame:

(1) ["It was the literary humour of a certain Mœcenas, who cheered the lustre of his patronage with the steams of a good dinner, to place his guests according to the size and thickness of the books they had printed. At the head of the table sat those who had published in *folio*, *folissimo*; next the authors in *quarto*, then those in *octavo*. At that table Blackmore would have had the precedence of Gray. Addison, who found this anecdote in one of the Anas, has seized the idea, and applied it, with his felicity of humour, in No. 529. of the Spectator."— D'ISRAELI.]

(2) ["No sooner," says Boswell, "had we made a bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books. Mr. Cambridge politely said, 'It seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books.' Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly answered, 'Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do, is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries.'"—CROKER'S *Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 240.]

No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.
Hence, in these times, untouch'd the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality:
They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
His morning study, and his midnight oil,
At length an author's ONE great work appear'd,
By patient hope, and length of days, endear'd:
Expecting nations hail'd it from the press;
Poetic friends prefix'd each kind address;
Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
And ladies read the work they could not lift.
Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to Wisdom's seat she goes
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.
For lo! these fav'rites of the ancient mode (1)
Lie all neglected like the Birthday Ode. (2)

(1) [Original MS.:—

Yon folios, once the darlings of the mode,
Now lie neglected like the Birthday Ode;
There Learning, stuff'd with maxims trite though sage,
Makes Indigestion yawn at every page.
Chain'd like Prometheus, lo! the mighty train
Brave Time's fell tooth, and live and die again;
And now the scorn of men, and now the pride,
The sires respect them, and the sons deride.]

(2) [The first Poet-laureate who expressed his wish to forego the regular production of an Ode on the sovereign's birthday, to be set to music and publicly chaunted in the royal presence, was Robert Southey, appointed to that office in 1813; and his proposal was, without hesitation, agreed to by King George IV.]

Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain; (1)
Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent-seat;
Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.

Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And roll'd, o'er labour'd works, th' attentive eye:
Page after page, the much-enduring men
Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen;
Till, every former note and comment known,
They mark'd the spacious margin with their own:
Minute corrections proved their studious care;
The little index, pointing, told us where;
And many an emendation show'd the age
Look'd far beyond the rubric title-page.

Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloy'd with a folio-*Number* once a week;
Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go down:
E'en light Voltaire is *number'd* through the town:
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study, and from men of straw;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets (2) and plays, and politics and rhymes:

(1) In the more ancient libraries, works of value and importance were fastened to their places by a length of chain; and might so be perused, but not taken away.—["At the view of the Bodleian Library, James the First exclaimed, 'Were I not a king, I would be an university man; and, if it were so that I must be made a prisoner, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with all these goodly authors!' In this exclamation, the king had in his mind the then prevalent custom of securing books by fastening them to the shelves by chains, long enough to reach to the reading-desks under them."—D'ISRAELI.]

(2) ["From pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the *bévues* of government, and mistakes of the

But though to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please,
When all our weakness is exposed to view,
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay? —

To thee, DIVINITY! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals, through their mental night;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide;
To bear with pain, and to contend with pride;
When grieved, to pray; when injured, to forgive;
And with the world in charity to live. (1)

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courtiers. Pamphlets furnish beaus with their airs; coquettes with their charms. Pamphlets are as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets, as to gentlemen's pockets: they carry reputation of wit and learning to all that make them their companions; the poor find their account in stall-keeping and hawking them; the rich find in them their shortest way to the secrets of church and state. In short, with pamphlets, the booksellers adorn the gaiety of shop-gazing. Hence accrues to grocers, apothecaries, and chandlers, good furniture, and supplies to necessary retreats. In pamphlets, lawyers meet with their chicanery, physicians with their cant, divines with their shibboleth. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive; pastime to gallants and coquettes; chat to the talkative; catch-words to informers; fuel to the envious; poison to the unfortunate; balsam to the wounded; employment to the lazy; and fabulous materials to romancers and novelists." — MYLES DAVIES; *Icon Libellorum*, 1715.]

(1) ["It is not the reading many books which makes a man a divine, but the reading a few of the best books often over, and with attention: those, at least, who are beginning their theological studies should follow this rule." — BISHOP WATSON.

"If the reader is disposed to attend to the humble suggestions of a very private layman, I think he would find great advantage in studying and considering the following works, in the order in which they are

Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings, learn'd polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love;
The brands of discord far around were hurl'd,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world: —
Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despised without;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.(1)
Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight;
Spirits who prompted every damning page,
With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage:

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arranged:—1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, by Soame Jenyns. 2. The Evidences of Christianity, by Dr. Paley. 3. Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion. 4. Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity. 6. Bishop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttelton's Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul; and, 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. From these few volumes, if they are studied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be said, that 'They shall see to whom He was not (before) spoken of; and they that have not (before) heard, shall understand.'" — MATTHIAS.]

(1) ["The history of the scholastic philosophy, might furnish a philosophical writer with an instructive theme; it would enter into the history of the human mind, and fill a niche in our literary annals; the works of the scholastics, with the controversies of these *Quodlibetinars*, would at once testify all the greatness and the littleness of the human intellect. Of these scholastic divines, the most illustrious was Saint Thomas Aquinas, styled the angelical doctor. Seventeen folio volumes not only testify his industry, but even his genius. He was a great man busied all his life with making a charade of metaphysics. His 'Sum of all Theology,' a metaphysicological treatise, occupies above 1250 folio pages, of very close print in double columns." — D'ISRAELI.]

Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground!
They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep,—
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep;
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart;
And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
Repent his anger, or withhold his rod. (1)

But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And Zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends:
An Athanasian here, in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions angry chiefs divide;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet. (2)
Great authors, for the church's glory fired,
Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired;
And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
Lie "Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace." (3)

(1) ["And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not. But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry." — *Jonah*, iii. 10.]

(2) [Original MS.: —

Calvin grows gentle in this silent coast,
Nor finds a single heretic to roast;
Here, their fierce rage subdued, and lost their pride,
The Pope and Luther slumber side by side.]

(3) ["How peaceably they stand together: Papists and Protestants side by side! Their very dust reposes not more quietly in the cemetery. Ancient and modern, Jew and Gentile, Mahommedan and Crusader, French and English, Spaniards and Portuguese, Dutch and Brazilians, fighting

Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends;
If learn'd, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness, who have soundest heads:
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men; (1)
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more. (2)

Near to these seats, behold yon slender frames,
All closely fill'd and mark'd with modern names;
Where no fair science ever shows her face,
Few sparks of genius, and no spark of grace;
There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong;
Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain;
Some skirmish lightly, fly and fight again;
Coldly profane, and impiously gay,
Their end the same, though various in their way.

When first Religion came to bless the land,
Her friends were then a firm believing band;

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their old battles, silently now, upon the same shelf: Fernam Lopez and Pedro de Ayala; John de Laet and Barlæus, with the historians of Joam Fernandez Viera; Fox's Martyrs and the Three Conversions of Father Parsons; Cranmer and Stephen Gardiner; Dominican and Franciscan; Jesuit and Philosophe; Churchmen and Sectarians; Roundheads and Cavaliers!" — SOU.HEY.]

(1) ["Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?" — CALVIN to LUTHER.]

(2) ["These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests: slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend." — SIR D. DALRYMPLE.

To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,
And all was gospel that a monk could dream;
Insulted Reason fled the grov'ling soul,
For Fear to guide, and visions to control:
But now, when Reason has assumed her throne,
She, in her turn, demands to reign alone;
Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
And, being judge, will be a witness too:
Insulted Faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
To seek for truth, without a power to find:
Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite,
And pour on erring man resistless light?

Next to the seats, well stored with works divine,
An ample space, PHILOSOPHY! is thine;(1)

(1) [The edition of 1781 reads as follows: —

To thee, PHILOSOPHY! to thee, the light,
The guide of mortals through their mental night,
By whom the world in all its views is shown,
Our guide through Nature's works, and in our own
Who place in order Being's wondrous chain,
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
By art divine involved, which man can ne'er explain.
These are thy volumes; and in these we look,
As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book;
Here first described the humble globe appears,
Unconscious of the gaudy robe it wears;
All that the earth's profound recesses hide,
And all that roll beneath the raging tide;
The sullen gem that yet disdains to shine,
And all the ductile matter of the mine.
Next to the vegetable tribes they lead,
Whose fruitful beds o'er every balmy mead
Teem with new life; and hills, and vales, and groves,
Feed the still flame, and nurse the silent loves;
Which, when the Spring calls forth their genial power
Swell with the seed, and flourish in the flower:
There *, with the husband-slaves, in royal pride,
Queens, like the Amazons of old, reside;

* Alluding to the sexual system of Linnæus.

Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
We trace the moral bounds of wrong and right;
Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
To the bright orbs of yon celestial way!
'T is thine, the great, the golden chain to trace,
Which runs through all, connecting race with race·
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
Which thy inferior light pursues in vain: —
How vice and virtue in the soul contend;
How widely differ, yet how nearly blend;
What various passions war on either part,
And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart:
How Fancy loves around the world to stray,
While Judgment slowly picks his sober way;

There, like the Turk, the lordly husband lives,
And joy to all the gay seraglio gives;
There*, in the secret chambers, veil'd from sight,
A bashful tribe in hidden flames delight;
There †, in the open day, and gaily deck'd,
The bolder brides their distant lords expect;
Who with the wings of love instinctive rise,
And on prolific winds each ardent bridegroom flies.
Next are that tribe whom life and sense inform,
The torpid beetle, and the shrinking worm;
And insects, proud to spread their brilliant wing,
To catch the fostering sunbeams of the spring;
That feather'd race, which late from winter fled,
To dream in half-existence with the dead;
Who now, returning from their six months' sleep,
Dip their black pinions in the slumbering deep;
Where, feeling life from stronger beams of day,
The scaly myriads of the ocean play.
Then led by Art through Nature's maze, we trace
The sullen people of the savage race;
And see a favourite tribe mankind attend,
And in the fawning follower find the friend:
Man crowns the scene, &c.]

* The class cryptogamia. † The class diœcia.

The stores of memory, and the flights sublime
Of gĕnius, bound by neither space nor time; —
All these divine Philosophy explores,
Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.

From these, descending to the earth, she turns,
And matter, in its various form, discerns;
She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound;
'T is hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
And teach the fiery mischief where to fall. (1)

Yet more her volumes teach, — on these we look
As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book:
Here, first described, the torpid earth appears,
And next, the vegetable robe it wears;
Where flow'ry tribes, in valleys, fields, and groves,
Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves;
Loves, where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain,
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain;
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made;
Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives. (2)

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(1) ["Dr. Franklin was the first who found out that lightning consisted of electric matter. This great discovery taught us to defend houses and ships and temples from lightning; and also to underst.and, that people are always perfectly safe in a room during a thunderstorm, if they keep themselves at three or four feet distance from the walls."—DARWIN.]

(2) [Dr. Darwin's imitation of Mr. Crabbe, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1792, is obvious: —

"Descend, ye hovering Sylphs! aërial choirs,
And sweep with little hands your silver lyres;
With fairy footsteps print your grassy rings,
Ye Gnomes! accordant to the tinkling strings,
While, in soft notes, I tune to oaten reed
Gay hopes, and amorous sorrows of the mead,

[illegible]

Advancing still in Nature's maze, we trace
In dens and burning plains, her savage race;
With those tame tribes who on their lord attend,
And find, in man, a master and a friend;
Man (1) crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
A moral world, that well demands our view.

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark
To the dwarf moss, that clings upon their bark;
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves:
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the stream they bend;
The lovesick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups;
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride:
With honey'd lips enamour'd woodbines meet;
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet."]

(1) ["It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is, of knowing good by evil. As, therefore, the state of man now is — what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the con-

This world is here; for, of more lofty kind,
These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind;
They paint the state of man ere yet endued
With knowledge; — man, poor, ignorant, and rude;
Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
And all its cares, and all its comforts, tell:
Here we behold how inexperience buys,
At little price, the wisdom of the wise;
Without the troubles of an active state,
Without the cares and dangers of the great,
Without the miseries of the poor, we know.
What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow;
We see how reason calms the raging mind,
And how contending passions urge mankind:
Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire;
Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire;
Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
The guilty chase, now keep the good in view;
For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
They lead a puzzled, vex'd, uncertain life;
For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.
Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,
New interests draw, new principles control:
Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
But here the tortured body finds relief;
For see where yonder sage Arachnè shapes
Her subtile gin, that not a fly escapes!

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stituting of human virtue, and the scanning of errour to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner"— MILTON.]

There PHYSIC fills the space, and far around,
Pile above pile her learned works abound:
Glorious their aim — to ease the labouring heart;
To war with death, and stop his flying dart;
To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
And life's short lease on easier terms renew;
To calm the phrensy of the burning brain;
To heal the tortures of imploring pain;
Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,
To ease the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave. (1)

(1) [Sir Henry Halford, in the "Essay on the Influence of Disease on the Mind," has the following striking passages on the conduct proper to be observed by a physician, in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms: — "I own, I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger. And unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province, in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case, the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or unhappiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestion of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them, than the medical adviser. But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient, in his extremity, of sufficient influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition; and surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator. Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, done that which I would have done by myself, and apprised my patient of the great change he was about to undergo. . . . . Lord Bacon encourages physicians to make it a part of their art to smooth the bed of death, and to render the departure from life easy, placid, and gentle. This doctrine, so accordant with the best principles of our nature, commended not only by the wisdom of this accomplished philosopher, but also by the experience of one of the most judicious and conscientious physicians of modern times —

But man, who knows no good unmix'd and pure,
Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure;
For grave deceivers lodge their labours here,
And cloud the science they pretend to clear:
Scourges for sin, the solemn tribe are sent;
Like fire and storms, they call us to repent;
But storms subside, and fires forget to rage.
These are eternal scourges of the age:
'T is not enough that each terrific hand
Spreads desolation round a guilty land;
But train'd to ill, and harden'd by its crimes,
Their pen relentless kills through future times.

Say ye, who search these records of the dead —
Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read;
Can all the real knowledge ye possess,
Or those — if such there are — who more than guess,
Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes,
And mend the blunders pride or folly makes?

What thought so wild, what airy dream so light,
That will not prompt a theorist to write?
What art so prevalent, what proof so strong,
That will convince him his attempt is wrong?
One in the solids finds each lurking ill,
Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill;
A learned friend some subtler reason brings,
Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs;
The subtile nerves, that shun the doctor's eye,
Escape no more his subtler theory;

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the late Dr. Heberden — was practised with such happy success in the case of our late lamented sovereign (George the Fourth), that at the close of his painful disease 'non tam mori videretur (as was said of a Roman emperor), quam dulci et alto sopore excipi.'"]

The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,
Lends a fair system to these sons of art;
The vital air, a pure and subtile stream,
Serves a foundation for an airy scheme,
Assists the doctor, and supports his dream.
Some have their favourite ills, and each disease
Is but a younger branch that kills from these:
One to the gout contracts all human pain;
He views it raging in the frantic brain;
Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar,
And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh:
Bilious by some, by others nervous seen,
Rage the fantastic demons of the spleen;
And every symptom of the strange disease
With every system of the sage agrees.
Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long
The tedious hours, and ne'er indulged in song; (1)
Ye first seducers of my easy heart,
Who promised knowledge ye could not impart;
Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive foes;
Ye sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose;
Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
Light up false fires, and send us far about;—
Still may yon spider round your pages spin,
Subtile and slow, her emblematic gin!

(1) ["The time had come, when Mr. Crabbe was told, and believed, that he had more important concerns to engage him than verse; and therefore, for some years, though he occasionally found time to write lines upon 'Mira's Birthday' and 'Silvia's Lapdog,' though he composed enigmas and solved rebuses, he had some degree of forbearance, and did not believe that the knowledge of diseases, and the sciences of anatomy and physiology, were to be acquired by the perusal of Pope's Homer, a Dictionary of Rhymes, and a Treatise on the Art of Poetry."—See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 9.]

Buried in dust and lost in silence, dwell,
Most potent, grave, and reverend friends — farewell! (1)

Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
Through the dim window, his departing rays,
And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
The huge Abridgments of the Law abide; (2)
Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
And spread their guardian terrors round the land;
Yet, as the best that human care can do,
Is mix'd with error, oft with evil too,
Skill'd in deceit, and practised to evade,
Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made,

(1) ["About the end of the year 1779, Mr. Crabbe, after as full and perfect a survey of the good and evil before him as his prejudices, inclinations, and little knowledge of the world enabled him to take, finally resolved to abandon his profession. His health was not robust, his spirits were not equal; assistance he could expect none, and he was not so sanguine as to believe he could do without it. With the best verses he could write, and with very little more, he quitted the place of his birth; not without the most serious apprehensions of the consequence of such a step, — apprehensions which were conquered, and barely conquered, by the more certain evil of the prospect before him, should he remain where he was." — See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 43.]

(2) ["Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? These are law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes — whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphynx in antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. Behold, for our comfort, 'An Abridgment of Law and Equity!' It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case. The sages of the law recommend this Abridgment to our perusal. Let us, with all thankfulness of heart, receive their council. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree!" — Sir D. Dalrymple.]

And justice vainly each expedient tries,
While art eludes it, or while power defies.
"Ah! happy age," the youthful poet sings, (1)
"When the free nations knew not laws nor kings;
"When all were blest to share a common store,
"And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor;
"No wars nor tumults vex'd each still domain,
"No thirst of empire, no desire of gain;
"No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
"Drove modest merit from its proper state;
"Nor into distant climes would Avarice roam,
"To fetch delights for Luxury at home:
"Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
"They dwelt at liberty, and love was law!".
"Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude,
"Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
"To whom no joys of social life were known,
"None felt a care that was not all his own;
"Or in some languid clime his abject soul
"Bow'd to a little tyrant's stern control;
"A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
"And in rude song his ruder idol praised;

(1) [The original MS., in place of the next lines, reads:—

"Ah! happy age," the youthful poet cries,
"Ere laws arose — ere tyrants bade them rise;
No land-marks then the happy swain beheld,
Nor lords walk'd proudly o'er the furrow'd field;
Nor through distorted ways did Avarice roam,
To fetch delights for Luxury at home:
But mutual joy the friends of Nature proved,
And swains were faithful to the nymphs they loved."
"Mistaken bards! all nations first were rude;
Man! proud, unsocial, prone to solitude:
O'er hills, or vales, or floods, was fond to roam —
The mead his garden, and the rock his home:
For flying prey he search'd a savage coast —
Want was his spur, and liberty his boast."]

" The meaner cares of life were all he knew ;
" Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few:
" But when by slow degrees the Arts arose,
" And Science waken'd from her long repose ;
" When Commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
" Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas ;
" When Emulation, born with jealous eye,
" And Avarice, lent their spurs to industry;
" Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
" Those to control, and these to succour trade ;
" To curb the insolence of rude command,
" To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand ;
" To awe the bold, to yield the wrong'd redress,
" And feed the poor with Luxury's excess." (1)

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungovern'd man along ;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are form'd, and placed on ev'ry side :
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed ;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem ;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below ;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay ;
The stately fabric shakes and falls away ;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But Freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone. (2)

(1) [See Blackstone's Commentaries, i. 131. 359.; iv. 432.]

(2) [See Montesquieu's Esprit des Loix, liv. xxii. ch. 22.]

Next, HISTORY ranks;—there full in front she lies,
And every nation her dread tale supplies;
Yet History has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page;
Records of old nor later date are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near;
There time conceals the objects from our view,
Here our own passions and a writer's too: (1)
Yet, in these volumes, see how states arose!
Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes;
Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
Lo! how they sunk to slavery again!
Satiate with power, of fame and wealth possess'd,
A nation grows too glorious to be blest;
Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory (2), his disgrace;
The headlong course, that madd'ning heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone;
How slaves, turn'd tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
And each fall'n nation's melancholy tale. (3)

(1) ["Malheureux sort de l'histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop intéressés pourque nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres!"—GIBBON.]

(2) [—— "*glory* long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style,
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe."—BYRON.]

(3) ["Though the most sagacious author that ever deduced maxims of policy from the experience of former ages has said, that the misgovernment of states, and the evils consequent thereon, have arisen more from

Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;
There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
Stand the profane delusions of the STAGE:
Yet virtue owns the TRAGIC MUSE a friend,
Fable her means, morality her end; (1)
For this she rules all passions in their turns,
And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns;
Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul;
She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws; (2)
For vice in others is abhorr'd of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall.

Not thus her sister COMEDY prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;

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historical ignorance than from any other cause, the sum and substance of historical knowledge for practical purposes consists in certain general principles; and he who understands those principles, and has a due sense of their importance, has always, in the darkest circumstances, a star in sight by which he may direct his course." — SOUTHEY.]

(1) [" Tragedies, as they are now made, are good, instructive, moral sermons enough; and it would be a fault not to be pleased with good things. There I learn several great truths! as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist Heaven's will, for in resisting Heaven's will, Heaven's will is resisted; with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I go to see; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightning, or the scene-shifter's whistle." — GOLDSMITH.]

(2) [" For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept." — POPE.]

Folly, by Dulness arm'd, eludes the wound,
And harmless sees the feather'd shafts rebound;
Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well the Muse portrays, in fancied scenes,
What pride will stoop to, what profession means;
How formal fools the farce of state applaud;
How caution watches at the lips of fraud;
The wordy variance of domestic life;
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife;
The snares for innocence; the lie of trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.(1)
With her the Virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these? Methinks a noble mien
And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
Now in disgrace: what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head;
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by:
Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw!
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of ROMANCE. (2)

(1) ["The days of Comedy are gone, alas!
When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's *bête*;
Society is smooth'd to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress."—BYRON.]

(2) ["In the view taken by Hurd, Percy, and other older authorities

Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head:
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes:
Lo! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:—
"And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?
"Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold?
"Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
"The captive queen;—for Claribel is mine."
Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds;
The giant falls; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys:—
Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love:—
She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,
Unequall'd love, and unsuspected truth!

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the origin and history of romantic fiction, their attentions were so exclusively fixed upon the romance of chivalry alone, that they seem to have forgotten that, however interesting and peculiar, it formed only one species of a very numerous and extensive genus. The progress of romance, in fact, keeps pace with that of society, which cannot long exist, even in the simplest state, without exhibiting some specimens of this attractive style of composition. It is not meant, by this assertion, that in early ages such narratives were invented in the character of mere fictions, devised to pass away the leisure of those who have time enough to read and attend to them. On the contrary, romance and real history have the same common origin. It is the aim of the former to maintain as long as possible the mask of veracity; and, indeed, the traditional memorials of all earlier ages partake in such a varied and doubtful degree of the qualities essential to those opposite lines of composition, th[illegible]rm a mixed class between them; and may be termed either r[illegible] historical romances, according to the proportion in [illegible] debased by fiction, or their fiction mingled with t[illegible] COTT.]

Ah! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitch'd, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And Fear and Ignorance afford delight.
But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys, (1)
Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys;
Too dearly bought: maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights—blue, green, and yellow—dead!
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew;

(1) [Original MS.: —

Ah! lost, for ever lost, to me these charms,
These lofty notions and divine alarms,
Too dearly bought — maturer judgment calls
My pensive soul from tales and mad'rigals —
For who so blest or who so great as I,
Wing'd round the globe with Rowland or Sir Guy?
Alas! no more I see my queen repair
To balmy bowers that blossom in the air,
Where on their rosy beds the Graces rest,
And not a care lies heavy on the breast.
No more the hermit's mossy cave I choose,
Nor o'er the babbling brook delight to muse;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights — blue, green, and yellow — dead!
Magicians cease to charm me with their art,
And not a griffin flies to glad my heart.
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew.
The easy joys that charm'd my sportive youth,
Fly Reason's po er, and shun the voice of Truth.
Maturer though verer taste prepares,
And baffles every hat charm'd my cares.
Can F m th oblest bliss supply,
Or joy reside in ine cy?
Is it ! en right, &

E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.
With Fiction (1) then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide?
Is it then right to dream the syrens sing?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing?
No; 't is the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes th' imagined paradise its own;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes:
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced; the head and heart are foes:
Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,
And Pain and Prudence make and mar the man. (2)

(1) [— "Truth is always strange —
Stranger than Fiction. If it could be told,
How much would Novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change!
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their souls' antipodes." — Byron.]

(2) [Here follows, in the original draft: —
But who are these, a tribe that soar above,
And tell more tender tales of modern love?
A Novel train! the brood of old Romance,
Conceived by Folly on the coast of France,
That now with lighter thought, and gentler fire,
Usurp the honours of their drooping sire;
And still fantastic, vain, and trifling, sing
Of many a soft and inconsistent thing, —
Of rakes repenting, clogg'd in Hymen's chain —
Of nymph reclined by unpresuming swain —
Of captains, colonels, lords, and amorous knights,
That find in humbler nymphs such chaste delights,
Such heavenly chast[illegible] gay,
That all their forms[illegible]

While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
With various thoughts my mind I entertain;

Honour springs up, where'er their looks impart
A moment's sunshine to the harden'd heart—
A virtue, just before the rover's jest,
Grows like a mushroom in his melting breast.
Much, too, they tell of cottages and shades,
Of balls; and routs, and midnight masquerades,
Where dangerous men and dangerous mirth reside,
And Virtue goes—on purpose to be tried.
These are the tales that wake the soul to life,
That charm the sprightly niece and forward wife,
That form the manners of a polish'd age,
And each pure easy moral of the Stage.
Thus to her friend the ever-faithful she—
The tender Delia—writes, securely free—
Delia from school was lately bold to rove,
Where yet Lucinda meditated love—
"Oh thou, the partner of my pensive breast,
And, but for one! its most delightful guest,
But for that one of whom 't was joy to talk,
When the chaste moon gleamid o'er our ev'ning walk,
And cooing fondly in the neighbouring groves
The pretty songsters all enjoy'd their loves;
Receive! as witness all ye powers! I send,
With melting heart, this token of thy friend.
"Calm was the night! and every breeze was low;
Swift ran the stream—but, ah! the moments slow!
Fly swift, ye moments! slowly run, thou stream,
And on thy margin let a maiden dream.
"Methought he came, my Harry, young and gay,
The very youth that stole my heart away.
I wake. Surprise! yet guess how blest was I!
With looks of love—the very youth was by.
'Whose is that form my Delia's bosom hides?
What youth divinely blest within presides?'
He spoke and sigh'd. His sighs my fear suppress,
He seized his angel form, and actions spoke the rest.
"Oh, Virtue! brighter than the noontide ray!
Still guide my steps, and guide them nature's way;
With sacred precepts fill the youthful mind,
Soothe all its cares, and force it to be kind."
Thus, gentle passions warm the generous maid,
No more reluctant, and no more afraid;
Thus Virtue shines, and in her loveliest dress
Not over nice; nor Virtue to excess.

While books, my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
Pleased with the pride that will not let them please;
Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes;
For, lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,
I see the CRITIC army ranged around. (1)

Near these I look, and lo! a reptile race,
In goodly vests conceal the want of grace;
The brood of Humour, Fancy, Frolic, Fun,
The tale obscene, the miserable pun;
The jest that Laughter loves, he knows not why,
And Whim tells quaintly with distorted eye.
Here Languor, yawning, pays his first devoirs,
And skims sedately o'er his dear Memoirs;
Here tries his tedious moments to employ,
And, palsied by enjoyment, dreams of joy;
From all the tribe his little knowledge steals,
From dull "Torpedoes," and "Electric Eels*;"
And every trifle of a trifling age,
That shames the closet, or degrades the Stage.].

(1) [Original MS.:—

Here as I stand, of sovereign power possess'd,
A vast ambition fires my swelling breast;
I deal destruction round, and, all severe,
Damn with a dash, and censure with a sneer;
Or from the Critic wrest a sinking cause,
Rejudge his justice, and repeal his laws;
Now half by judgment guided, half by whim,
I grasp disputed power, and tyrannise like him;
Food for the mind I seek; but who shall find
The food that satisfies the craving mind?
Like fire it rages; and its fatal rage
What pains can deaden, and what care assuage?
Choked by its fuel, though it clouded lie,
It soon eats through, and craves for new supplies;
Now here, now there, with sudden fury breaks
And to its substance turns whate'er it takes.
To weighty themes I fly with eager haste,
And skim their treasures like the man of taste;
From a few pages learn the whole design,
And damn a book for one suspicious line,
Or steal its sentiments, and call them mine!]

* [I [illegible] viewers, "poetical smut — R[illegible]"]

Foes to our race! if ever ye have known
A father's fears for offspring of your own; (1).
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dash'd the stanza out; —
If, after fearing much and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your labour'd song,
And from the crusty critics of those days
Implored the feeble tribute of their praise;
Remember now the fears that moved you then,
And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

What vent'rous race are ours! what mighty foes
Lie waiting all around them to oppose!
What treacherous friends betray them to the fight!
What dangers threaten them!—yet still they write:
A hapless tribe! to every evil born,
Whom villains hate, and fools affect to scorn:

(1) · ["None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears." —

So writes Cowper—and in illustration of his lines it may be permitted to quote one of his own private letters in 1782: — "Before I had published, I said to myself, 'You and I, Mr. Cowper, will not concern ourselves much about what the critics may say of our book.' But, having once sent my wits for a venture, I soon became anxious about the issue, and found that I could not be satisfied with a warm place in my own good graces, unless my friends were pleased with me as much as I pleased myself. Meeting with their approbation, I began to feel the workings of ambition. 'It is well,' said I, 'that my friends are pleased; but friends are sometimes partial, and mine, I have reason to think, are not altogether free from bias: methinks I should like to hear a stranger or two speak well of me.' I was presently gratified by the approbation of the London Magazine and the Gentleman's, and by the plaudit of Dr. Franklin: but the Monthly Review, the most formidable of all my judges, is still behind. What will this critical Rhadamanthus say, when my shivering genius shall appear before him? Still he keeps me in hot water, and I must wait another month for his award."]

Strangers they come, amid a world of woe,
And taste the largest portion ere they go. (1)

(1) ["Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: the dunce finds a hundred roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Why should we not erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and the helpless part of our citizens? When even fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a tribute we pay to genius. Even in these enlightened times, such have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers."—D'Israeli.

"We have living minds, who have done their duty to their own age and to posterity. Such men complain not of the age, but of an anomalous injustice in the laws. They complain that authors are deprived of a perpetual property in the produce of their own labours, when all other persons enjoy it as an indefeasible and acknowledged right;—and they ask, upon what principle, with what equity, or under what pretence of public good, they are subjected to this injurious enactment? Is it because their labour is so light, the endowments which are required for it so common, the attainments so cheaply and easily acquired, and the present remuneration in all cases so adequate, so ample, and so certain? The act is so curiously injurious in its operation, that it bears with most hardship upon the best works. For books of great immediate popularity have their run, and come to a dead stop: the hardship is upon those which win their way slowly and difficultly, but keep the field at last. In such cases, when the copyright, as by the existing law, departs from the author's family at his death, or at the end of twenty-eight years from the first publication of every work (if he dies before the expiration of that term), his representatives are deprived of their property just as it would begin to prove a valuable inheritance. The last descendants of Milton died in poverty. The descendants of Shakspeare are living in poverty, and in the lowest condition of life. Is this just to these individuals? Is it grateful to the memory of those who are the pride and boast of their country? Is it honourable or becoming to us, as a nation, holding the name of Shakspeare and Milton in veneration? To have placed the descendants of Shakspeare and Milton in respectability and comfort, simple justice was all that was required;—only that they should have possessed the perpetual copyright of their ancestors' works—only that they should not have been deprived of their proper inheritance. Believing as I do, that if society continues to improve, no injustice will long be permitted to continue after it has been fairly exposed, and is clearly apprehended, I cannot but believe that a time must come when the rights of literature will be acknowledged, and its wrongs redressed; and that those authors hereafter who shall deserve well of posterity, will have no cause to reproach themselves for having sacrificed the interests of their children when they illegitimatist the property [illegible] themselves."—Southey.]

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around;
The roof, methought, return'd a solemn sound;
Each column seem'd to shake, and clouds, like smoke,
From dusty piles and ancient volumes broke;
Gathering above, like mists condensed they seem,
Exhaled in summer from the rushy stream;
Like flowing robes they now appear, and twine
Round the large members of a form divine;
His silver beard, that swept his aged breast,
His piercing eye, that inward light express'd,
Were seen,—but clouds and darkness veil'd the rest.
Fear chill'd my heart: 'to one of mortal race,
How awful seem'd the Genius of the place!
So in Cimmerian shores, Ulysses saw
His parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe;(1)
Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
When from the pitying power broke forth a solemn sound:—

"Care lives with all(2); no rules, no precepts save
"The wise from woe, no fortitude the brave;
"Grief is to man as certain as the grave:
"Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
"And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;

(1) ["Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow."—POPE'S *Homer*.

(2) ["——"The canker-worm
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
As well as further drain the wither'd form.
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in, and, however we may storm,
They must be paid:—though six days smoothly run,
The seventh will bring blue devils, or a dun."—BYRON.]

" Some drops of comfort on the favour'd fall,
" But showers of sorrow are the lot of *all:* (1)
" Partial to talents, then, shall Heav'n withdraw
" Th' afflicting rod, or break the general law?
" Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
" Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
" Shall he not rather feel a double share
" Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to bear?
" Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
" On the precarious mercy of mankind;
" Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
" And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings:
" But as, of various evils that befal
" The human race, some portion goes to all;
" To him perhaps the milder lot's assign'd,
" Who feels his consolation in his mind;
" And, lock'd within his bosom, bears about
" A mental charm for every care without. (2)

(1) ["Cares, both in kind and degree, are as innumerable as the sands of the sea-shore; and the fable which Hyginus has so pleasantly constructed on this subject, shows that man is their proper prey. 'Care,' says he, 'crossing a dangerous brook, collected a mass of the dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being which Jupiter, on passing by soon afterwards, touched with etherial fire and warmed into animation; but, being at a loss what name to give this new production, and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to Saturn, who decreed that his name should be MAN, *Homo, ab humo*, from the dirt of which he had been made; that care should entirely possess his mind while living; that Tellus, or the earth, should receive his body when dead; and that Jupiter should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was man made the property of care from his original formation; and discontent, the offspring of care, has ever since been his inseparable companion.'" — BURTON.]

(2) ["It is to literature, humanly speaking, that I am beholden for every blessing which I enjoy, — health of mind and activity of mind, contentment, cheerfulness, continued [illegible] I therewith continual pleasure [illegible] Kempis, sed non

" E'en in the pangs of each domestic grief,
" Or health or vigorous hope affords relief;
" And every wound the tortured bosom feels,
" Or virtue bears, or some preserver heals;
" Some generous friend, of ample power possess'd;
" Some feeling heart, that bleeds for the distress'd;
" Some breast that glows with virtues all divine;
" Some noble RUTLAND (1), misery's friend and thine.

Inveni nisi in angulis et libellis.' I too have found repose where he did, in books. Wherever these books of mine may be dispersed, there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor; and generations may pass away before some of them will again find a reader. It is well that we do not moralise too much upon such subjects —

' For foresight is a melancholy gift,
Which bares the bald, and speeds the all-too-swift.'

But the dispersion of a library, whether in retrospect or in anticipation, is always to me a melancholy thing. How many such dispersions must have taken place to have made it possible that these books should thus be brought together here among the Cumberland mountains! Not a few of these volumes have been cast up from the wreck of the family or convent libraries during the late revolution ..... I am sorry when I see the name of a former owner obliterated in a book, or the plate of his arms defaced. Poor memorials though they be, yet they are something saved for a while from oblivion; and I should be almost as unwilling to destroy them, as to efface the *Hic jacet* of a tombstone. There may be sometimes a pleasure in recognising them, sometimes a salutary sadness." — SOUTHEY.]

(1) [Charles fourth Duke of Rutland, died in 1787. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 112. The following eulogium on his Grace was delivered by Bishop Watson, in the House of Peers: — " The dead, my lords, listen not to the commendation of the living; or, greatly as I loved him, I would not now have praised him. The world was not aware of half his ability — was not conscious of half his worth. I had long and intimate experience of them both. His judgment in the conduct of public affairs was, I verily believe, equalled by few men of his age; his probity and disinterestedness were exceeded by none. All the letters which I received from him respecting the public state of Ireland (and they were not a few) were written with profound good sense: they all breathe the same liberal spirit, have all the same common

" Nor say, the Muse's song, the Poet's pen,
" Merit the scorn they meet from little men.
" With cautious freedom if the numbers flow,
" Not wildly high, nor pitifully low;
" If vice alone their honest aims oppose,
" Why so ashamed their friends, so loud their foes?
" Happy for men in every age and clime,
" If all the sons of vision dealt in rhyme.
" Go on, then, Son of Vision! still pursue
" Thy airy dreams; the world is dreaming too
" Ambition's lofty views, the pomp of state,
" The pride of wealth, the splendour of the great,
" Stripp'd of their mask, their cares and troubles known,
" Are visions far less happy than thy own:
" Go on! and, while the sons of care complain,
" Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
" While serious souls are by their fears undone,
" Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,

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tendency: — not that of aggrandising Great Britain by the ruin of Ireland — not that of benefiting Ireland at the expence of Great Britain — but that of promoting the united interests of both countries, as essential parts of the common empire. In private life, I know that he had a strong sense of religion: he showed it in imitating his illustrious father in one of its most characteristic parts, that of being alive to every impulse of compassion. His family, his friends, his dependants, all his connections, can witness for me the warmth and sincerity of his personal attachments. Ever since he was admitted as a pupil under me at Cambridge, I have loved him with the affection of a brother. His memory, I trust, will be long revered by the people of this country — long held dear by the people of Ireland — and by myself I know it will be held most dear as long as I live." From the introduction of the *Duke* of *Rutland's* name in "The Library," it may be inferred, that Mr. Burke had presented [illegible] to his Grace at least a year before his arrival, 1784. The [illegible] at Belvoir.]

" And call them worlds ! and bid the greatest show
" More radiant colours in their worlds below :
" Then, as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
" And tell them, Such are all the toys they love." (1)

(1) [On the appearance of the Library in 1781, it was pronounced by the Monthly Review to be " the production of no common pen :" and the Critical Review said — " A vein of good sense and philosophic reflection runs through this little performance, which distinguishes it from most modern poems. The rhymes are correct, and the versification smooth and harmonious. It is observable that the author, in his account of all the numerous volumes in every science, has never characterised or entered into the merits of any particular writer, though he had so fair an opportunity from the nature of his subject." The reader of Mr. Crabbe's Life can be at no loss to account for his abstinence from such details as are here alluded to. The author, when he wrote this poem, had probably never seen any considerable collection of books, except in his melancholy visits to the shops of booksellers in London in 1780-81.]

THE VILLAGE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.[1]

(1) [The first edition of 'The Village' appeared in May, 1783. See the Author's preface, *ante*, p. 8., and Vol. I. p. 120.]

The Subject proposed — Remarks upon Pastoral Poetry — A Tract of Country near the Coast described — An impoverished Borough — Smugglers and their Assistants — Rude Manners of the Inhabitants — Ruinous Effects of a high Tide — The Village Life more generally considered: Evils of it — The youthful Labourer — The old Man: his Soliloquy — The Parish Workhouse: its Inhabitants — The sick Poor: their Apothecary — The dying Pauper — The Village Priest.

THE

VILLAGE.

BOOK I.

THE Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past.
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real Picture of the Poor,
Demand a song—the Muse can give no more.

Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains:
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse;(1)
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains(2), alas! they never feel.

(1) [*Strephon.* "In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daphnis. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day," &c. POPE.]

(2) ["In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?(1)

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one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one subject, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again. An author, therefore, that would write pastorals should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. Let the tranquillity of the pastoral life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. As there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot, or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils." — STEELE.]

(1) ["This year (1783) I had," says Boswell, "an opportunity of seeing, by means of one of his friends, a proof that Dr. Johnson's talents, as well as his obliging services to authors, were ready as ever. He had revised 'The Village,' an admirable poem, by the Rev. Mr. Crabbe. Its sentiments as to the false notions of rustic happiness and rustic virtue were quite congenial with his own; and he took the trouble, not only to suggest slight corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines, when he thought he could give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript. I shall give an instance, marking the original by Roman, and Johnson's substitution in *Italic* characters:

"'In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus the pride of Mantuan swains might sing:
But, charm'd by him, or smitten with his views,
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?'

"'*On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bountcous reign*,' &c.

Here we find Dr. Johnson's poetical and critical powers undiminished. I must, however, observe, that the aids he gave to this poem were so small as by no means to impair the distinguished merit of the author."— CROKER's *Boswell*, vol. v. p. 55.

Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes; but peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;
And few, amid the rural-tribe, have time
To number syllables, and play with rhyme;
Save honest DUCK,(1) what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade? (2)
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task: (3)

(1) [Stephen Duck, the poetical thresher. "It was his lot," says Mr. Southey, "to be duck-peck'd by his lawful wife, who told all the neighbourhood that her husband dealt with the devil, or was going mad; for he did nothing but talk to himself and tell his fingers." Some of his verses having been shown to Queen Caroline, she settled twelve shillings a week upon him, and appointed him keeper of her select library at Richmond, called Merlin's Cave. He afterwards took orders, and obtained the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. Gay, in a letter to Swift, says, "I do not envy Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court;" and Swift wrote upon him the following epigram:—

"The thresher, Duck, could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb says, 'no fence against a flail.'
From *threshing* corn, he turns to thresh his brains,
For which her Majesty allows him *grains*;
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a *straw*.
Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in threshing *stubble*,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double."

Stephen's end was an unhappy one. Growing melancholy, in 1750, he threw himself into the river near Reading, and was drowned.]

(2) ["Robert Bloomfield had better have remained a shoemaker, or even a farmer's boy; for he would have been a farmer perhaps in time; and now he is an unfortunate poet."—CRABBE's *Journal*, 1817.]

(3) [*Orig. Ed.* They ask no thought, require no deep design,
But swell the song, and liquify the line.]

The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts—
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast; (1)
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.
Nor you, ye Poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour, and bow'd down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?

(1) [Aldborough was, half a century ago, a poor and wretched place. It consisted of two parallel and unpaved streets, running between mean and scrambling houses, the abodes of seafaring men, pilots and fishers. . . . Such was the squalid scene that first opened on the author of "The Village." See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 9.]

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war; (1)
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade; (2)
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe display'd in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain;

(1) [This picture was copied, in every respect, from the scene of the poet's nativity and boyish days. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 10.]

(2) ["This is a fine description of that peculiar sort of barrenness which prevails along the sandy and thinly inhabited shores of the channel." — JEFFREY.]

Want only claim'd the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.
Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games play'd down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,
And fell beneath him, foil'd, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound?(1)
Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or, yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land.
Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurp'd her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
On the tost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way;
Theirs, or the ocean's, miserable prey.
As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;

(1) [MS.—" And foil'd beneath the young Ulysses fell,
When peals of praise the merry mischief tell?"]

While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, Ah! hapless they who still remain;
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide (1), with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door;
And begs a poor protection from the poor! (2)
But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land;
Her's is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
When Plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few—
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore—
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.
Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go then! and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat; (3)

(1) [Mr. Crabbe was often heard to describe a remarkable spring-tide, in January, 1779, when eleven houses at Aldborough were at once demolished.]

(2) [These lines, expressive of Mr. Crabbe's feelings on quitting his native place, were, he had reason to believe, the very verses which first satisfied Burke that he was a poet. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 46.]

(3) [Original MS.:—

Like him to make the plenteous harvest grow,
And yet not share the plenty they bestow.]

Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee. (1)

Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet, urged along, and proudly loth to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field:
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.

Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share!
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;

(1) ["Let those who feast at ease on dainty fare
Pity the reapers, who their feasts prepare:
For toils scarce ever ceasing press us now —
Rest never does but on the sabbath show;
And barely that our masters will allow.
Think what a painful life we daily lead;
Each morning early rise, go late to bed;
Nor when asleep are we secure from pain —
We then perform our labours o'er again.
Hard fate! our labours even in sleep don't cease;
Scarce Hercules e'er felt such toils as these!" — Duck.]

Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.
Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand!
Nor yet can Time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
He once was chief in all the rustic trade;
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;(1)

(1) ["Mr. Crabbe exhibits the common people of England pretty much as they are, and as they must appear to every one who will take the trouble of examining into their condition; at the same time that he renders his sketches in a very high degree interesting and beautiful,—by selecting what is most fit for description; by grouping them in such forms as must catch the attention or awake the memory; and by scattering over the whole, such traits of moral sensibility, of sarcasm, and of useful reflection, as every one must feel to be natural, and own to be powerful. In short, he shows us something which we have all seen, or may see, in real life; and draws from it such feelings and such reflections, as every human being must acknowledge that it is calculated to excite. He delights us by the truth, and vivid and picturesque beauty, of his representations, and by the force and pathos of the sensations with which we feel that they ought to be connected."—JEFFREY.]

A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand,
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.(1)
Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks and bury them in snow,
When, roused by rage and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn:—
"Why do I live, when I desire to be
"At once from life and life's long labour free?
"Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
"Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
"I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
"Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind;
"There it abides till younger buds come on,
"As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
"Then, from the rising generation thrust,
"It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
"Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
"To me the children of my youth are lords,
"Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:(2)

(1) A pauper who, being nearly past his labour, is employed by different masters for a length of time, proportioned to their occupations.

(2) [Original MS.:—"Slow in their gifts, but hasty in their words."]

" Wants of their own demand their care; and who
" Feels his own want and succours others too?
" A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
" None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
" Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
" And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

Thus, groan the old, till, by disease oppress'd,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.(1)

(1) [This description of the Parish Poor-house, and that of the Village Apothecary, lower down, were inserted by Burke in the Annual Register, and afterwards by Dr. Vicesimus Knox in the Elegant Extracts, along with the lines on the old romancers from "The Library." The effect produced by these specimens has been already illustrated by a letter from Sir W. Scott to Mr. Crabbe, written in 1809. See the preceding volume of this collection, p. 191. The poet Wordsworth, on reading that letter, has said:—"I first became acquainted with Mr. Crabbe's works in the same way, and about the same time, as did Sir Walter Scott, as appears from his letter; and the extracts made such an impression upon me, that I can also repeat them The two lines,—

'The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay,'—

struck my youthful feelings particularly; though facts, as far as they had then come under my knowledge, did not support the description; inasmuch as idiots and lunatics, among the humbler classes of society, were not to be

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye, opprest by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?(1)

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found in workhouses, in the parts of the north where I was brought up, but were mostly at large, and too often the butt of thoughtless children. Any testimony from me to the merit of your revered father's works would, I feel, be superfluous, if not impertinent. They will last, from their combined merits as Poetry and Truth, full as long as any thing that has been expressed in verse since they first made their appearance."—*Letter dated Feb.* 1834.]

(1) ["There is a truth and a force in these descriptions of rural life, which is calculated to sink deep into the memory; and, being confirmed by daily observation, they are recalled upon innumerable occasions, when the ideal pictures of more fanciful authors have lost all their interest. For ourselves at least, we profess to be indebted to Mr. Crabbe for many of

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go,
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;

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these strong impressions; and have known more than one of our unpoetical acquaintances who declared they could never pass by a parish workhouse, without thinking of the description of it they had read at school in the 'Poetical Extracts.'"—*Edinburgh Review*, 1807.

"The vulgar impression, that Crabbe is throughout a gloomy author, we ascribe to the choice of certain specimens of his earliest poetry in the 'Elegant Extracts,'—the only specimens of him that had been at all generally known at the time when most of those who have criticised his later works were young. That exquisitely-finished, but heart-sickening description, in particular, of the poor-house in 'The Village,' fixed itself on every imagination; and when the Register and Borough came out, the reviewers, unconscious, perhaps, of the early prejudice that was influencing them, selected quotations mainly of the same class."—*Quarterly Review*, 1834.]

Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy Bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave. (1)
But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above:
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?" (2)
Ah! no; a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;

(1) ["The consequential apothecary, who gives an impatient attendance in these abodes of misery, is admirably described."—JEFFREY.]

(2) ["A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."—GOLDSMITH.]

A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,(1)
And, skill'd at whist, devotes the night to play:(2)
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?(3)
Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er,
The man of many sorrows sighs no more. —
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below:
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

(1) [Original Edition: —

Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist.]

(2) "[Mr. Crabbe told me, that when he first published his poem 'The Village,' the letters he received were innumerable from a particular class of religious readers, who were warm in commendation, most particularly of the lines, —

'Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist.'

The letters of remonstrance were as innumerable, when, in his poem, 'The Library,' the lines were read, —

'Calvin grows gentle on this silent coast,
Nor finds a single heretic to roast.'" — BOWLES.]

(3) ["Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
He takes the field. The master of the pack
Cries, 'Well done, saint!' and claps him on the back.
Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss?
Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?" — COWPER.]

' Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend:
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand,
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor.
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer; (1)
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distrest,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest. (2)

(1) Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common. That it has been a subject for complaint in any place, is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively; nevertheless, it is just to remark, that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts is totally unknown.

(2) ["In this part of the poem there is a great deal of painting that is truly characteristic; and had not that indispensable rule, which both painters and poets should equally attend to, been reversed namely, to form their individuals from ideas of general nature, it would have been unexceptionable." — *Monthly Rev.* 1783.]

THE VILLAGE.

BOOK II.

There are found, amid the Evils of a laborious Life, some Views of Tranquillity and Happiness — The Repose and Pleasure of a Summer Sabbath: interrupted by Intoxication and Dispute — Village Detraction — Complaints of the 'Squire — The Evening Riots — Justice — Reasons for this unpleasant View of Rustic Life: the Effect it should have upon the Lower Classes; and the Higher — These last have their peculiar Distresses: Exemplified in the Life and heroic Death of Lord Robert Manners — Concluding Address to His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

THE

VILLAGE.

BOOK II.

No longer truth, though shown in verse, disdain,
But own the Village Life a life of pain:
I too must yield, that oft amid these woes [repose,
Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet
Such as you find on yonder sportive Green,
The 'squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between;
Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends:
Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won;
While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,
Like other husbands, quit their care to please.
Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
And loudly praise, if it were preach'd aloud;
Some on the labours of the week look round,
Feel their own worth, and think their toil renown'd;
While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
Are only pleased to find their labours end.

Thus, as their hours glide on, with pleasure fraught
Their careful masters brood the painful thought;
Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
That one fair day should be so idly spent;
And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store
And tax their time for preachers and the poor.
Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour,
This is your portion, yet unclaim'd of power;
This is Heaven's gift to weary men oppress'd,
And seems the type of their expected rest:
But yours, alas! are joys that soon decay;
Frail joys, begun and ended with the day;
Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
The village vices drive them from the plain.
See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate!
His naked vices, rude and unrefined,
Exert their open empire o'er the mind;
But can we less the senseless rage despise,
Because the savage acts without disguise?
Yet here Disguise, the city's vice, is seen,
And Slander steals along and taints the Green:
At her approach domestic peace is gone,
Domestic broils at her approach come on;
She to the wife the husband's crime conveys,
She tells the husband when his consort strays;
Her busy tongue, through all the little state,
Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate;
Peace, tim'rous goddess! quits her old domain,
In sentiment and song content to reign.
Nor are the nymphs that breathe the rural air
So fair as Cynthia's, nor so chaste as fair:

These to the town afford each fresher face,
And the clown's trull receives the peer's embrace;
From whom, should chance again convey her down,
The peer's disease in turn attacks the clown.

Here too the 'squire, or 'squire-like farmer, talk,
How round their regions nightly pilferers walk;
How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
The rip'ning treasures from their lofty wall;
How meaner rivals in their sports delight,
Just right enough to claim a doubtful right; (1)
Who take a licence round their fields to stray,
A mongrel race! the poachers of the day.

And hark! the riots of the Green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanish'd all,
And the slow hostess scored the threat'ning wall;
What time they ask'd, their friendly feast to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes;
When blows ensue that break the arm of toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

Save when to yonder Hall they bend their way,
Where the grave Justice ends the grievous fray;
He who recites, to keep the poor in awe,
The law's vast volume—for he knows the law:—
To him with anger or with shame repair
The injured peasant and deluded fair.

Lo! at his throne the silent nymph appears,
Frail by her shape, but modest in her tears;

(1) [Original MS.:—

How their maids languish, while their men run loose,
And leave them scarce a damsel to seduce.]

And while she stands abash'd, with conscious eye,
Some favourite female of her judge glides by,
Who views with scornful glance the strumpet's fate,
And thanks the stars that made her keeper great:
Near her the swain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife;
But, while the falt'ring damsel takes her oath,
Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the Poor as guilty as the Great?
To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;
Such are their natures and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:(1)
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:

(1) ["It is good for the proprietor of an estate to know that such things are, and at his own doors. He might have guessed, indeed, as a general truth, even whilst moving in his own exclusive sphere, that many a story of intense interest might be supplied by the annals of his parish. Crabbe would have taught him thus much, had he been a reader of that most sagacious of observers, most searching of moral anatomists, most graphic of poets; and we reverence this great writer not less for his genius than for his patriotism, in bravely lifting up the veil which is spread between the upper classes and the working-day world, and letting one half of mankind know what the other is about. This effect alone gives a dignity to his poetry, which poems constructed after a more Arcadian model would never have in our eyes, however pleasingly they may babble of green fields. But such wholesome incidents reach the ears of the landlord in his own particular case, most commonly through the clergyman — they fall rather within his department than another's — they lie upon his beat — through *his* representations the sympathies of the landlord are profitably drawn out, and judiciously directed to the individual — and another thread is added to those cords of a man, by which the owner and occupant of the soil are knit together, and society is interlaced." — *Quarterly Review*, 1833.]

And each in all the kindred vices trace,
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race,
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last. (1)

And you, ye Poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the Great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

Oh! if in life one noble chief appears,
Great in his name, while blooming in his years;
Born to enjoy whate'er delights mankind,
And yet to all you feel or fear resign'd;
Who gave up joys and hopes to you unknown,
For pains and dangers greater than your own:
If such there be, then let your murmurs cease,
Think, think of him, and take your lot in peace.

And such there was:—Oh! grief, that cheeks our pride,
Weeping we say there was,—for MANNERS died:

(1) ["A rich man, what is he? Has he a frame
Distinct from others? or a better name?
Has he more legs, more arms, more eyes, more brains?
Has he less care, less crosses, or less pains?
Can riches keep the mortal wretch from death?
Or can new treasures purchase a new breath?
Or does Heaven send its love and mercy more
To Mammon's pamper'd sons than to the poor?
If not, why should the fool take so much state,
Exalt himself, and others under-rate?
'Tis senseless ignorance that soothes his pride,
And makes him laugh at all the world beside;
But when excesses bring on gout or stone,
All his vain mirth and gaiety are gone:
And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
He 'll make as vile a skeleton as I."—TOM BROWNE.]

Beloved of Heaven, these humble lines forgive,
That sing of Thee (1), and thus aspire to live.
As the tall oak, whose vigorous branches form
An ample shade and brave the wildest storm,
High o'er the subject wood is seen to grow,
The guard and glory of the trees below;
Till on its head the fiery bolt descends,
And o'er the plain the shatter'd trunk extends;
Yet then it lies, all wond'rous as before,
And still the glory, though the guard no more:
So THOU, when every virtue, every grace,
Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face; [known
When, though the son of GRANBY(2), thou wert
Less by thy father's glory than thy own;
When Honour loved and gave thee every charm,
Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm;
Then from our lofty hopes and longing eyes,
Fate and thy virtues call'd thee to the skies;
Yet still we wonder at thy tow'ring fame,
And, losing thee, still dwell upon thy name.

(1) Lord Robert Manners, the youngest son of the Marquess of Granby and the Lady Frances Seymour, daughter of Charles duke of Somerset, was born on the 5th of February, 1758; and was placed with his brother, the late duke of Rutland, at Eton school, where he acquired, and ever after retained, a considerable knowledge of the classical authors. Lord Robert, after going through the duties of his profession on board different ships, was made captain of the Resolution, and commanded her in nine different actions, besides the last memorable one on the 12th of April, 1782, when, in breaking the French line of battle, he received the wounds which terminated his life, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. See the Annual Register. — [This article in the Annual Register was written by Mr. Crabbe, and is now reprinted as an Appendix to "The Village."]

(2) [John, Marquess of Granby, the illustrious commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany during the Seven Years' War, died in 1770, before his father, the thirteenth Earl and third Duke of Rutland.]

Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued! say,
What verse can praise thee, or what work repay?
Yet verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days;—
Honours for thee thy country shall prepare,
Thee in their hearts, the good, the brave shall bear;
To deeds like thine shall noblest chiefs aspire,
The Muse shall mourn thee, and the world admire.

In future times, when smit with Glory's charms,
The untried youth first quits a father's arms;—
"Oh! be like him," the weeping sire shall say;
"Like MANNERS walk, who walk'd in Honour's way;
"In danger foremost, yet in death sedate,
"Oh! be like him in all things, but his fate!"

If for that fate such public tears be shed,
That Victory seems to die now THOU art dead;
How shall a friend his nearer hope resign,
That friend a brother, and whose soul was thine?
By what bold lines shall we his grief express,
Or by what soothing numbers make it less?

'T is not, I know, the chiming of a song,
Nor all the powers that to the Muse belong,
Words aptly cull'd, and meanings well express'd,
Can calm the sorrows of a wounded breast;
But Virtue, soother of the fiercest pains,
Shall heal that bosom, RUTLAND, where she reigns.(1)

Yet hard the task to heal the bleeding heart,
To bid the still-recurring thoughts depart,

(1) [Original MS:—

"But RUTLAND's virtues shall his griefs restrain,
And join to heal the bosom where they reign."

See some anecdotes illustrative of the Duke's tender affection for his gallant brother, *ante*, Vol. I. pp. 115, 117.]

Tame the fierce grief and stem the rising sigh,
And curb rebellious passion, with reply;
Calmly to dwell on all that pleased before,
And yet to know that all shall please no more;—
Oh! glorious labour of the soul, to save
Her captive powers, and bravely mourn the brave
To such these thoughts will lasting comfort give—
Life is not measured by the time we live:
'Tis not an even course of threescore years,—
A life of narrow views and paltry fears,
Grey hairs and wrinkles and the cares they bring,
That take from Death the terrors or the sting;
But 'tis the gen'rous spirit, mounting high
Above the world, that native of the sky;
The noble spirit, that, in dangers brave,
Calmly looks on, or looks beyond the grave:—
Such MANNERS was, so he resign'd his breath,
If in a glorious, then a timely death.
Cease then that grief, and let those tears subside;
If Passion rule us, be that passion pride;
If Reason, reason bids us strive to raise
Our fallen hearts, and be like him we praise;
Or if Affection still the soul subdue,
Bring all his virtues, all his worth in view,
And let Affection find its comfort too:
For how can Grief so deeply wound the heart,
When Admiration claims so large a part?
Grief is a foe—expel him then thy soul;
Let nobler thoughts the nearer views control!
Oh! make the age to come thy better care,
See other RUTLANDS, other GRANBYS there!

And, as thy thoughts through streaming ages glide,
See other heroes die as MANNERS died: (1)
And from their fate, thy race shall nobler grow
As trees shoot upwards that are pruned below;
Or as old Thames, borne down with decent pride,
Sees his young streams run warbling at his side;
Though some, by art cut off, no longer run,
And some are lost beneath the summer sun —
Yet the pure stream moves on, and, as it moves,
Its power increases and its use improves;
While plenty round its spacious waves bestow,
Still it flows on, and shall for ever flow.(2)

(1) [Original edition: —

Victims victorious, who with him shall stand
In Fame's fair book, the guardians of the land.]

(2) ["It has been objected to the pastoral muse, that her principal employment is to delineate scenes that never existed, and to cheat the imagination by descriptions of pleasure that never can be enjoyed. Sensible of her deviation from nature and propriety, the author of the present poem has endeavoured to bring her back into the sober paths of truth and reality. It is not, however, improbable, that he may have erred, as much as those whom he condemns. For it may be questioned, whether he who represents a peasant's life as a life of unremitting labour and remediless anxiety; who describes his best years as embittered by insult and oppression, and his old age as squalid, comfortless, and destitute, gives a juster representation of rural enjoyments than they who, running into a contrary extreme, paint the face of the country as wearing a perpetual smile, and its inhabitants as passing away their hours in uninterrupted pleasure and unvaried tranquillity." — *Monthly Rev.* 1783.

"'The Village' is every classical composition. It seems designed as a contrast to Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' in one point of view; that is, so far as Goldsmith expatiates on the felicities and inconveniences of rural life. The author of 'The Village' takes the dark side of the question: he paints all with a sombre pencil; too justly, perhaps, but, to me at least, unpleasingly. We know there is no unmixed happiness in any state of life; but one does not wish to be perpetually told so." — SCOTT *of Amwell, Letter to Dr. Beattie, Aug.* 1783.]

APPENDIX.

FROM THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1783. See *ante*, p. 96.

CHARACTER OF LORD ROBERT MANNERS, LATE COMMANDER OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE RESOLUTION, OF SEVENTY-FOUR GUNS. [WRITTEN BY MR. CRABBE.]

IN a country, like this, which has long laboured under the calamities of war, it is but natural to look back upon the events by which it was terminated, and to make some enquiry after those to whom we are indebted for the return of peace; and this not with the view of informing ourselves whether the conditions by which it was obtained, were or were not adequate to our situation, but with a grateful remembrance of those, without whose signal courage and vigorous exertions, we might not have been able to have insisted on any conditions whatsoever.

The victory gained by the British fleet, on the 12th of April, 1782, was unquestionably of the greatest importance to this kingdom, and in the highest degree contributed to our present repose: those brave men, therefore, who then fell in the service of their country, claim our most grateful remembrance, and all the honourable testimony which the living can pay to departed worth.

Among these was Lord Robert Manners; a young nobleman, remarkable for his military genius, and the many excellent endowments both of his person and mind. In the following pages, it is my design to lay before the public some anecdotes of this heroic young commander, who fell in their service; sacrificing the ease of his former situation, the indulgences of a splendid fortune, and the pleasures of private society, to the dangers of a perilous element, and the honourable hazards of a military life.

Lord Robert Manners was the youngest son of the late Marquis of Granby, by the Lady Frances Seymour, daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset. He was born on the 5th of February, 1758, and placed with his brother, the present Duke of Rutland, at Eton school; in which great seminary of education he acquired a competent knowledge of the classic authors, for which he ever after retained an excellent taste, and bestowed many hours

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in the perusal of their most admired compositions. His mind, however, was found to be active, vigorous, and enterprising, and his genius evidently military: his entreaties, when he was fourteen years old, prevailed over the apprehensions of his grandfather, the late Duke of Rutland, and obtained his permission to enter upon his profession in the navy — giving that the preference to the land service, to which he might be conceived to have had an hereditary bias, as his father so long commanded the army of Great Britain, with singular reputation.

So early a dedication of himself to the severity of naval discipline, and so full a resignation of all the pleasures which his age and rank might have led him to expect, in places where he was admired for his accomplishments and beloved for his disposition, is of itself a subject of no inferior praise, and ought to be distinguished from the reluctant compliance of those, who are called into danger, by the urgency of their circumstances, or the importunity of their friends: this alone might secure him from the oblivion which waits upon the many millions who, in every century, take their turns upon this stage of human life, and depart, undistinguished by the performance of any actions, eminently great or good.

The first three voyages of Lord Robert were made to Newfoundland, with Lord Schuldham, to whose care he was committed, and under whom he served as a midshipman; after which, he went in the same capacity to the Mediterranean, in a frigate, and visited many of the different courts of Italy: on his return to England, he was appointed lieutenant on board the Ocean, a ninety-gun ship, commanded by Captain Lafory, in which rank he was present at the action of the 27th of July, off Ushant, under Admiral Keppel, who, a few days after the action, took him to his own ship.

His next appointment was to a lieutenancy on board the Alcide, in which he served in the action off Gibraltar, when Lord Rodney gained a complete victory over the Spanish fleet, commanded by Don Juan de Langara; and, immediately after this, Lord Robert was appointed Captain of the Resolution, which ship he commanded in nine separate actions, before that glorious but fatal one which put a period to his life.

There is perhaps but little to be gathered from this account of his various promotions, and the steps of an almost certain advancement, in the line of his profession; but it is necessary to remark, what all with whom he sailed are unanimous in declaring, that Lord Robert was equally excellent, if not equally conspicuous, in the inferior stations, as in the more exalted: a continual attention to his duty, joined with a real knowledge of the service, were his claims to promotion; and a constant care and precision in the discharge of his subordinate stations, were the great causes of his speedy progress to the rank of a commander.

Lord Robert, in his return from Gibraltar, in the Resolution, engaged and took the Prothée, a French line of battle ship, going to the East Indies: the Resolution was then ordered into America, and continued there till Lord Rodney sent for her to the West Indies: at St. Eustatius, the Mars, a Dutch frigate, struck to the Resolution; after which, she was detached, with the squadron under Lord Hood, to cruise off Martinique.

Some time after this, in an engagement between Admiral Greaves and

the French fleet off Martinique, on a confusion of signals, which prevented the rear of our fleet coming to action; Lord Robert broke the line of battle, bore his ship into the centre of the enemy, and so narrowly escaped in this dangerous attempt, that a part of his hat was struck off by a grape shot.

In one of the three engagements off St. Kitt's (in all which he was eminently distinguished), he, together with Captain Cornwallis, supported the commander of his division, Commodore Affleck, with such unshaken fortitude and perseverance, that those three ships beat off the whole French fleet, and protected the rest of their own: — a circumstance which Lord Hood mentions, in his letter to the Admiralty, with high terms of eulogium.

His last action was that memorable one on the 12th of April, when the Resolution engaged very desperately nine or ten of the enemy, in breaking through their line, which she did, the third ship to the admiral. It was in this attempt that Lord Robert had both his legs shattered, and his right arm broken at the same instant, the former by a cannon shot, and the latter by a splinter: his mind, however, remained unsubdued; for neither at that, nor at any future period, neither when he was under the most painful operations, nor when he became sensible of his approaching fate, did he betray one symptom of fear or regret:

" Non laudis Amor nec Gloriæ cessit
" Pulsa metu " ——

It was with great reluctance he suffered himself to be carried to the surgeon's apartment, and he objected to the amputation of his leg, because he had conceived it would prevent his continuance on board his ship; but being assured to the contrary, his objections ceased, and he permitted the surgeon to proceed. At this time all his thoughts and enquiries were directed to the event of the day; which being soon after announced to him, every consideration of his own misfortune was suspended, and he both felt and expressed the greatest joy and exultation in a victory so important to his country, and so fatal to himself.

Being persuaded to return to England, he was removed on board the Andromache frigate; but before he quitted the Resolution, he ordered every man whose good conduct had been remarkable during his command, to come into his cabin, where he thanked him for his attention to his duty, and gave each a present of money, as a token of his particular regard. On his leaving his ship, he asked whether the colours of those which had struck to the Resolution, during his command, were in his baggage; but suddenly recollecting himself, and being conscious that his motives for the question might be imputed to vanity and ostentation, he begged leave to retract it, hoping that an idea so weak, would be buried in oblivion. It was natural for a young hero to make such an enquiry, and his reflection on having made it, would have done honour to the oldest.

Lord Robert's behaviour, during the short remainder of his life, was singularly great: his conversation was cheerful, and his mind serene; his fortitude never forsook him; he betrayed no signs of impatience, nor suffered his resignation to be broken by ineffectual wishes, or melancholy regret: these he left to his survivors, who deeply feel them; he had given himself

to the service of his country, and forbore to indulge any fruitless expectations of living, when the purposes of life were completed, and the measure of his glory filled up. His attention to the lives of his seamen had made him previously acquainted with the nature of his own case, and the fatal symptoms that so frequently follow: before these appeared, he was busied in planning future regulations and improvements on board his ship; and afterwards, he himself first acquainted his surgeon with their appearance. He prepared for his approaching fate with the utmost calmness and composure of mind; and having settled his worldly affairs with his accustomed regularity and despatch, he ended a life of glory with resignation and prayer.

So fell this brave young nobleman, on the 24th day of April, 1782; having, at the age of twenty-four years, served his country in eleven general actions: —

" Ostendent terris hunc tantum Fata, neque ultra
" Esse sinent "——— VIRGIL.

His eulogium was loudly uttered in the grief and lamentation of the whole navy: victory appeared too dearly bought, while they considered the price which was paid for it; and, indeed, such was the attention of this nobleman to the welfare of his seamen, as well as to the order and regularity of the fleet; such was his skill to find out, and resolution to reform abuses, that the loss of such a commander may be regretted, when the victory in which he fell shall cease to be mentioned.

The person of Lord Robert Manners was worthy of such a mind: he was tall and graceful, strong and active; his features were regular, and his countenance beautiful, without effeminacy; his eyes were large, dark, and most expressive; his complexion inclined to brown, with much colour, which remained unimpaired by the West India climate; indeed, his whole appearance commanded love and respect, and was a strong indication of superior merit.

Lord Robert possessed, in an eminent degree, the happy art of gaining the affections of his men, while he preserved the strictest discipline among them: nor is this his greatest praise; for, while he was admired by the officers of every rank, for his affability and engaging deportment, he was trusted by the highest in command, and consulted by many, who judged his great skill and attention, in the line of his profession, more than balanced their longer experience.

The bravery of Lord Robert was accompanied by a disposition tender and merciful: his obligations to use severity were punishments to himself; and he was always unhappy in feeling the necessity of bestowing correction; yet his lenity was always judicious, and seldom ineffectual: he had once the opportunity of pronouncing pardon on thirteen offenders (who were a part of sixty-four condemned in several ships for mutiny); on which occasion his feelings overcame his power of utterance: he began with representing to them (who were ignorant of the intended grace) the nature of their crime, and the punishment due to it; but when he came to speak of the offered mercy, he partook of their sensations, and could only deliver it by bursting into tears. It is but just to remark, that these men

were truly sensible of the worth of such a commander, and were afterwards conspicuous for their good behaviour among the best seamen of the navy.

Lord Robert, however he possessed the virtue, was without the weakness of a tender disposition: he was grave, prudent, and reserved, never speaking his opinion but upon sure grounds, and then at proper times, in the company of his select friends, or when truth and justice called upon him to rescue an action or a character from suspicion or reproach; yet his reserve was not of that kind which damped his love for society; he was of a convivial turn, generous, condescending, and benevolent; emulating the humanity, as well as bravery, of his father and his father's house.

His chief study was that of his profession, in which he read and perfectly understood the most approved authors, not neglecting other kinds of reading, in some of which he was peculiarly and wonderfully versed; some, indeed, which might be thought foreign to his pursuits, if any can be so thought, to the vigorous and comprehensive mind which he possessed: in short, he seemed to be deficient in no qualification which might render him the best private friend, and one of the greatest and ablest officers this or any other country has produced.

To crown all his virtues, he had that of unaffected diffidence; being perfectly modest in his opinion of himself, and an enemy to all ostentation: he never listened to his own praise, but either forbad any to speak of the honour he so well deserved, or withdrew from the applause which he could not suppress. This disposition continued to the last, when he conversed with the same unaffected ease; and, wishing to write to a friend, he made use of his left hand, and gave him an account of his situation, in terms brief, easy, and affecting, because most unaffected, discovering the greatest magnanimity of soul, by not taking any pains to have it discovered by others.

Nor is this eulogium to be considered as proceeding from any partial regard or prepossession: the testimony of public gratitude, which was voted in the House of Commons, is a sufficient proof of the national sense of his merit; but the many private relations of his virtues, could they be universally diffused, would place him in a still stronger point of view: these are given by men whose testimony is voluntary and disinterested, whose experience could not be deceived, and whose eminence in their profession must entitle them to every degree of credit and attention.

Such is the character of Lord Robert Manners; and these anecdotes of him I have related from the best authority. Those who knew him, will, I am sure, think themselves indebted to me for the intention; and to those who did not, little apology will, I hope, be wanted, for making them acquainted with the worth of a brave and heroic young nobleman, who was an ornament to their country and died in its defence.

THE NEWSPAPER. (1)

(1) [This poem was first published in a thin quarto, in March, 1785. The dedication to Lord Thurlow, the preface, and some of the author's foot-notes, omitted in the collection of 1807, are now restored from the original edition; which has also supplied several various readings. The obligations under which Mr. Crabbe had been laid by Lord Thurlow, previous to, and after, the publication of "The Newspaper," are detailed in the preceding volume, pp. 101. 123, &c. That the poet did not stoop to unworthy flattery, in the expressions he uses respecting the literary attainments of the Chancellor, is sufficiently proved by the high testimony of Bishop Horsley, in his Essay on the Prosody of the Greek and Latin Languages, and by the uniform warmth of the poet Cowper, when alluding to the splendid career of the great man who had been, in early life, his fellow pupil in a Solicitor's chambers. See, in particular, the stanzas —

"Round Thurlow's head, in early youth,
And in his sportive days,
Fair Science pour'd the light of Truth,
And Genius shed his rays," &c.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD LORD THURLOW,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN (1); ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, ETC. ETC.

My Lord,

My obligations to your Lordship, great as they are, have not induced me to prefix your name to the following poem: nor is it your Lordship's station, exalted as that is, which prevailed upon me to solicit the honour of your protection for it. But, when I considered your Lordship's great abilities and good taste, so well known and so universally acknowledged, I became anxious for the privilege with which you have indulged me; well knowing that the Public would not be easily persuaded to disregard a performance, marked, in any degree, with your Lordship's approbation.

(1) [Lord Thurlow was appointed Lord High Chancellor in 1778, and continued in the situation till 1783; when, upon the success of the Coalition ministry, he was ejected, and the seals put in commission; but, on the final triumph of Mr. Pitt, in 1784, he was re-instated, and possessed the seals till 1793. His Lordship died in 1806.]

It is, my Lord, the province of superior rank, in general, to bestow this kind of patronage; but superior talents only can render it valuable. Of the value of your Lordship's I am fully sensible; and, while I make my acknowledgments for that, and for many other favours, I cannot suppress the pride I have in thus publishing my gratitude, and declaring how much I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

most obliged, and devoted servant,

George Crabbe.

Belvoir Castle,
February 20. 1785.

TO THE READER.

THE Poem which I now offer to the public, is, I believe, the only one written on the subject; at least, it is the only one which I have any knowledge of: and, fearing there may not be found in it many things to engage the Reader's attention, I am willing to take the strongest hold I can upon him, by offering something which has the claim of novelty.

When the subject first occurred to me, I meant, in a few lines only, to give some description of that variety of dissociating articles which are huddled together in our Daily Papers. As the thought dwelt upon me, I conceived this might be done methodically, and with some connection of parts, by taking a larger scope; which notwithstanding I have done, I must still apologise for a want of union and coherence in my poem. Subjects like this will not easily admit of them: we cannot slide from theme to theme in an easy and graceful succession; but, on quitting one thought, there will be an unavoidable hiatus, and in general an awkward transition into that which follows.

That, in writing upon the subject of our Newspapers, I have avoided every thing which might ap-

pear like the opinion of a party, is to be accounted for from the knowledge I have gained from them; since, the more of these Instructors a man reads, the less he will infallibly understand: nor would it have been very consistent in me, at the same time to censure their temerity and ignorance, and to adopt their rage.

I should have been glad to have made some discrimination in my remarks on these productions. There is, indeed, some difference; and I have observed, that one editor will sometimes convey his abuse with more decency, and colour his falsehood with more appearance of probability, than another: but until I see that paper, wherein no great character is wantonly abused, nor groundless insinuation wilfully disseminated, I shall not make any distinction in my remarks upon them.

It must, however, be confessed, that these things have their use; and are, besides, vehicles of much amusement: but this does not outweigh the evil they do to society, and the irreparable injury they bring upon the characters of individuals. In the following poem I have given those good properties their due weight: they have changed indignation into mirth, and turned, what would otherwise have been abhorrence, into derision.

February, 1785. (1)

(1) [At this period, party-spirit ran unusually high. The Coalition ministry, of which Mr. Burke was a member, had recently been rem. ved—the

India bills both of Fox and Pitt had been thrown out, and the public mind was greatly inflamed by the events of the six weeks' Westminster election, and the consequent scrutiny. Notwithstanding the philosophical tone of his preface, it seems highly probable that Mr. Crabbe had been moved to take up the subject by the indignation he felt on seeing Mr. Burke daily abused, at "this busy, bustling time," by one set of party writers, while the Duke of Rutland was equally the victim of another. Mr. Burke had, at this time, become extremely unpopular, both in and out of the House. At the opening of the new parliament, in May, 1784, so strong was the combination against him, that the moment of his rising became a signal for coughings, or other symptoms of pointed dislike. On one occasion he stopped short in his argument to remark, that "he could teach a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension."]

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This not a Time favourable to poetical Composition: and why — Newspapers enemies to Literature, and their general Influence — Their Numbers — The Sunday Monitor — Their general Character — Their Effect upon Individuals — upon Society — in the Country — The Village Freeholder — What Kind of Composition a Newspaper is; and the Amusement it affords — Of what Parts it is chiefly composed — Articles of Intelligence: Advertisements: The Stage: Quacks: Puffing — The Correspondents to a Newspaper, political and poetical — Advice to the latter — Conclusion.

THE

NEWSPAPER.

È quibus, hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures:
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor:
Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
Vanaque Lætitia est, consternatique Timores,
Seditioque repens, dubioque auctore Susurri.

OVID. *Metamorph.*, lib. xii. (1)

A TIME like this, a busy, bustling time,(2)
Suits ill with writers, very ill with rhyme:
Unheard we sing, when party-rage runs strong,
And mightier madness checks the flowing song:

(1) ["The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in
A thorough-fare of News: where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies;
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat,
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joy as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near
And Rumours raised, and Murmurs mix'd, and Fear."
DRYDEN.]

(2) The greatest part of this poem was written immediately after the dissolution of the late parliament.—[The parliament was dissolved in March, 1784. See note, p. 112. *antè*.]

Or, should we force the peaceful Muse to wield
Her feeble arms amid the furious field,
Where party-pens a wordy war maintain,
Poor is her anger, and her friendship vain;
And oft the foes who feel her sting, combine,
Till serious vengeance pays an idle line:
For party-poets are like wasps, who dart
Death to themselves, and to their foes but smart.

Hard then our fate: if general themes we choose,
Neglect awaits the song, and chills the Muse;
Or should we sing the subject of the day,
To-morrow's wonder puffs our praise away.
More blest the bards of that poetic time,
When all found readers who could find a rhyme; (1)
Green grew the bays on every teeming head,
And Cibber was enthroned (2), and Settle (3) read.
Sing, drooping Muse, the cause of thy decline;
Why reign no more the once-triumphant Nine?

(1) ["Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms rise
And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies!"—GIFFORD.]

(2) [On the death of Eusden, in 1730, the laureateship was bestowed on Cibber. When, in 1743, Pope published a new edition of the Dunciad, he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence as hero of the poem, and enthroned Cibber in his stead:—

"Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days:
Thou, Cibber, thou his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court."]

(3) [A poetaster who made some noise in his day by the violence of his writings. For his factious audacity he was made the city poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the mayor's day. "Of these bards," says Dr. Johnson, "he was the last, and seems not to have deserved even this degree of regard; for he afterwards wrote a panegyric on the virtues of Judge Jeffreys." He died, in 1723, a pensioner in the Charter-house.]

Alas! new charms the wavering many gain,
And rival sheets the reader's eye detain;
A daily swarm, that banish every Muse,
Come flying forth, and mortals call them NEWS: (1)
For these, unread, the noblest volumes lie; (2)
For these, in sheets unsoil'd, the Muses die;
Unbought, unblest, the virgin copies wait
In vain for fame, and sink, unseen, to fate.

Since, then, the Town forsakes us for our foes,
The smoothest numbers for the harshest prose;
Let us, with generous scorn, the taste deride,
And sing our rivals with a rival's pride.

Ye gentle poets, who so oft complain
That foul neglect is all your labours gain;
That pity only checks your growing spite
To erring man, and prompts you still to write;
That your choice works on humble stalls are laid,
Or vainly grace the windows of the trade; (3)

(1) ["Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli." — JUVENAL.
"Whate'er the busy bustling world employs
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares, and joys,
These the historians of our times display,
And call it NEWS — the hodge-podge of a day."
BONNEL THORNTON.]

(2) ["How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom Folly guides, and Prejudice controls;
Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to gospel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay up all their stock of faith in News,
Rail at all liberal arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rhyme." — CHURCHILL.]

(3) [Original edition: —
While your choice works on quiet shelves remain,
Or grace the windows of the trade in vain;
Where e'en their fair and comely sculptures fail
Engraved by Grignion, and design'd by Wale.]

Be ye my friends, if friendship e'er can warm
Those rival bosoms whom the Muses charm:
Think of the common cause wherein we go,
Like gallant Greeks against the Trojan foe;
Nor let one peevish chief his leader blame,
Till, crown'd with conquest, we regain our fame;
And let us join our forces to subdue
This bold assuming but successful crew.

I sing of NEWS, and all those vapid sheets
The rattling hawker vends through gaping streets;(1)
Whate'er their name, whate'er the time they fly,
Damp from the press, to charm the reader's eye:
For, soon as Morning dawns with roseate hue,
The HERALD of the morn arises too;
POST after POST succeeds, and, all day long,
GAZETTES and LEDGERS swarm, a noisy throng.
When evening comes, she comes with all her train
Of LEDGERS, CHRONICLES, and POSTS again,
Like bats, appearing, when the sun goes down,
From holes obscure and corners of the town.(2)

(1) [" We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their Gazettas was, perhaps, derived from Gazzera, a magpie or chatterer; or, more probably, from a farthing coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called Gazetta, which was the common price of the papers. Newspapers, then, took their birth in that principal land of modern politicians, Italy, and under the government of that aristocratical republic. The first paper was a Venetian one, and only monthly; but it was the newspaper of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name for it; and from one solitary government gazette, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us in this country."— D'ISRAELI.]

(2) [" Curiosity is the appetite of the mind: it must be satisfied, or we perish. Amongst the improvements, therefore, of modern times, there is none on which I find more reason to congratulate my countrymen, than the increase of knowledge by the multiplication of newspapers. With what a mixture of horror and commiseration do we now look back to that

Of all these triflers, all like these, I write;
Oh! like my subject could my song delight,
The crowd at Lloyd's one poet's name should raise,
And all the Alley echo to his praise.

In shoals the hours their constant numbers bring,
Like insects waking to th' advancing spring;
Which take their rise from grubs obscene that lie
In shallow pools, or thence ascend the sky:
Such are these base ephemeras (1), so born
To die before the next revolving morn.

Yet thus they differ: insect-tribes are lost
In the first visit of a winter's frost;
While these remain, a base but constant breed,
Whose swarming sons their short-lived sires succeed;
No changing season makes their number less,
Nor Sunday shines a sabbath on the press! (2)

Then lo! the sainted MONITOR is born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts adorn: (3)

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period of our history when a written letter came down once a week to the coffee-house, where a proper person, with a clear and strong voice, was pitched upon to read it aloud to the company assembled upon the occasion! How earnestly did they listen! How greedily did they suck down every drop of intelligence that fell within their reach! Happy the man that carried off but half a sentence! It was his employment, for the rest of the evening, to imagine what the other half might have been. At present, the provision made for us is ample. There are morning papers for breakfast; there are evening papers for supper,—I beg pardon, I mean dinner; and, lest, during the interval, wind should get into the stomach, there is a paper published, by way of luncheon, about noon."—BISHOP HORNE, 1787.]

(1) The ephemera, or May fly, is an insect remarked by naturalists for the very short time it lives after assuming its last and more perfect form.

(2) ["No place is sacred, not the church is free,
E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me."—POPE.]

(3) [The original edition reads here:—
"The OGLIO now appears, a rival name
Of bolder manners, though of younger fame."

As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,
To veil with seeming grace the guile within;
So Moral Essays on his front appear,
But all is carnal business in the rear;
The fresh-coin'd lie, the secret whisper'd last,
And all the gleanings of the six days past.
With these retired, through half the Sabbath-day,
The London lounger yawns his hours away:
Not so, my little flock! your preacher fly,
Nor waste the time no worldly wealth can buy;
But let the decent maid and sober clown
Pray for these idlers of the sinful town:
This day, at least, on nobler themes bestow,
Nor give to WOODFALL, or the world below. (1)

But, Sunday past, what numbers flourish then,
What wondrous labours of the press and pen!
Diurnal most, some thrice each week affords,
Some only once, — O avarice of words!
When thousand starving minds such manna seek, (2)
To drop the precious food but once a week.

The Oglio here alluded to was a Sunday print, of brief duration, which began in October, 1784.]

(1) [Henry Samson Woodfall, proprietor of the Public Advertiser, in which Junius appeared, was the author of a most important change in the character and influence of the newspaper press. In the conduct of his journal he was strictly impartial; and, notwithstanding the great popularity of Junius, by a reference to his papers of that day, it will be seen that as many essays were admitted on the ministerial side of the question as on that of the opposition. Mr. Woodfall was a man of high personal character: he died in 1805. See NICHOLS's *Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 301.]

(2) [" I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark;
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news — *the manna of the day.*" — GREEN'S *Spleen.*]

Endless it were to sing the powers of all,
Their names, their numbers; how they rise and fall:
Like baneful herbs the gazer's eye they seize,
Rush to the head, and poison where they please: (1)
Like idle flies, a busy, buzzing train,
They drop their maggots in the trifler's brain:
That genial soil receives the fruitful store,
And there they grow, and breed a thousand more. (2)

(1) ["If any read now-a-days, it is a play-book, or a pamphlet of news." BURTON, 1614.]

(2) ["*Penny-boy, jun.* In truth they are dainty rooms; what place is this?
Cymbal. This is the outer room, where my clerks sit
And keep their sides, the Register in the midst;
The Examiner, he sits private there within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.
P. jun. But those, too, subdivided?
Cymb. Into authentical and apocryphal —
Fitton. Or news of doubtful credit; as barbers' news,
Cymb. And tailors' news, porters', and watermen's news —
Fit. Whereto, besides the Coranti and Gazetti —
Cymb. I have the news of the season . . . . .
Together with the names of special friends —
Fit. And men of correspondence in the country —
Cymb. Yes; of all ranks, and all religions —
Fit. Factors and agents —
Cymb. Liegers, that lie out
Through all the shires of the kingdom.
P. jun. This is fine!
And bears a brave relation! But what says
Mercurius Britannicus to this?" &c. &c. — BEN JONSON's *Staple of News*, 1625; Gifford's edit. vol. v. p 185.

"Pamphlets are the weekly almanacks, showing what weather is in the state, which, like the doves of Aleppo, carry news to every part of the kingdom. They are the silent traitors that affront majesty, and abuse all authority, under the colour of an imprimatur. Ubiquitary flies, that have, of late, so blistered the ears of all men, that they cannot endure any solid truth. The echoes, whereby what is done in every part of the kingdom, is heard all over. They are like the mushrooms; spring up in a night, and dead in a day: and such is the greediness of man's nature (in these Athenian days) of news, that they will rather feign than want it." — T. FORD, 1647.]

Now be their arts display'd, how first they choose
A cause and party, as the bard his muse;
Inspired by these, with clamorous zeal they cry,
And through the town their dreams and omens fly:
So the Sibylline leaves(1) were blown about,
Disjointed scraps of fate involved in doubt;
So idle dreams, the journals of the night,
Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle wrong with right.—
Some champions for the rights that prop the crown,
Some sturdy patriots, sworn to pull them down;
Some neutral powers, with secret forces fraught,
Wishing for war, but willing to be bought:
While some to every side and party go,
Shift every friend, and join with every foe;
Like sturdy rogues in privateers, they strike
This side and that, the foes of both alike;
A traitor-crew, who thrive in troubled times,
Fear'd for their force, and courted for their crimes.
Chief to the prosperous side the numbers sail,
Fickle and false, they veer with every gale; (2)
As birds that migrate from a freezing shore,
In search of warmer climes, come skimming o'er,
Some bold adventurers first prepare to try
The doubtful sunshine of the distant sky;
But soon the growing Summer's certain sun
Wins more and more, till all at last are won:

(1) [. . . . . in foliis descripsit carmina Virgo; —
. . . . . et teneres turbavit janua frondes. — Virg. Æn. lib. iii.]
(2) [Original edition: —
Soon as the chiefs, whom once they choose, lie low,
Their praise too, slackens; and their aid moves slow;
Not so when leagued with rising powers, their rage
Then wounds the unwary foe, and burns along the page.]

So, on the early prospect of disgrace,
Fly in vast troops this apprehensive race;
Instinctive tribes! their failing food they dread,
And buy, with timely change, their future bread.(1)

Such are our guides: how many a peaceful head,
Born to be still, have they to wrangling led!
How many an honest zealot stol'n from trade,
And factious tools of pious pastors made!
With clews like these they thread the maze of state,
These oracles explore, to learn our fate;
Pleased with the guides who can so well deceive,
Who cannot lie so fast as they believe.

Oft lend I, loth, to some sage friend an ear,
(For we who will not speak are doom'd to hear);
While he, bewilder'd, tells his anxious thought,
Infectious fear from tainted scribblers caught,
Or idiot hope; for each his mind assails,
As LLOYD'S court-light (2) or STOCKDALE'S (3)
gloom prevails.
Yet stand I patient while but one declaims,
Or gives dull comments on the speech he maims:

(1) [Original edition:--

Or are there those, who ne'er their friends forsook,
Lured by no promise, by no danger shook?
Then bolder bribes the venal aid procure,
And golden fetters make the faithless sure;
For those who deal in flattery or abuse,
Will sell them where they can the most produce.]

(2) [Lloyd's Evening Post — at this time a ministerial journal, published three times a week.]

(3) [Mr. Stockdale was, during the coalition administration, an opposition bookseller.]

But oh! ye Muses, keep your votary's feet
From tavern-haunts where politicians meet;
Where rector, doctor, and attorney pause,
First on each parish, then each public cause:
Indited roads, and rates that still increase;
The murmuring poor, who will not fast in peace;
Election zeal and friendship, since declined;
A tax commuted, or a tithe in kind;
The Dutch and Germans kindling into strife;
Dull port and poachers vile! the serious ills of life.
Here comes the neighbouring Justice, pleased to guide
His little club, and in the chair preside.
In private business his commands prevail,
On public themes his reasoning turns the scale;
Assenting silence soothes his happy ear,
And, in or out, his party triumphs here.

Nor here th' infectious rage for party stops,
But flits along from palaces to shops;
Our weekly journals o'er the land abound,
And spread their plague and influenzas round;
The village, too, the peaceful, pleasant plain,
Breeds the Whig farmer and the Tory swain;
Brookes' and St. Alban's (1) boasts not, but, instead,
Stares the Red Ram, and swings the Rodney's Head:—
Hither, with all a patriot's care, comes he
Who owns the little hut that makes him free;

(1) [Brooker's club, in St. James's Street, still flourishes — the great rendezvous of Whig politicians. The St. Alban's club, an association of the same kind on the Tory side, was broken up when old St. Alban's Street was cleared away among other improvements in the west end of London.]

Whose yearly forty shillings buy the smile
Of mightier men, and never waste the while;
Who feels his freehold's worth, and looks elate,
A little prop and pillar of the state.
Here he delights the weekly news to con,
And mingle comments as he blunders on;
To swallow all their varying authors teach,
To spell a title, and confound a speech:
Till with a muddled mind he quits the news,
And claims his nation's license to abuse;
Then joins the cry, "That all the courtly race
"Are venal candidates for power and place;" (1)
Yet feels some joy, amid the general vice,
That his own vote will bring its wonted price.
These are the ills the teeming Press supplies,
The pois'nous springs from learning's fountain rise;
Not there the wise alone their entrance find,
Imparting useful light to mortals blind;
But, blind themselves, these erring guides hold out
Alluring lights to lead us far about;
Screen'd by such means, here Scandal whets her quill,
Here Slander shoots unseen, whene'er she will;
Here Fraud and Falsehood labour to deceive,
And Folly aids them both, impatient to believe. (2)

(1) [Original edition.—

Strive but for power, and parley but for place;
Yet hopes, good man! "that all may still be well,"
And thanks the stars he has a vote to sell;
While thus he reads or raves, around him wait
A rustic band, and join in each debate;
Partake his manly spirit, and delight
To praise or blame, to judge of wrong or right;
Measures to mend, and ministers to make,
Till all go madding for their country's sake.]

(2) ["The spirit of defamation, by which a newspaper is often possessed

Such, sons of Britain! are the guides ye trust;
So wise their counsel, their reports so just! —
Yet, though we cannot call their morals pure,
Their judgment nice, or their decisions sure;
Merit they have to mightier works unknown,
A style, a manner, and a fate their own.

We, who for longer fame with labour strive,
Are pain'd to keep our sickly works alive;
Studious we toil, with patient care refine,
Nor let our love protect one languid line. (1)
Severe ourselves, at last our works appear,
When, ah! we find our readers more severe;
For, after all our care and pains, how few
Acquire applause, or keep it if they do! —
Not so these sheets, ordain'd to happier fate,
Praised through their day, and but that day their date;
Their careless authors only strive to join
As many words as make an even line; (2)
As many lines as fill a row complete;
As many rows as furnish up a sheet:

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has now found its own remedy in the diversity of them; for though a gentleman may read that he himself is a scoundrel, and his wife no better than she should be to-day, he will be sure to read that both of them are very good sort of people to-morrow. In the same manner, if one paper, through mistake or design, kill his friend, there is another ready to fetch him to life; nay, if he have good luck in the order of his reading, he may be informed that his friend is alive again before he had perused the account of his death." — BISHOP HORNE.]

(1) [Original edition: —

Studious we toil, correct, amend, retouch,
Take much away, yet mostly leave too much.]

(2) " How many hours bring about the year?
How many days will furnish up the year?
How many years a mortal man may live!"

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry* VI.

From side to side, with ready types they run
The measure's ended, and the work is done;
Oh, born with ease, how envied and how blest!
Your fate to-day and your to-morrow's rest.
To you all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book;
Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their News;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;
This, like the public inn, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all. (1)

Next, in what rare production shall we trace
Such various subjects in so small a space?

(1) ["How shall I speak thee, or thy pow'r address,
Thou God of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!
No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd;
Philosophers, who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
Church quacks, with passions under no command,
Who fill the world with doctrines contraband,
Discoverers of they know not what, confined
Within no bounds — the blind that lead the blind;
To streams of popular opinion drawn,
Deposit in those shallows all their spawn." — Cowper.]

As the first ship upon the waters bore
Incongruous kinds who never met before;
Or as some curious virtuoso joins,
In one small room, moths, minerals, and coins,
Birds, beasts, and fishes; nor refuses place
To serpents, toads, and all the reptile race;
So here, compress'd within a single sheet,
Great things and small, the mean and mighty meet,
'Tis this which makes all Europe's business known,
Yet here a private man may place his own;
And, where he reads of Lords and Commons, he
May tell their honours that he sells rappee.

Add next th' amusement which the motley page
Affords to either sex and every age:
Lo! where it comes before the cheerful fire, —
Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew),
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue:
Then eager every eye surveys the part,
That brings its favourite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own:
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest.
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,
Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
For songs and suits, a birth-day, or a ball:
The keen warm man o'erlooks each idle tale
For "Monies wanted," and "Estates on Sale;" (1)

(1) ["Whilst the sages are puffing off our distempers in one page of a newspaper, the auctioneers are puffing off our property in another. If this island of ours is to be credited for their description of it, it must pass for a terrestrial paradise: it makes an English ear tingle to hear of the boundless variety of lawns, groves, and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; de-

While some with equal minds to all attend,
Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end. (1)

So charm the News; but we, who far from town
Wait till the postman (2) brings the packet down,
Once in the week, a vacant day behold,
And stay for tidings, till they're three days old:
That day arrives; no welcome post appears,
But the dull morn a sullen aspect wears:
We meet, but ah! without our wonted smile,
To talk of headachs, and complain of bile;
Sullen we ponder o'er a dull repast,
Nor feast the body while the mind must fast.
A master-passion is the love of news,
Not music so commands, nor so the Muse:
Give poets claret, they grow idle soon;
Feed the musician, and he's out of tune;
But the sick mind, of this disease possess'd,
Flies from all cure, and sickens when at rest. (3)

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corated farms and fruitful gardens; superb and matchless collections of pictures, jewels, plate, furniture, and equipages; town houses and country houses; hot-houses and ice-houses; observatories and conservatories; offices attached and detached; with all the numerous et-ceteras that glitter down the columns of our public prints. What is the harp of an Orpheus compared to the hammer of an auctioneer?"—CUMBERLAND.]

(1) [Original edition:—
While the sl; widow, and the coxcomb sleek,
Dive deep for scandal through a hint oblique.]

(2) ["He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief,
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some." &c.—COWPER.]

(3) Original edition:—
Such restless passion is the love of News,
Worse than an itch for music or the muse:

Now sing, my Muse, what various parts compose
These rival sheets of politics and prose.
First, from each brother's hoard a part they draw,
A mutual theft that never fear'd a law;
Whate'er they gain, to each man's portion fall,
And read it once, you read it through them all:
For this their runners ramble day and night,
To drag each lurking deed to open light;
For daily bread the dirty trade they ply:
Coin their fresh tales, and live upon the lie:
Like bees for honey, forth for news they spring,—
Industrious creatures! ever on the wing;
Home to their several cells they bear the store,
Cull'd of all kinds, then roam abroad for more.

No anxious virgin flies to "fair Tweed-side;"
No injured husband mourns his faithless bride;
No duel dooms the fiery youth to bleed;
But through the town transpires each ven'trous deed.
Should some fair frail-one drive her prancing pair
Where rival peers contend to please the fair;
When, with new force, she aids her conquering eyes,
And beauty decks, with all that beauty buys;
Quickly we learn whose heart her influence feels,
Whose acres melt before her glowing wheels.
To these a thousand idle themes succeed,
Deeds of all kinds, and comments to each deed.

But the sick mind, of this disease possess'd
Has neither chance for cure, nor intervals of rest.
Such powers have things so vile, and they can boast
That those peruse them who despise them most.]

Here stocks, the state-barometers, we view,
That rise or fall, by causes known to few; (1)
Promotion's ladder who goes up or down;
Who wed, or who seduced, amuse the town;
What new-born heir has made his father blest;
What heir exults, his father now at rest;
That ample list the Tyburn-herald gives.
And each known knave, who still for Tyburn lives. (2)

So grows the work, and now the printer tries
His powers no more, but leans on his allies.

When lo! the advertising tribe succeed,
Pay to be read, yet find but few will read;
And chief th' illustrious race, whose drops and pills
Have patent powers to vanquish human ills:
These, with their cures, a constant aid remain,
To bless the pale composer's fertile brain;

(1) [Original edition:—

Such tales as these with joy the many read,
And paragraphs on paragraphs succeed;
Then add the common themes that never cease.
The tide-like stocks, their ebb and their increase.]

(2) ["From these daily registers, you may not only learn when anybody is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice whenever his grace goes to Newmarket, or her ladyship sets out for Bath; and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told that the Lord Chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Riccirelli was not able to sing. Nor is that part of the journal which is allotted to advertisements less amusing. Not only are the public transactions of auctioneers and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry carried on by their means. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expense of two shillings. If a genteel young lady, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising. How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies dressed in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B.! The Daily Advertiser, is, therefore, become the universal register for new faces."—Bonnel Thornton.]

Fertile it is, but still the noblest soil
Requires some pause, some intervals from toil;
And they at least a certain ease obtain [strain.(2)
From Katterfelto's skill (1), and Graham's glowing

I too must aid, and pay to see my name
Hung in these dirty avenues to fame;
Nor pay in vain, if aught the Muse has seen,
And sung, could make these avenues more clean;
Could stop one slander ere it found its way,
And gave to public scorn its helpless prey.
By the same aid, the Stage invites her friends,
And kindly tells the banquet she intends;
Thither from real life the many run,
With Siddons(5) weep, or laugh with Abingdon;(4)

(1) ["The science of adorning and beautifying the human form seems to be systematically cultivated by many artists of all denominations. The professors of the cosmetic art offer innumerable pastes, washes, pommades, and perfumes, by which the ravages of time are prevented or counteracted. Even our public spectacles bespeak a degree of improvement hitherto unknown. Witness that *wonderful wonder* of all wonders, the brave soldier and learned doctor Katterfelto, whose courage and learning are only equalled by his honesty and love for this country, in remaining here unpensioned, notwithstanding the many offers from the Queen of France, the request of his friend and correspondent, Dr. Franklin, and the positive commands of the King of Prussia."—GROSE.]

(2) [Captain Grose says—"Highly eminent in the class of public exhibitors stands the learned Dr. Graham, whose philosophic researches and lectures, at the same time that they tend to improve our future progeny, and to make this kingdom the region of health and beauty, serve also to destroy that *mauvaise honte*, or timid bashfulness, so peculiar to the English ladies; for which he at least deserves the warmest acknowledgments from all parents and husbands." The beautiful creature, afterwards so well known as Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton, used to personate the Goddess of Health at this empiric's indecent exhibitions.

(3) [Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the London boards in 1775, retired from the stage in 1812, and died in 1831. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 124.]

(4) [Mrs. Abingdon appeared on the stage in 1751, and died in 1815, at

Pleased in fictitious joy or grief, to see
The mimic passion with their own agree;
To steal a few enchanted hours away
From self, and drop the curtain on the day.
But who can steal from self that wretched wight,
Whose darling work is tried, some fatal night?
Most wretched man! when, bane to every bliss,
He hears the serpent-critic's rising hiss;
Then groans succeed; nor traitors on the wheel
Can feel like him, or have such pangs to feel.
Nor end they here: next day he reads his fall
In every paper; critics are they all:
He sees his branded name, with wild affright,
And hears again the cat-calls of the night.

Such help the STAGE affords: a larger space
Is fill'd by PUFFS and all the puffing race.
Physic had once alone the lofty style,
The well-known boast, that ceased to raise a smile:
Now all the province of that tribe invade,
And we abound in quacks of every trade.

The simple barber, once an honest name,
Cervantes founded, Fielding raised his fame: (1)
Barber no more — a gay perfumer comes,
On whose soft cheek his own cosmetic blooms;
Here he appears, each simple mind to move,
And advertises beauty, grace and love.

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the age of eighty-four. For Mr. Crabbe's admiration of her acting, see *ante*, Vol. I. p. 124.]

(1) [See Don Quixote, and Tom Jones.]

—"Come, faded belles, who would your youth renew,
" And learn the wonders of Olympian dew;
" Restore the roses that begin to faint,
" Nor think celestial washes vulgar paint;
" Your former features, airs, and arts assume,
" Circassian virtues, with Circassian bloom.
" Come, batter'd beaux, whose locks are turn'd to gray,
" And crop Discretion's lying badge away;
" Read where they vend these smart engaging things,
" These flaxen frontlets with elastic springs;
" No female eye the fair deception sees,
" Not Nature's self so natural as these."(1)

Such are their arts, but not confined to them,
The Muse impartial must her sons condemn: (2)
For they, degenerate! join the venal throng,
And puff a lazy Pegasus along:
More guilty these, by Nature less design'd
For little arts that suit the vulgar kind.

(1) ["Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders, lost
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders wondering for his bread."—COWPER.]

(2) [Original edition:—
Such are their puffs, and would they all were such;
Then should the verse no poet's laurel touch.]

That barbers' boys, who would to trade advance,
Wish us to call them, smart Friseurs from France;
That he who builds a chop-house, on his door
Paints "The true old original Blue Boar!"—
These are the arts by which a thousand live,
Where Truth may smile, and Justice may forgive:—
But when, amidst this rabble rout, we find
A puffing poet to his honour blind:
Who slily drops quotations all about
Packet or Post, and points their merit out;
Who advertises what reviewers say,
With sham editions every second day;
Who dares not trust his praises out of sight,
But hurries into fame with all his might;
Although the verse some transient praise obtains,
Contempt is all the anxious poet gains.

Now Puffs exhausted, Advertisements past,
Their Correspondents stand exposed at last;
These are a numerous tribe, to fame unknown,
Who for the public good forego their own;
Who volunteers in paper-war engage,
With double portion of their party's rage:
Such are the Bruti, Decii, who appear
Wooing the printer for admission here;
Whose generous souls can condescend to pray
For leave to throw their precious time away.

Oh! cruel WOODFALL! when a patriot draws
His gray-goose quill in his dear country's cause,
To vex and maul a ministerial race,
Can thy stern soul refuse the champion place?

Alas! thou know'st not with what anxious heart
He longs his best-loved labours to impart;
How he has sent them to thy brethren round,
And still the same unkind reception found:
At length indignant will he damn the state,
Turn to his trade, and leave us to our fate.

These Roman souls, like Rome's great sons, are known
To live in cells on labours of their own.
Thus Milo, could we see the noble chief,
Feeds, for his country's good, on legs of beef:
Camillus copies deeds for sordid pay,
Yet fights the public battles twice a day:
E'en now the godlike Brutus views his score
Scroll'd on the bar-board, swinging with the door;
Where, tippling punch, grave Cato's self you'll see,
And *Amor Patriæ* vending smuggled tea.

Last in these ranks, and least, their art's disgrace,
Neglected stand the Muses' meanest race;
Scribblers who court contempt, whose verse the eye
Disdainful views, and glances swiftly by:
This Poet's Corner is the place they choose,
A fatal nursery for an infant Muse;
Unlike that Corner where true Poets lie,
These cannot live, and they shall never die;
Hapless the lad whose mind such dreams invade,
And win to verse the talents due to trade.

Curb then, O youth! these raptures as they rise,
Keep down the evil spirit and be wise;

Follow your calling, think the Muses foes,
Nor lean upon the pestle and compose.

I know your day-dreams, and I know the snare
Hid in your flow'ry path, and cry "Beware!"
Thoughtless of ill, and to the future blind,
A sudden couplet rushes on your mind;
Here you may nameless print your idle rhymes,
And read your first-born work a thousand times;
Th' infection spreads, your couplet grows apace,
Stanzas to Delia's dog or Celia's face: (1)
You take a name; Philander's odes are seen,
Printed, and praised, in every magazine:
Diarian sages greet their brother sage,
And your dark pages please th' enlighten'd age. —
Alas! what years you thus consume in vain,
Ruled by this wretched bias of the brain!

Go! to your desks and counters all return;
Your sonnets scatter, your acrostics burn;
Trade, and be rich; or, should your careful sires
Bequeath you wealth, indulge the nobler fires:
Should love of fame your youthful heart betray,
Pursue fair fame, but in a glorious way,
Nor in the idle scenes of Fancy's painting stray.
Of all the good that mortal men pursue,
The Muse has least to give, and gives to few;
Like some coquettish fair, she leads us on,
With smiles and hopes, till youth and peace are gone;

(1) [See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 22. "He had," (says Mr. Crabbe, speaking of himself,) "with youthful indiscretion, written for publications wherein Damons and Delias began the correspondence that does not always end there, and where diffidence is nursed till it becomes presumption."]

Then, wed for life, the restless wrangling pair
Forget how constant one, and one how fair:
Meanwhile, Ambition, like a blooming bride,
Brings power and wealth to grace her lover's side;
And though she smiles not with such flattering charms,
The brave will sooner win her to their arms.
Then wed to her, if Virtue tie the bands,
Go spread your country's fame in hostile lands;
Her court, her senate, or her arms adorn,
And let her foes lament that you were born:
Or weigh her laws, their ancient rights defend,
Though hosts oppose, be theirs and Reason's friend;
Arm'd with strong powers, in their defence engage,
And rise the THURLOW of the future age.(1)

(1) [On the first appearance of "The Newspaper," in 1785, the Critical Reviewers said, "Although this performance does not appear so highly finished as 'The Village,' it is certainly entitled to rank in the first class of modern productions;" and The Monthly Reviewers thus opened their critique:—"This poem is a satire on the newspapers of the present day, which are lashed by the author with much ingenuity. The versification is at once easy and forcible, and the rhymes are chaste and carefully chosen. Mr. Crabbe seems to have selected Pope as his model, and many passages are strongly marked imitations of the great poet. He has introduced the Alexandrine—we do not say the 'needless Alexandrine'—too frequently; a *custom* which prevails too much among modern poets. But still the poem has uncommon merit, and sufficiently evinces that the author is possessed of genius, taste, and imagination."

It may be observed, that, in 1784, the newspapers published in Great Britain and Ireland were only *seventy-nine*; now (1834), they amount to *nearly four hundred*.]

THE

PARISH REGISTER.

IN THREE PARTS. (1)

PART I.

(1) [The "Parish Register" was first published in the collection of 1807; the preface to which (see p. 14. *ante*) gives some particulars respecting the revision of this poem, in MS., by Mr. Turner and by Mr. Fox. A period of twenty-two years had elapsed between the appearance of "The Newspaper" and that of "The Parish Register:"—as to this long silence of the poet, see his Life, *ante*, Vol. I. pp. 168. 182.; and the Quarterly Review, No. C. p. 488.]

The Village Register considered, as containing principally the Annals of the Poor — State of the Peasantry as meliorated by Frugality and Industry — The Cottage of an industrious Peasant; its Ornaments — Prints and Books — The Garden; its Satisfactions — The State of the Poor, when improvident and vicious — The Row *or* Street, and its Inhabitants — The Dwellings of one of these — A Public House — Garden and its Appendages — Gamesters; rustic Sharpers, &c. — Conclusion of the Introductory Part.

The Child of the Miller's Daughter, and Relation of her Misfortune — A frugal Couple: their Kind of Frugality — Plea of the Mother of a natural Child: her Churching — Large Family of Gerard Ablett: his Apprehensions: Comparison between his State and that of the wealthy Farmer his Master: his Consolation — An old Man's Anxiety for an Heir: the Jealousy of another on having many — Characters of the Grocer Dawkins and his Friend: their different Kinds of Disappointment — Three Infants named — An Orphan Girl and Village Schoolmistress — Gardener's Child; Pedantry and Conceit of the Father: his Botanical Discourse: Method of fixing the Embryo-fruit of Cucumbers — Absurd Effects of Rustic Vanity: observed in the Names of their Children — Relation of the Vestry Debate on a Foundling: Sir Richard Monday — Children of various Inhabitants — The poor Farmer — Children of a Profligate: his Character and Fate — Conclusion.

THE

PARISH REGISTER.(1)

PART I.

BAPTISMS.

Tum porro puer (ut sævis projectus ab undis,
Navita) nudus humi jacet infans indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, ——
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.
LUCRET. *de Nat. Rerum*, lib. 5. (2)

THE year revolves, and I again explore
The simple Annals of my Parish poor;

(1) ["This poem, like 'The Village,' is dedicated to the delineation of rural life and characters, and, upon a very simple but singular plan, is divided into three parts. After an introductory and general view of village manners, the reverend author proceeds to present his readers with an account of all the remarkable baptisms, marriages, and funerals, that appear on his register for the preceding year, with a sketch of the character and behaviour of the respective parties, and such reflections and exhortations as are suggested by the subject. The poem consists, therefore, of a series of Portraits, taken from the middling and lower ranks of rustic life, and delineated on occasions at once more common and more interesting than any other that could well be imagined. They are selected with great judgment, and drawn with inimitable accuracy and strength of colouring. They are finished with much more minuteness and detail, than the more general pictures in 'The Village.'"—JEFFREY.]

(2) ["A man, when first he leaves his prim'tive night,
Breaks from his mother's womb to view the light;

What Infant-members in my flock appear,
What Pairs I bless'd in the departed year;
And who, of Old or Young, or Nymphs or Swains,
Are lost to Life, its pleasures and its pains.

No Muse I ask, before my view to bring
The humble actions of the swains I sing.—
How pass'd the youthful, how the old their days;
Who sank in sloth, and who aspired to praise;
Their tempers, manners, morals, customs, arts,
What parts they had, and how they 'mploy'd their parts;
By what elated, soothed, seduced, depress'd,
Full well I know—these Records give the rest.

Is there a place, save one the poet sees,
A land of love, of liberty and ease;
Where labour wearies not, nor cares suppress
Th' eternal flow of rustic happiness;
Where no proud mansion frowns in awful state,
Or keeps the sunshine from the cottage-gate;
Where young and old, intent on pleasure, throng,
And half man's life is holiday and song?
Vain search for scenes like these! no view appears,
By sighs unruffled or unstain'd by tears;
Since vice the world subdued and waters drown'd,
Auburn(1) and Eden can no more be found.

Hence good and evil mix'd, but man has skill
And power to part them, when he feels the will!

Like a poor carcase, tumbled by the flood,
He falls weak, naked, destitute of food;
With tender cries the pitying air he fills,—
A fit presage for all his coming ills." — CREECH.]

(1) ["Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!" &c. — GOLDSMITH.]

Toil, care, and patience bless th' abstemious few,
Fear, shame, and want the thoughtless herd pursue.(1)
Behold the Cot! where thrives th' industrious swain,
Source of his pride, his pleasure, and his gain;
Screen'd from the winter's wind, the sun's last ray
Smiles on the window and prolongs the day;
Projecting thatch the woodbine's branches stop,
And turn their blossoms to the casement's top:
All need requires is in that cot contain'd,
And much that taste untaught and unrestrain'd
Surveys delighted; there she loves to trace,
In one gay picture, all the royal race;
Around the walls are heroes, lovers, kings;
The print that shows them and the verse that sings.
Here the last Lewis on his throne is seen,
And there he stands imprison'd, and his Queen;(2)
To these the mother takes her child, and shows
What grateful duty to his God he owes;
Who gives to him a happy home, where he
Lives and enjoys his freedom with the free;

(1) ["How evil came into the world — for what reason it is that life is overspread with such boundless varieties of misery, — why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think, merely to be wretched, and to pass his time from youth to age in fearing or in suffering calamities, — is a question which philosophers have long asked, and which philosophy could never answer. Religion informs us that misery and sin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed by a disorder of the harmony of nature; and by that Providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, vice was checked by misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion. That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too clearly informs us; but it is no less certain that, of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be, therefore, endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more." — JOHNSON.]

(2) [Lewis the Sixteenth, and Marie Antoinette.]

When kings and queens, dethroned, insulted, tried,
Are all these blessings of the poor denied.
There is King Charles, and all his Golden Rules, (1)
Who proved Misfortune's was the best of schools:
And there his Son, who, tried by years of pain,
Proved that misfortunes may be sent in vain.
The Magic-mill that grinds the gran'nams young,
Close at the side of kind Godiva (2) hung;
She, of her favourite place the pride and joy,
Of charms at once most lavish and most coy,
By wanton act the purest fame could raise,
And give the boldest deed the chastest praise.
There stands the stoutest Ox in England fed; (3)
There fights the boldest Jew, Whitechapel bred; (4)
And here Saint Monday's worthy votaries live,
In all the joys that ale and skittles give. (5)
Now lo! on Egypt's coast that hostile fleet,
By nations dreaded and by NELSON beat; (6)
And here shall soon another triumph come,
A deed of glory in a day of gloom;

(1) [1. "Urge no healths; 2. Profane no divine ordinances; 3. Touch no state matters; 4. Reveal no secrets; 5. Pick no quarrels; 6. Make no comparisons; 7. Maintain no ill opinions; 8. Keep no bad company; 9. Encourage no vice; 10. Make no long meals; 11. Repeat no grievances; 12. Lay no wagers."]

(2) [Wife of the Earl of Mercia, who, in the eleventh century, is said to have ridden through Coventry naked, on condition that her husband would remit certain heavy taxes, with which he had loaded the citizens.]

(3) [The extraordinary Lancashire ox, sixteen hands in height, and weighing 1568 lbs.]

(4) [Daniel Mendoza, the pugilist, who, in 1788, fought the celebrated bruising-match with Humphreys.]

(5) [*Saint* Monday—a cant name, indicating the idleness which too often characterises the *Monday* of artisans who have been paid their week's wages on the Saturday night.]

(6) [The battle of the Nile, in 1798.]

Distressing glory! grievous boon of fate!
The proudest conquest, at the dearest rate. (1)
On shelf of deal, beside the cuckoo-clock,
Of cottage-reading rests the chosen stock;
Learning we lack, not books, but have a kind
For all our wants, a meat for every mind:
The tale for wonder and the joke for whim,
The half-sung sermon and the half-groan'd hymn.
No need of classing; each within its place,
The feeling finger in the dark can trace;
"First from the corner, farthest from the wall,"
Such all the rules, and they suffice for all.
There pious works for Sunday's use are found;
Companions for that Bible newly bound;
That Bible, bought by sixpence weekly saved,
Has choicest prints by famous hands engraved;
Has choicest notes by many a famous head,
Such as to doubt, have rustic readers led;
Have made them stop to reason *why?* and *how?*
And, where they once agreed, to cavil now.
Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun;
Who simple truth with nine-fold reasons back,
And guard the point no enemies attack.
Bunyan's famed Pilgrim rests that shelf upon,
A genius rare but rude was honest John; (2)

(1) [The battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, in which Nelson was killed.]

(2) ["Ingenious Dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;

Not one who, early by the Muse beguiled,
Drank from her well the waters undefiled;
Not one who slowly gain'd the hill sublime,
Then often sipp'd and little at a time;
But one who dabbled in the sacred springs,
And drank them muddy, mix'd with baser things.

Here to interpret dreams we read the rules,
Science our own! and never taught in schools;
In moles and specks we Fortune's gifts discern,
And Fate's fix'd will from Nature's wanderings learn.

Of Hermit Quarll we read, in island rare, (1)
Far from mankind and seeming far from care;
Safe from all want, and sound in every limb;
Yes! there was he, and there was care with him.

Unbound and heap'd, these valued tomes beside,
Lay humbler works, the pedlar's pack supplied;
Yet these, long since, have all acquired a name;
The Wandering Jew has found his way to fame; (2)

Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame:
Yet ev'n in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God." — COWPER.

"If ever," says Mr. Southey, "there was a work which carried with it the stamp of originality in all its parts, it is that of John Bunyan."]

(1) ["The Hermit; or, unparallelled Sufferings and surprising Adventures of Philip Quarll."]

(2) [The legend of the *Wandering Jew* — *i. e.* of an individual who, insulting our Saviour when on his way to Golgotha, was, in punishment, doomed to survive on earth until the second coming of Jesus Christ — was a favourite theme of the monastic literature in the middle ages, and has been recently taken up by writers of great talent in several countries — for

And fame, denied to many a labour'd song,
Crowns Thumb the Great (1), and Hickathrift the strong. (2)
There too is he, by wizard-power upheld,
Jack (3), by whose arm the giant-brood were quell'd:
His shoes of swiftness on his feet he placed;
His coat of darkness on his loins he braced;
His sword of sharpness in his hand he took,
And off the heads of doughty giants stroke:
Their glaring eyes beheld no mortal near;
No sound of feet alarm'd the drowsy ear;
No English blood their pagan sense could smell,
But heads dropt headlong, wondering why they fell.
These are the Peasant's joy, when placed at ease,
Half his delighted offspring mount his knees.
To every cot the lord's indulgent mind
Has a small space for garden-ground assign'd;
Here—till return of morn dismiss'd the farm—
The careful peasant plies the sinewy arm,
Warm'd as he works, and casts his look around
On every foot of that improving ground:
It is his own he sees; his master's eye
Peers not about, some secret fault to spy;
Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known;—
Hope, profit, pleasure,—they are all his own.

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example, by Lewis, in "The Monk"—by Godwin, in "St. Leon"—in a poem styled "The Wandering Jew," by P. B. Shelley—and lastly, by the Rev. Dr. Croly, in the romance of "Salathiel." The ballads and chap-books on this subject are innumerable.]

(1) ["Life of the Renowned Thomas Thumb the Great."]

(2) ["History of Mr. Thomas Hickathrift, afterwards Sir Thomas Hickathrift, Knight."]

(3) ["History of Jack the Giant Killer."]

Here grow the humble cives, and, hard by them,
The leek with crown globose and reedy stem;
High climb his pulse in many an even row,
Deep strike the ponderous roots in soil below;
And herbs of potent smell and pungent taste,
Give a warm relish to the night's repast.
Apples and cherries grafted by his hand,
And cluster'd nuts for neighbouring market stand.
Nor thus concludes his labour; near the cot,
The reed-fence rises round some fav'rite spot;
Where rich carnations, pinks with purple eyes,
Proud hyacinths, the least some florist's prize,
Tulips tall-stemm'd and pounced auriculas rise.
Here on a Sunday-eve, when service ends,
Meet and rejoice a family of friends;
All speak aloud, are happy and are free,
And glad they seem, and gaily they agree.
What, though fastidious ears may shun the speech,
Where all are talkers, and where none can teach;
Where still the welcome and the words are old,
And the same stories are for ever told;
Yet theirs is joy that, bursting from the heart,
Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart;
That forms these tones of gladness we despise,
That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eyes;
That talks or laughs or runs or shouts or plays,
And speaks in all their looks and all their ways.
Fair scenes of peace! ye might detain us long,
But vice and misery now demand the song;
And turn our view from dwellings simply neat,
To this infected Row, we term our Street.

Here, in cabal, a disputatious crew
Each evening meet; the sot, the cheat, the shrew:
Riots are nightly heard:—the curse, the cries
Of beaten wife, perverse in her replies;
While shrieking children hold each threat'ning hand,
And sometimes life, and sometimes food demand:
Boys, in their first-stol'n rags, to swear begin,
And girls, who heed not dress, are skill'd in gin:
Snarers and smugglers here their gains divide;
Ensnaring females here their victims hide;
And here is one, the Sibyl of the Row,
Who knows all secrets, or affects to know.
Seeking their fate, to her the simple run,
To her the guilty, theirs awhile to shun;
Mistress of worthless arts, depraved in will,
Her care unblest and unrepaid her skill,
Slave to the tribe, to whose command she stoops,
And poorer than the poorest maid she dupes.

Between the road-way and the walls, offence
Invades all eyes and strikes on every sense:
There lie, obscene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from the floor,
And day by day the mingled masses grow,
As sinks are disembogued and kennels flow.

There hungry dogs from hungry children steal;
There pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal;
There dropsied infants wail without redress,
And all is want and wo and wretchedness:
Yet should these boys, with bodies bronzed and bare,
High-swoln and hard, outlive that lack of care—
Forced on some farm, the unexerted strength,
Though loth to action, is compell'd at length,

When warm'd by health, as serpents in the spring,
Aside their slough of indolence they fling.
Yet, ere they go, a greater evil comes —
See! crowded beds in those contiguous rooms;
Beds but ill parted, by a paltry screen
Of paper'd lath or curtain dropt between;
Daughters and sons to yon compartments creep,
And parents here beside their children sleep:
Ye who have power, these thoughtless people part,
Nor let the ear be first to taint the heart.
Come! search within, nor sight nor smell regard;
The true physician walks the foulest ward.
See! on the floor, what frousy patches rest!
What nauseous fragments on yon fractured chest!
What downy dust beneath yon window-seat!
And round these posts that serve this bed for feet;
This bed where all those tatter'd garments lie,
Worn by each sex, and now perforce thrown by!
See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head,
Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed;
The Mother-gossip has the love suppress'd
An infant's cry once waken'd in her breast;
And daily prattles, as her round she takes,
(With strong resentment) of the want she makes.
Whence all these woes? — From want of virtuous will,
Of honest shame, of time-improving skill;
From want of care t' employ the vacant hour,
And want of ev'ry kind but want of power.
Here are no wheels for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards — made up of sundry packs;

Here is no clock, nor will they turn the glass,
And see how swift th' important moments pass;
Here are no books, but ballads on the wall,
Are some abusive, and indecent all;
Pistols are here, unpair'd; with nets and hooks,
Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks;
An ample flask, that nightly rovers fill
With recent poison from the Dutchman's still;.
A box of tools, with wires of various size,
Frocks, wigs, and hats, for night or day disguise,
And bludgeons stout to gain or guard a prize.

To every house belongs a space of ground,
Of equal size, once fenced with paling round;
That paling now by slothful waste destroy'd,
Dead gorse and stumps of elder fill the void;
Save in the centre-spot, whose walls of clay
Hide sots and striplings at their drink or play:
Within, a board, beneath a tiled retreat,
Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat;
Where heavy ale in spots like varnish shows,
Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows;
Black pipes and broken jugs the seats defile,
The walls and windows, rhymes and reck'nings vile;
Prints of the meanest kind disgrace the door,
And cards, in curses torn, lie fragments on the floor.

Here his poor bird th' inhuman Cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings;
With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds. (1)

(1) ["] We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet on this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is, the licence of in-

Struck through the brain, deprived of both his eyes,
The vanquish'd bird must combat till he dies;
Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and stagger at each feeble blow:
When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
His blood-stain'd arms, for other deaths assumes;
And damns the craven-fowl, that lost his stake,
And only bled and perish'd for his sake. (1)

Such are our Peasants, those to whom we yield
Praise with relief, the fathers of the field;
And these who take from our reluctant hands,
What Burn advises (2) or the Bench commands.

Our Farmers round, well pleased with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain. —
These are our groups; our Portraits next appear,
And close our Exhibition for the year. (3)

With evil omen we that year begin:
A Child of Shame, — stern Justice adds, of Sin,
Is first recorded; — I would hide the deed,
But vain the wish; I sigh and I proceed:

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flicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures." — Pope.]

(1) ["There is nothing comparable with the above description, but some of the prose sketches of Mandeville." — Jeffrey.]

(2) [*Burn's Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer.*]

(3) [Crabbe is confessedly the most original and vivid painter of the vast varieties of common life, that England has ever produced; and while several living poets possess a more splendid and imposing representation, we are greatly mistaken if he has not taken a firmer hold than any other, on the melancholy convictions of men's hearts ruminating on the good and evil of this mysterious world. Of all men of this age, he is the best Portrait-painter: he is never contented with a single flowing sketch of a character — they must all be drawn full-length — to the very life — and with

And could I well th' instructive truth convey,
'T would warn the giddy and awake the gay.
Of all the nymphs who gave our village grace,
The Miller's daughter had the fairest face:
Proud was the Miller; money was his pride;
He rode to market, as our farmers ride,
And 't was his boast, inspired by spirits, there,
His favourite Lucy should be rich as fair;
But she must meek and still obedient prove,
And not presume, without his leave, to love.
A youthful Sailor heard him;—"Ha!" quoth he,
'This Miller's maiden is a prize for me;
" Her charms I love, his riches I desire,
" And all his threats but fan the kindling fire;
" My ebbing purse no more the foe shall fill,
" But Love's kind act and Lucy at the mill."

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all their most minute and characteristic features, even of dress and manners. He seems to have known them all personally; and when he describes them, he does so as if he thought that he would be guilty of a kind of falsehood, in omitting the description of a single peculiarity. Accustomed to look on men as they exist and act, he not only does not fear, but he absolutely loves to view their vices and their miseries; and hence has his poetry been accused of giving too dark a picture of life. But, at the same time, we must remember what those haunts of life are into which his spirit has wandered. The power is almost miraculous with which he has stirred up human nature from its very dregs, and shown working in them the common spirit of humanity. He lays before us scenes and characters from which, in real life, we should turn our eyes with intolerant disgust; and yet he forces us to own, that on such scenes, and by such characters, much the same kind of part is played that ourselves play on another stage. He leaves it to other poets to carry us into the company of shepherds and dalesmen, in the heart of pastoral peace; and sets us down in crowds of fierce and sullen men, contending against each other, in lawful or in lawless life, with all the energies of exasperated passion. To us it appears, that until Crabbe wrote, we knew not what direful tragedies are for ever steeping in tears or in blood the footsteps of the humblest of our race; and that he has opened, as it were, a theatre, on which the homely actors that pass before us assume no disguise — on which every catastrophe borrows its terror from truth and every scene seems shifted by the very hands of nature." — WILSON.]

Thus thought the youth, and soon the chase began,
Stretch'd all his sail, nor thought of pause or plan:
His trusty staff in his bold hand he took,
Like him and like his frigate, heart of oak;
Fresh were his features, his attire was new;
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue:
Of finest jean, his trowsers, tight and trim,
Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim.

He soon arrived, he traced the village-green,
There saw the maid, and was with pleasure seen;
Then talk'd of love, till Lucy's yielding heart
Confess'd 'twas painful, though 'twas right to part.

"For ah! my father has a haughty soul;
"Whom best he loves, he loves but to control;
"Me to some churl in bargain he 'll consign,
"And make some tyrant of the parish mine:
"Cold is his heart, and he with looks severe
"Has often forced but never shed the tear;
"Save, when my mother died, some drops express'd
"A kind of sorrow for a wife at rest:—
"To me a master's stern regard is shown,
"I'm like his steed, prized highly as his own;
"Stroked but corrected, threaten'd when supplied,
"His slave and boast, his victim and his pride."

"Cheer up, my lass! I 'll to thy father go,
"The Miller cannot be the Sailor's foe;
"Both live by Heaven's free gale, that plays aloud
"In the stretch'd canvass and the piping shroud;
"The rush of winds, the flapping sails above,
"And rattling planks within, are sounds *we* love;
"Calms are our dread; when tempests plough the deep,
"We take a reef, and to the rocking sleep."

"Ha!" quoth the Miller, moved at speech so rash,
"Art thou like me? then where thy notes and cash?
"Away to Wapping, and a wife command,
"With all thy wealth, a guinea, in thine hand;
"There with thy messmates quaff the muddy cheer,
"And leave my Lucy for thy betters here."
"Revenge! revenge!" the angry lover cried,
Then sought the nymph, and "Be thou now my bride."
Bride had she been, but they no priest could move
To bind in law, the couple bound by love.
What sought these lovers then by day, by night?
But stolen moments of disturb'd delight;
Soft trembling tumults, terrors dearly prized,
Transports that pain'd, and joys that agonised;
Till the fond damsel, pleased with lad so trim,
Awed by her parent, and enticed by him,
Her lovely form from savage power to save,
Gave — not her hand — but ALL she could she gave.
Then came the day of shame, the grievous night,
The varying look, the wandering appetite;
The joy assumed, while sorrow dimm'd the eyes,
The forced sad smiles that follow'd sudden sighs;
And every art, long used, but used in vain,
To hide thy progress, Nature, and thy pain.
Too eager caution shows some danger 's near,
The bully's bluster proves the coward's fear;
His sober step the drunkard vainly tries,
And nymphs expose the failings they disguise.
First, whispering gossips were in parties seen;
Then louder Scandal walk'd the village-green;

Next babbling Folly told the growing ill,
And busy Malice dropp'd it at the mill.
" Go! to thy curse and mine," the Father said,
" Strife and confusion stalk around thy bed;
" Want and a wailing brat thy portion be,
" Plague to thy fondness, as thy fault to me;—
" Where skulks the villain?"——
—" On the ocean wide
" My William seeks a portion for his bride."—
" Vain be his search! but, till the traitor come,
" The higgler's cottage be thy future home;
" There with his ancient shrew and care abide,
" And hide thy head,—thy shame thou canst not hide."
Day after day was pass'd in pains and grief;
Week follow'd week,—and still was no relief:
Her boy was born—no lads nor lasses came
To grace the rite or give the child a name;
Nor grave conceited nurse, of office proud,
Bore the young Christian roaring through the crowd:
In a small chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes the setting sun;
Where noisy sparrows, perch'd on penthouse near,
Chirp tuneless joy, and mock the frequent tear;
Bats on their webby wings in darkness move,
And feebly shriek their melancholy love.
No Sailor came; the months in terror fled!
Then news arrived—He fought, and he was DEAD!
At the lone cottage Lucy lives, and still
Walks for her weekly pittance to the mill;
A mean seraglio there her father keeps,
Whose mirth insults her, as she stands and weeps;

And sees the plenty, while compell'd to stay,
Her father's pride, become his harlot's prey.
Throughout the lanes she glides, at evening's close,
And softly lulls her infant to repose;
Then sits and gazes, but with viewless look,
As gilds the moon the rippling of the brook;
And sings her vespers, but in voice so low,
She hears their murmurs as the waters flow:
And she too murmurs, and begins to find
The solemn wanderings of a wounded mind:
Visions of terror, views of woe succeed,
The mind's impatience, to the body's need;
By turns to that, by turns to this a prey,
She knows what reason yields, and dreads what madness may.

Next, with their boy, a decent couple came,
And call'd him Robert, 't was his father's name;
Three girls preceded, all by time endear'd,
And future births were neither hoped nor fear'd:
Blest in each other, but to no excess,
Health, quiet, comfort, form'd their happiness;
Love all made up of torture and delight,
Was but mere madness in this couple's sight:
Susan could think, though not without a sigh,
If she were gone, who should her place supply;
And Robert, half in earnest, half in jest,
Talk of her spouse when he should be at rest:
Yet strange would either think it to be told,
Their love was cooling or their hearts were cold.
Few were their acres,—but, with these content,
They were, each pay-day, ready with their rent:

And few their wishes—what their farm denied,
The neighbouring town, at trifling cost, supplied.
If at the draper's window Susan cast
A longing look, as with her goods she pass'd,
And, with the produce of the wheel and churn,
Bought her a Sunday-robe on her return;
True to her maxim, she would take no rest,
Till care repaid that portion to the chest:
Or if, when loitering at the Whitsun-fair,
Her Robert spent some idle shillings there;
Up at the barn, before the break of day,
He made his labour for th' indulgence pay:
Thus both—that waste itself might work in vain—
Wrought double tides, and all was well again.

Yet, though so prudent, there were times of joy,
(The day they wed, the christening of the boy,)
When to the wealthier farmers there was shown
Welcome unfeign'd, and plenty like their own;
For Susan served the great, and had some pride
Among our topmost people to preside:
Yet in that plenty, in that welcome free,
There was the guiding nice frugality,
That, in the festal as the frugal day,
Has, in a different mode, a sovereign sway;
As tides the same attractive influence know,
In the least ebb and in their proudest flow;
The wise frugality, that does not give
A life to saving, but that saves to live;
Sparing, not pinching, mindful though not mean,
O'er all presiding, yet in nothing seen.

Recorded next a babe of love I trace!
Of many loves, the mother's fresh disgrace.—
" Again, thou harlot! could not all thy pain,
" All my reproof, thy wanton thoughts restrain?"
" Alas! your reverence, wanton thoughts I grant,
" Were once my motive, now the thoughts of want;
" Women, like me, as ducks in a decoy,
" Swim down a stream, and seem to swim in joy;
" Your sex pursue us, and our own disdain;
" Return is dreadful, and escape is vain.
" Would men forsake us, and would women strive
" To help the fall'n, their virtue might revive." (1)
For rite of churching soon she made her way,
In dread of scandal, should she miss the day:—
Two matrons came! with them she humbly knelt,
Their action copied and their comforts felt,
From that great pain and peril to be free,
Though still in peril of that pain to be;
Alas! what numbers, like this amorous dame,
Are quick to censure, but are dead to shame!

Twin-infants then appear; a girl, a boy,
Th' o'erflowing cup of Gerard Ablett's joy:
One had I named in every year that pass'd
Since Gerard wed! and twins behold at last!

(1) [" Let the libertine reflect a moment on the situation of that woman, who, being forsaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the necessity of turning prostitute for bread, and judge of the enormity of his guilt by the evils which it produces. Where can she hope for refuge? '*The world is not her friend, nor the world's law.*' Surely those whom passion or interest have already depraved, have some claim to compassion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themselves!"—JOHNSON.]

Well pleased, the bridegroom smiled to hear—"A vine
"Fruitful and spreading round the walls be thine,(1)
"And branch-like be thine offspring!"—Gerard then
Look'd joyful love, and softly said, "Amen."
Now of that vine he 'd have no more increase,
Those playful branches now disturb his peace:
Them he beholds around his tables spread,
But finds, the more the branch, the less the bread;
And while they run his humble walls about,
They keep the sunshine of good humour out.

Cease, man, to grieve! thy master's lot survey,
Whom wife and children, thou and thine obey;
A farmer proud, beyond a farmer's pride,
Of all around the envy or the guide;
Who trots to market on a steed so fine,
That when I meet him, I 'm ashamed of mine;
Whose board is high up-heap'd with generous fare,
Which five stout sons and three tall daughters share.
Cease, man, to grieve, and listen to his care.

A few years fled, and all thy boys shall be
Lords of a cot, and labourers like thee:
Thy girls unportion'd neighb'ring youths shall lead
Brides from my church, and thenceforth thou art freed:
But then thy master shall of cares complain,
Care after care, a long connected train;
His sons for farms shall ask a large supply,
For farmers' sons each gentle miss shall sigh;
Thy mistress, reasoning well of life's decay,
Shall ask a chaise, and hardly brook delay;

(1) ["Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house; thy children like olive plants about thy table."—*Psalm* cxxviii. 3.]

The smart young cornet who, with so much grace,
Rode in the ranks and betted at the race,
While the vex'd parent rails at deed so rash,
Shall d—n his luck, and stretch his hand for cash.
Sad troubles, Gerard! now pertain to thee,
When thy rich master seems from trouble free;
But 'tis one fate at different times assign'd,
And thou shalt lose the cares that he must find.

"Ah!" quoth our village Grocer, rich and old,
"Would I might one such cause for care behold!"
To whom his Friend, "Mine greater bliss would be,
"Would Heav'n take those my spouse assigns to me."

Aged were both, that Dawkins, Ditchem this,
Who much of marriage thought, and much amiss;
Both would delay, the one, till—riches gain'd,
The son he wish'd might be to honour train'd;
His Friend—lest fierce intruding heirs should come,
To waste his hoard and vex his quiet home.

Dawkins, a dealer once, on burthen'd back
Bore his whole substance in a pedlar's pack;
To dames discreet, the duties yet unpaid,
His stores of lace and hyson he convey'd:
When thus enrich'd, he chose at home to stop
And fleece his neighbours in a new-built shop;
Then woo'd a spinster blithe, and hoped, when wed,
For love's fair favours and a fruitful bed.

Not so his Friend;—on widow fair and staid
He fix'd his eye, but he was much afraid;
Yet woo'd; while she his hair of silver hue
Demurely noticed, and her eye withdrew:

Doubtful he paused—"Ah! were I sure," he cried,
"No craving children would my gains divide;
"Fair as she is, I would my widow take,
"And live more largely for my partner's sake."
With such their views some thoughtful years they pass'd,
And hoping, dreading, they were bound at last.
And what their fate? Observe them as they go,
Comparing fear with fear and wo with wo.
"Humphrey!" said Dawkins, "envy in my breast
"Sickens to see thee in thy children blest;
"They are thy joys, while I go grieving home
"To a sad spouse, and our eternal gloom:
"We look despondency; no infant near,
"To bless the eye or win the parent's ear;
"Our sudden heats and quarrels to allay,
"And soothe the petty sufferings of the day:
"Alike our want, yet both the want reprove;
"Where are, I cry, these pledges of our love?
"When she, like Jacob's wife, makes fierce reply,
"Yet fond—Oh! give me children, or I die: (1)
"And I return—still childless doom'd to live,
"Like the vex'd patriarch—Are they mine to give?
"Ah! much I envy thee thy boys, who ride
"On poplar branch, and canter at thy side; [know,
"And girls, whose cheeks thy chin's fierce fondness
"And with fresh beauty at the contact glow."
"Oh! simple friend," said Ditchem, "would'st thou gain
"A father's pleasure by a husband's pain?

(1) ["Rachael said unto Jacob, Give me children, or else I die."—*Gen.* xxx. 1.]

" Alas! what pleasure—when some vig'rous boy
" Should swell thy pride, some rosy girl thy joy;
" Is it to doubt who grafted this sweet flower,
" Or whence arose that spirit and that power?
" Four years I've wed; not one has pass'd in vain;
" Behold the fifth! behold a babe again!
" My wife's gay friends th' unwelcome imp admire,
" And fill the room with gratulation dire:
" While I in silence sate, revolving all
" That influence ancient men, or that befall;
" A gay pert guest—Heav'n knows his business—came;
" A glorious boy, he cried, and what the name?
" Angry I growl'd,—My spirit cease to tease,
" Name it yourselves,—Cain, Judas, if you please;
" His father's give him,—should you that explore,
" The devil's or yours:—I said, and sought the door
" My tender partner not a word or sigh
" Gives to my wrath, nor to my speech reply;
" But takes her comforts, triumphs in my pain,
" And looks undaunted for a birth again."
Heirs thus denied afflict the pining heart,
And thus afforded, jealous pangs impart;
Let, therefore, none avoid, and none demand
These arrows number'd for the giant's hand.

Then with their infants three, the parents came,
And each assign'd—'twas all they had—a name;
Names of no mark or price; of them not one
Shall court our view on the sepulchral stone,
Or stop the clerk, th' engraven scrolls to spell,
Or keep the sexton from the sermon bell

An orphan-girl succeeds: ere she was born
Her father died, her mother on that morn:
The pious mistress of the school sustains
Her parents' part, nor their affection feigns,
But pitying feels: with due respect and joy,
I trace the matron at her loved employ;
What time the striplings, wearied e'en with play,
Part at the closing of the summer's day,
And each by different path returns the well-known way—
Then I behold her at her cottage-door,
Frugal of light;—her Bible laid before,
When on her double duty she proceeds,
Of time as frugal—knitting as she reads:
Her idle neighbours, who approach to tell
Some trifling tale, her serious looks compel
To hear reluctant,—while the lads who pass,
In pure respect, walk silent on the grass:
Then sinks the day, but not to rest she goes,
Till solemn prayers the daily duties close.

But I digress, and lo! an infant train
Appear, and call me to my task again.
"Why Lonicera wilt thou name thy child?"
I asked the Gardener's wife, in accents mild:
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame;—
And Lonicera (1) was the infant's name.
If next a son shall yield our Gardener joy,
Then Hyacinthus (2) shall be that fair boy;

(1) [A genus of plants, class 5, Pentandria.]

(2) [A plant so called, as the poets feign, from Hyacynthus, a beautiful youth, who, being accidentally killed by Apollo, was changed into a flower.]

And if a girl, they will at length agree,
That Belladonna (1) that fair maid shall be.
High-sounding words our worthy Gardener gets,
And at his club to wondering swains repeats;
He then of Rhus (2) and Rhododendron (3) speaks,
And Allium calls his onions and his leeks;
Nor weeds are now, for whence arose the weed,
Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;
Where Cuckoo-pints and Dandelions sprung,
(Gross names had they our plainer sires among,)
There Arums, there Leontodons we view,
And Artemisia grows, where Wormwood grew.
But though no weed exists his garden round,
From Rumex (4) strong our Gardener frees his ground,
Takes soft Senecio (5) from the yielding land,
And grasps the arm'd Urtica (6) in his hand.
Not Darwin's self had more delight to sing
Of floral courtship, in th' awaken'd Spring,
Than Peter Pratt, who simpering loves to tell
How rise the Stamens, as the Pistils swell;
How bend and curl the moist-top to the spouse,
And give and take the vegetable vows; (7)

(1) [The deadly nightshade, the Atropa belladonna of Linnæus.]
(2) [In the Linnean system, a genus of plants, Class 5.]
(3) [Otherwise called laurel-bay.]
(4) [The Lapathum sylvestre of Pliny, when it grew wild.]
(5) [So called, because it grows hoary, like the hair, in the spring.]
(6) [The nettle:—
"Wide o'er the madd'ning throng Urtica flings
Her barbed shafts, and darts her poison'd slings."—DARWIN.]
(7) ["First the tall Canna lifts his curled brow
Erect to heaven, and plights his nuptial vow:

How those esteem'd of old but tips and chives,
Are tender husbands and obedient wives;
Who live and love within the sacred bower,—
That bridal bed, the vulgar term a flower.

Hear Peter proudly, to some humble friend,
A wondrous secret, in his science, lend:—
"Would you advance the nuptial hour, and bring
"The fruit of Autumn with the flowers of Spring;
"View that light frame where Cucumis (1) lies spread,
"And trace the husbands in their golden bed,
"Three powder'd Anthers (2);—then no more delay
"But to the Stigma's tip their dust convey;
"Then by thyself, from prying glance secure,
"Twirl the full tip and make your purpose sure;
"A long-abiding race the deed shall pay,
"Nor one unblest abortion pine away."

T' admire their friend's discourse our swains agree,
And call it science and philosophy.

'T is good, 'tis pleasant, through th' advancing year,
To see unnumber'd growing forms appear;
What leafy-life from Earth's broad bosom rise!
What insect-myriads seek the summer skies!
What scaly tribes in every streamlet move;
What plumy people sing in every grove!
All with the year awaked to life, delight, and love.
Then names are good; for how, without their aid,
Is knowledge, gain'd by man, to man convey'd?
But from that source shall all our pleasures flow?
Shall all our knowledge be those names to know?

Round the chill fair he folds his crimson vest,
And clasps the timorous beauty to his breast."—DARWIN.]

(1) [The cucumber.] (2) [Formerly called chives.]

Then he, with memory blest, shall bear away
The palm from Grew (1), and Middleton (2), and Ray: (3)
No! let us rather seek, in grove and field,
What food for wonder, what for use they yield;
Some just remark from Nature's people bring,
And some new source of homage for her King.

Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give
To helpless infants, that their own may live;
Pleased to be known, they 'll some attention claim,
And find some by-way to the house of fame.
The straightest furrow lifts the ploughman's art,
The hat he gain'd has warmth for head and heart;
The bowl that beats the greater number down
Of tottering nine-pins, gives to fame the clown
Or, foil'd in these, he opes his ample jaws,
And lets a frog leap down, to gain applause;
Or grins for hours, or tipples for a week,
Or challenges a well-pinch'd pig to squeak:
Some idle deed, some child's preposterous name,
Shall make him known, and give his folly fame.

To name an infant meet our village sires,
Assembled all as such event requires;
Frequent and full, the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urged the long debate,—

(1) [A distinguished botanist, and author of the 'Anatomy of Plants.
(2) [William Middleton, author of the 'Properties of Herbs,' &c. &c.]
(3) [The eminent author of the 'Historia Plantarum.' He died in 1705.]

Some harden'd knaves, who roved the country round,
Had left a babe within the parish-bound.—
First, of the fact they question'd—"Was it true?"
The child was brought—"What then remain'd to do?"
"Was 't dead or living?" This was fairly proved,—
'T was pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt removed.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it posed them all;
For he who lent it to a babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own:
They look'd about, they gravely spoke to all,
And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call.
Next they inquired the day, when, passing by,
Th' unlucky peasant heard the stranger's cry:
This known,—how food and raiment they might give,
Was next debated—for the rogue would live;
At last, with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
And *Richard Monday* (1) to the workhouse sent.

There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use:
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace.
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever-torpid breast;

(1) ["First I made him know his name should be *Friday*, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so for the memory of the time."—*Robinson Crusoe.*]

Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat,
He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that ran at all commands;
They used on all occasions Richard's hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole;
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledged his oath on either side;
In all rebellions Richard join'd the rest,
In all detections Richard first confess'd:
Yet, though disgraced, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favour, when in fame he fell;
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despised and fed the pliant boy.
At length, " 'Tis time he should abroad be sent,'
Was whisper'd near him,—and abroad he went;
One morn they call'd him, Richard answer'd not;
They deem'd him hanging, and in time forgot,—
Yet miss'd him long, as each, throughout the clan,
Found he " had better spared a better man." (1)

Now Richard's talents for the world were fit,
He 'd no small cunning, and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant:
He 'd but one care, and that he strove to hide,
How best for Richard Monday to provide.
Steel, through opposing plates, the magnet draws,
And steely atoms culls from dust and straws;
And thus our hero, to his interest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew;

(1) " Poor Jack! farewell,
I could have better spared a better man."—
Henry V. of Falstaff. SHAKSPEARE.

But still more surely round the world to go,
This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.
Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,—
" Sir Richard Monday died at Monday-place:"
His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews:
He gave reforming charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the blind and dumb;
Bequeathed to missions money from the stocks,
And Bibles issued from his private box;
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;—
Two paltry pounds, on every quarter's-day,
(At church produced) for forty loaves should pay;
A stinted gift, that to the parish shows
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows!

To farmers three, the year has given a son,
Finch on the Moor, and *French*, and *Middleton*.
Twice in this year a female *Giles* I see,
A *Spalding* once, and once a *Barnaby*:—
A humble man is *he*, and, when they meet,
Our farmers find him on a distant seat;
There for their wit he serves a constant theme,—
" They praise his dairy, they extol his team,
" They ask the price of each unrivall'd steed,
" And whence his sheep, that admirable breed?
" His thriving arts they beg he would explain,
" And where he puts the money he must gain.
" They have their daughters, but they fear their friend
" Would think his sons too much would condescend;—

" They have their sons who would their fortunes try,
" But fear his daughters will their suit deny."
So runs the joke, while James, with sigh profound,
And face of care, looks moveless on the ground;
His cares, his sighs, provoke the insult more,
And point the jest—for Barnaby is poor.

Last in my list, five untaught lads appear;
Their father dead, compassion sent them here,—
For still that rustic infidel denied
To have their names with solemn rite applied:
His, a lone house, by Deadman's Dyke-way stood;
And his, a nightly haunt, in Lonely-wood:
Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,
That he believed " in neither God nor ghost;
" That, when the sod upon the sinner press'd,
" He, like the saint, had everlasting rest;
" That never priest believed his doctrines true,
" But would, for profit, own himself a Jew,
" Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen do;
" That fools alone on future worlds rely,
" And all who die for faith, deserve to die."
These maxims,—part th'Attorney's Clerk profess'd,
His own transcendent genius found the rest.
Our pious matrons heard, and, much amazed,
Gazed on the man, and trembled as they gazed;
And now his face explored, and now his feet,
Man's dreaded foe, in this bad man, to meet:
But him our drunkards as their champion raised,
Their *bishop* call'd, and as their hero praised;
Though most, when sober, and the rest, when sick,
Had little question whence his bishoprick

But he, triumphant spirit! all things dared,
He poach'd the wood, and on the warren snared;
'T was his, at cards, each novice to trepan,
And call the want of rogues "the rights of man;"
Wild as the winds, he let his offspring rove,
And deem'd the marriage-bond the bane of love.
What age and sickness, for a man so bold,
Had done, we know not;—none beheld him old:
By night, as business urged, he sought the wood,—
The ditch was deep,—the rain had caused a flood,—
The foot-bridge fail'd,—he plunged beneath the deep,
And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep. (1)

These have we named; on life's rough sea they sail,
With many a prosperous, many an adverse gale!
Where passion soon, like powerful winds, will rage,
And prudence, wearied, with their strength engage:
Then each, in aid, shall some companion ask,
For help or comfort in the tedious task;
And what that help—what joys from union flow,
What good or ill, we next prepare to show;
And row, meantime, our weary bark ashore,
As Spenser his—but not with Spenser's oar. (2)

(1) [The infidel poacher was drawn from a blacksmith at Leiston, near Aldborough, whom the author visited in his capacity of surgeon, in 1779, and whose hardened character made a strong impression on his mind. Losing his hand by amputation, he exclaimed, with a sneer, "I suppose, Doctor Crabbe, I shall get it again at the resurrection!"]

(2) Allusions of this kind are to be found in the *Fairy Queen*. See the end of the first Book, and other places.

["Now strike your sailes, ye jolly mariners!
For wee be come into a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode," &c.]

THE

PARISH REGISTER.

PART II.

MARRIAGES.

Previous Consideration necessary: yet not too long Delay — Imprudent Marriage of old Kirk and his Servant — Comparison between an ancient and youthful Partner to a young Man — Prudence of Donald the Gardener — Parish Wedding: the compelled Bridegroom: Day of Marriage, how spent — Relation of the Accomplishments of Phœbe Dawson, a rustic Beauty: her Lover: his Courtship: their Marriage — Misery of Precipitation — The wealthy Couple: Reluctance in the Husband; why? — Unusually fair Signatures in the Register: the common Kind — Seduction of Lucy Collins by Footman Daniel: her rustic Lover: her Return to him — An ancient Couple: Comparisons on the Occasion — More pleasant View of Village Matrimony: Farmers celebrating the Day of Marriage: their Wives — Reuben and Rachel, a happy Pair: an Example of prudent Delay — Reflections on their State who were not so prudent, and its Improvement towards the Termination of Life: an old Man so circumstanced — Attempt to seduce a Village Beauty: Persuasion and Reply: the Event.

THE

PARISH REGISTER.

PART II.

MARRIAGES.

Nubere si quâ voles, quamvis properabitis ambo,
Differ; habent parvæ commoda magna moræ.
OVID. *Fast.* lib. iii. (1)

DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;
There 's great advantage in a small delay: —
Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve
This prudent maxim of the priest of Love;
If poor, delay for future want prepares,
And eases humble life of half its cares;
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind,
T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find:
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart;
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove,
And gently raise the veil that 's worn by Love;
Love, that impatient guide! — too proud to think
Of vulgar wants, of clothing, meat and drink,

(1) ["Let lovers now, who burn with equal fires,
Put off awhile t' accomplish their desires:
A short delay will better omens give,
And you will more, and lasting joys receive."— MASSEY.]

Urges our amorous swains their joys to seize,
Aud then, at rags and hunger frighten'd, flees :—(1)
Yet not too long in cold debate remain;
Till age refrain not — but if old, refrain.

By no such rule would Gaffer Kirk be tried;
First in the year he led a blooming bride,
And stood a wither'd elder at her side.
Oh! Nathan! Nathan! at thy years trepann'd,
To take a wanton harlot by the hand!
Thou, who wert used so tartly to express
Thy sense of matrimonial happiness,
Till every youth, whose bans at church were read,
Strove not to meet, or meeting, hung his head;
And every lass forbore at thee to look,
A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook:
And now at sixty, that pert dame to see,
Of all thy savings mistress, and of thee;
Now will the lads, remem'bring insults past,
Cry, "What, the wise one in the trap at last!"
Fie! Nathan! fie! to let an artful jade
The close recesses of thine heart invade; (2)
What grievous pangs! what suffering she'll impart!
And fill with anguish that rebellious heart;

(1) ["If thou have a fair wife, and a poor one; if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want; for she is the companion of plenty and honour."—Sir WALTER RALEIGH.]

(2) [Original edition:—

Fie, Nathan! fie! to let a sprightly jade
Leer on thy bed, then ask thee how 'twas made,
And lingering walk around at head and feet,
To see thy nightly comforts all complete;
Then waiting seek—nor what she said she sought,
And bid a penny for her master's thought.]

For thou wilt strive incessantly in vain,
By threatening speech thy freedom to regain:
But she for conquest married, nor will prove
A dupe to thee, thine anger or thy love;
Clamorous her tongue will be: — of either sex,
She 'll gather friends around thee and perplex
Thy doubtful soul;—thy money she will waste,
In the vain ramblings of a vulgar taste;
And will be happy to exert her power,
In every eye, in thine, at every hour.
Then wilt thou bluster — "No! I will not rest,
"And see consumed each shilling of my chest:"
Thou wilt be valiant,—"When thy cousins call,
"I will abuse and shut my door on all:"
Thou wilt be cruel!—"What the law allows,
"That be thy portion, my ungrateful spouse!
"Nor other shillings shalt thou then receive,
"And when I die —What! may I this believe?
"Are these true tender tears? and does my Kitty
grieve?
"Ah! crafty vixen, thine old man has fears;
"But weep no more! I 'm melted by thy tears;
"Spare but my money; thou shalt rule ME still,
"And see thy cousins—there! I burn the will."
Thus, with example sad, our year began,
A wanton vixen and a weary man;
"But had this tale in other guise been told,"
Young let the lover be, the lady old,
And that disparity of years shall prove
No bane of peace, although some bar to love:
'Tis not the worst, our nuptial ties among,
That joins the ancient bride and bridegroom young;—

Young wives, like changing winds, their power display,
By shifting points and varying day by day;
Now zephyrs mild, now whirlwinds in their force,
They sometimes speed, but often thwart our course;
And much experienced should that pilot be,
Who sails with them on life's tempestuous sea.
But like a trade-wind is the ancient dame,
Mild to your wish and every day the same;
Steady as time, no sudden squalls you fear,
But set full sail and with assurance steer;
Till every danger in your way be past,
And then she gently, mildly breathes her last;
Rich you arrive, in port awhile remain,
And for a second venture sail again.

For this, blithe Donald southward made his way
And left the lasses on the banks of Tay;
Him to a neighbouring garden fortune sent,
Whom we beheld, aspiringly content:
Patient and mild he sought the dame to please,
Who ruled the kitchen and who bore the keys.
Fair Lucy first, the laundry's grace and pride,
With smiles and gracious looks, her fortune tried;
But all in vain she praised his "pawky eyne," (1)
Where never fondness was for Lucy seen:
Him the mild Susan, boast of dairies, loved,
And found him civil, cautious and unmoved:
From many a fragrant simple, Catherine's skill
Drew oil and essence from the boiling still;
But not her warmth, nor all her winning ways
From his cool phlegm could Donald's spirit raise:

(1) ["Pawky, as applied to the eye, signifies wanton."—JAMIESON.]

Of beauty heedless, with the merry mute,
To *Mistress Dobson* he preferr'd his suit;
There proved his service, there address'd his vows,
And saw her mistress, — friend, — protectress, — spouse;
A butler now, he thanks his powerful bride,
And, like her keys, keeps constant at her side.

Next at our altar stood a luckless pair,
Brought by strong passions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the bride,
From every eye, what all perceived, to hide.
While the boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile and then exposed his face;
As shame alternately with anger strove,
The brain confused with muddy ale to move
In haste and stammering he perform'd his part,
And look'd the rage that rankled in his heart;
(So will each lover inly curse his fate,
Too soon made happy and made wise too late:)
I saw his features take a savage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come.
Low spake the lass, and lisp'd and minced the while,
Look'd on the lad, and faintly tried to smile;
With soften'd speech and humbled tone she strove
To stir the embers of departed love:
While he, a tyrant, frowning walk'd before,
Felt the poor purse, and sought the public door,
She sadly following in submission went,
And saw the final shilling foully spent;

Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu! (1)
Ah! fly temptation, youth, refrain! refrain!
I preach for ever; but I preach in vain!

Two summers since I saw at Lammas Fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there,
When *Phœbe Dawson* gaily cross'd the Green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen:
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power,
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.—
At length the youth ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;

(1) ["The above picture is, we think, perfect in this style of drawing."—JEFFREY.]

With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the 'Squire, and brush'd the coat he made.
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sigh'd and look'd consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and 'cross the green,
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen —
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid,
Slow through the meadows roved they, many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears. —
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away;
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assumed, compell'd her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,

And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before. — (1)
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again:—
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms.
With water burthen'd, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes:
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;

(1) ["This is the taking side of the picture: at the end of two years comes the reverse. Nothing can be more touching than the quiet suffering and solitary hysterics of this ill-fated young woman." — JEFFREY.]

Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits:
In vain, they come, she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of Nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis *Phœbe Dawson*, pride of Lammas Fair:
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
"And win the coldest of the sex to love:"—
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd;

Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist, refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain![1]

Next came a well-dress'd pair, who left their coach,
And made, in long procession, slow approach:
For this gay bride had many a female-friend,
And youths were there, this favour'd youth t' attend:
Silent, nor wanting due respect, the crowd
Stood humbly round, and gratulation bow'd;
But not that silent crowd, in wonder fix'd,
Not numerous friends, who praise and envy mix'd,
Nor nymphs attending near to swell the pride
Of one more fair, the ever-smiling bride;
Nor that gay bride, adorn'd with every grace,
Nor love nor joy triumphant in her face,

[1] [The tale of Phœbe Dawson, as the preface (ante p. 16.) shows, was one of the passages in the Parish Register which most interested Mr. Fox on his death-bed. The Monthly Review of 1807 observes: — "The circumstance stated in the preface to this poem, would, in our minds, communicate a high degree of interest to compositions far inferior in quality to those now before us. It is no mean panegyric on a literary effort, that it could at any period of his life command the applause of Mr. Fox; but, to have amused and occupied the painful leisure of his last illness is as honourable to the powers, as it must be delightful to the feelings, of the author. If the beautiful dramas of Terence deserve an additional power of pleasing, from our knowledge that they were sanctioned by the approbation and assistance of Scipio and Lælius, Englishmen will feel a similar predilection for works that have received praise and improvement from the *mitis sapientia* of the most amiable among the great men recorded in their history:" and Mr. Lockhart, in the Quarterly Review, No. C., says, "The last piece of poetry that soothed and occupied the dying ear of Mr. Fox, was Crabbe's tale of Phœbe Dawson; and we are enabled to offer testimony, not more equivocal, of the sincerity of Sir Walter Scott's worship of his genius. Crabbe's poems were at all times more frequently in his hands than any other work whatever, except Shakspeare; and during the few intervals after his return to Abbotsford, in 1832, when he was sufficiently himself to ask his family to read aloud to him, the only books he ever called for were his Bible and his Crabbe."]

Could, from the youth's, sad signs of sorrow chase:
Why didst thou grieve? wealth, pleasure, freedom thine;
Vex'd it thy soul, that freedom to resign?
Spake Scandal truth? "Thou didst not then intend
"So soon to bring thy wooing to an end?"
Or, was it, as our prating rustics say,
To end as soon, but in a different way?
'Tis told thy Phillis is a skilful dame,
Who play'd uninjured with the dangerous flame:
That, while, like Lovelace, thou thy coat display'd,
And hid the snare for her affection laid,
Thee, with her net, she found the means to catch,
And at the amorous see-saw, won the match: (1)
Yet others tell, the Captain fix'd thy doubt,
He'd call thee brother, or he'd call thee out:—
But rest the motive—all retreat too late,
Joy like thy bride's should on thy brow have sate;
The deed had then appear'd thine own intent,
A glorious day, by gracious fortune sent,
In each revolving year to be in triumph spent.
Then in few weeks that cloudy brow had been
Without a wonder or a whisper seen;
And none had been so weak as to enquire,
"Why pouts my Lady?" or "why frowns the Squire?"

How fair these names, how much unlike they look
To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book:
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above.
Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his grove;

(1) Clarissa, vol. vii. Lovelace's Letters.

While free and fine the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jasmines grow.
Mark now in what confusion, stoop or stand,
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish hand;
Now out, now in, they droop, they fall, they rise,
Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise;
Ere yet reform'd and modell'd by the drill,
The free-born legs stand striding as they will.
Much have I tried to guide the fist along,
But still the blunderers placed their blottings wrong:
Behold these marks uncouth! how strange that men,
Who guide the plough, should fail to guide the pen:
For half a mile, the furrows even lie;
For half an inch the letters stand awry;—
Our peasants, strong and sturdy in the field,
Cannot these arms of idle students wield:
Like them, in feudal days, their valiant lords
Resign'd the pen and grasp'd their conqu'ring swords;
They to robed clerks and poor dependent men
Left the light duties of the peaceful pen;
Nor to their ladies wrote, but sought to prove,
By deeds of death, their hearts were fill'd with love.
But yet, small arts have charms for female eyes;
Our rustic nymphs the beau and scholar prize;
Unletter'd swains and ploughmen coarse they slight,
For those who dress, and amorous scrolls indite.

For *Lucy Collins* happier days had been,
Had Footman Daniel scorn'd his native green;
Or when he came an idle coxcomb down,
Had he his love reserved for lass in town;

To Stephen Hill she then had pledged her truth, —
A sturdy, sober, kind, unpolish'd youth;
But from the day, that fatal day she spied
The pride of Daniel, Daniel was her pride.
In all concerns was Stephen just and true;
But coarse his doublet was and patch'd in view,
And felt his stockings were, and blacker than his shoe;
While Daniel's linen all was fine and fair, —
His master wore it, and he deign'd to wear:
(To wear his livery, some respect might prove;
To wear his linen, must be sign of love:)
Blue was his coat, unsoil'd by spot or stain;
His hose were silk, his shoes of Spanish grain;
A silver knot his breadth of shoulder bore;
A diamond buckle blazed his breast before —
Diamond he swore it was! and show'd it as he swore;
Rings on his fingers shone; his milk-white hand
Could pick-tooth case and box for snuff command:
And thus, with clouded cane, a fop complete,
He stalk'd, the jest and glory of the street.
Join'd with these powers, he could so sweetly sing,
Talk with such toss, and saunter with such swing;
Laugh with such glee, and trifle with such art,
That Lucy's promise fail'd to shield her heart.

Stephen, meantime, to ease his amorous cares,
Fix'd his full mind upon his farm's affairs;
Two pigs, a cow, and wethers half a score,
Increased his stock, and still he look'd for more.
He, for his acres few, so duly paid,
That yet more acres to his lot were laid;
Till our chaste nymphs no longer felt disdain,
And prudent matrons praised the frugal swain;

Who thriving well, through many a fruitful year,
Now clothed himself anew, and acted overseer.
Just then poor Lucy, from her friend in town,
Fled in pure fear and came a beggar down;
Trembling, at Stephen's door she knock'd for bread,—
Was chidden first, next pitied, and then fed;
Then sat at Stephen's board, then shared in Stephen's bed:
All hope of marriage lost in her disgrace,
He mourns a flame revived, and she a love of lace.

Now to be wed a well-match'd couple came;
Twice had old *Lodge* been tied, and twice the dame;
Tottering they came and toying, (odious scene!)
And fond and simple, as they'd always been.
Children from wedlock we by laws restrain;
Why not prevent them, when they're such again?
Why not forbid the doting souls to prove
Th' indecent fondling of preposterous love?
In spite of prudence, uncontroll'd by shame,
The amorous senior woos the toothless dame,
Relating idly, at the closing eve,
The youthful follies he disdains to leave;
Till youthful follies wake a transient fire,
When arm in arm they totter and retire.
So a fond pair of solemn birds, all day,
Blink in their seat and doze the hours away;
Then by the moon awaken'd, forth they move,
And fright the songsters with their cheerless love.
So two sear trees, dry, stunted, and unsound,
Each other catch, when dropping to the ground;

Entwine their wither'd arms 'gainst wind and weather,
And shake their leafless heads and drop together.
So two cold limbs, touch'd by Galvani's wire, (1)
Move with new life, and feel awaken'd fire;
Quivering awhile, their flaccid forms remain,
Then turn to cold torpidity again.

"But ever frowns your Hymen? man and maid,
"Are all repenting, suffering or betray'd?"
Forbid it, Love! we have our couples here
Who hail the day in each revolving year:
These are with us, as in the world around;
They are not frequent, but they may be found.
Our farmers too, what though they fail to prove,
In Hymen's bonds, the tenderest slaves of love,
(Nor, like those pairs whom sentiment unites,
Feel they the fervour of the mind's delights;)
Yet coarsely kind and comfortably gay,
They heap the board and hail the happy day:
And though the bride, now freed from school, admits,
Of pride implanted there, some transient fits;
Yet soon she casts her girlish flights aside,
And in substantial blessings rests her pride.
No more she moves in measured steps; no more
Runs, with bewilder'd ear, her music o'er;
No more recites her French the hinds among,
But chides her maidens in her mother-tongue;
Her tambour-frame she leaves and diet spare,
Plain work and plenty with her house to share;

(1) [Luigi Galvani, professor of experimental philosophy at Bologna from whom *Galvanism* takes its name, died in 1798.]

Till, all her varnish lost in few short years,
In all her worth the farmer's wife appears.
Yet not the ancient kind; nor she who gave
Her soul to gain — a mistress and a slave:
Who not to sleep allow'd the needful time;
To whom repose was loss, and sport a crime;
Who, in her meanest room (and all were mean),
A noisy drudge, from morn till night was seen; —
But she, the daughter, boasts a decent room,
Adorn'd with carpet, formed in Wilton's loom;
Fair prints along the paper'd wall are spread;
There, Werter sees the sportive children fed, (1)
And Charlotte, here, bewails her lover dead.
'T is here, assembled, while in space apart
Their husbands, drinking, warm the opening heart,
Our neighbouring dames, on festal days, unite,
With tongues more fluent and with hearts as light;
Theirs is that art, which English wives alone
Profess — a boast and privilege their own;
An art it is where each at once attends
To all, and claims attention from her friends,
When they engage the tongue, the eye, the ear,
Reply when list' ning, and when speaking hear:
The ready converse knows no dull delays,
" But double are the pains, and double be the praise." (2)
Yet not to those alone who bear command
Heaven gives a heart to hail the marriage band;

(1) [" I saw six children, all jumping round a young woman, very elegantly shaped, and dressed in a plain white gown with pink ribands. She had a brown loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices of bread and butter, which she distributed, in a graceful manner, to the children. Each held up its little hands," &c. &c. — WERTER.]

(2) Spenser.

Among their servants, we the pairs can show,
Who much to love, and more to prudence owe:
Reuben and *Rachel*, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves;
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands,
Till cool reflection bade them join their hands:
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still;
Year after year, with savings long laid by,
They bought the future dwelling's full supply;
Her frugal fancy cull'd the smaller ware,
The weightier purchase ask'd her Reuben's care;
Together then their last year's gain they threw,
And lo! an auction'd bed, with curtains neat and new.
Thus both, as prudence counsell'd, wisely stay'd,
And cheerful then the calls of Love obey'd:
What if, when Rachel gave her hand, 'twas one
Embrown'd by Winter's ice and Summer's sun?
What if, in Reuben's hair the female eye
Usurping grey among the black could spy?
What if, in both, life's bloomy flush was lost,
And their full autumn felt the mellowing frost?
Yet time, who blow'd the rose of youth away,
Had left the vigorous stem without decay;
Like those tall elms, in Farmer Frankford's ground,
They 'll grow no more,—but all their growth is sound;
By time confirm'd and rooted in the land,
The storms they 've stood, still promise they shall stand.

These are the happier pairs, their life has rest,
Their hopes are strong, their humble portion blest;

While those more rash to hasty marriage led,
Lament th' impatience which now stints their bread:
When such their union, years their cares increase,
Their love grows colder, and their pleasures cease;
In health just fed, in sickness just relieved;
By hardships harass'd and by children grieved;
In petty quarrels and in peevish strife,
The once fond couple waste the spring of life:
But when to age mature those children grown,
Find hopes and homes and hardships of their own,
The harass'd couple feel their lingering woes
Receding slowly, till they find repose.
Complaints and murmurs then are laid aside,
(By reason these subdued, and those by pride;)
And, taught by care, the patient man and wife
Agree to share the bitter-sweet of life;
(Life that has sorrow much and sorrow's cure,
Where they who most enjoy shall much endure:)
Their rest, their labours, duties, sufferings, prayers,
Compose the soul, and fit it for its cares;
Their graves before them and their griefs behind,
Have each a med'cine for the rustic mind;
Nor has he care to whom his wealth shall go,
Or who shall labour with his spade and hoe;
But as he lends the strength that yet remains,
And some dead neighbour on his bier sustains,
(One with whom oft he whirl'd the bounding flail,
Toss'd the broad coit, or took th' inspiring ale,)
"For me," (he meditates,) "shall soon be done
'This friendly duty, when my race be run;

" 'T was first in trouble as in error past,
" Dark clouds and stormy cares whole years o'ercast,
" But calm my setting day, and sunshine smiles at
" My vices punish'd and my follies spent, [last:
" Not loth to die, but yet to live content,
" I rest: " — then casting on the grave his eye,
His friend compels a tear, and his own griefs a sigh.

Last on my list appears a match of love,
And one of virtue; — happy may it prove! —
Sir *Edward Archer* is an amorous knight,
And maidens chaste and lovely shun his sight;
His bailiff's daughter suited much his taste,
For *Fanny Price* was lovely and was chaste;
To her the Knight with gentle looks drew near,
And timid voice assumed, to banish fear: —
" Hope of my life, dear sovereign of my breast,
" Which, since I knew thee, knows not joy nor rest;
" Know, thou art all that my delighted eyes,
" My fondest thoughts, my proudest wishes prize;
" And is that bosom — (what on earth so fair!)
" To cradle some coarse peasant's sprawling heir,
" To be that pillow which some surly swain
" May treat with scorn and agonise with pain?
" Art thou, sweet maid, a ploughman's wants to share,
" To dread his insult, to support his care;
" To hear his follies, his contempt to prove,
" And (oh! the torment!) to endure his love;
" Till want and deep regret those charms destroy,
" That time would spare, if time were pass'd in joy?
" With him, in varied pains, from morn till night,
" Your hours shall pass; yourself a ruffian's right;

" Your softest bed shall be the knotted wool;
" Your purest drink the waters of the pool;
" Your sweetest food will but your life sustain,
" And your best pleasure be a rest from pain;
" While, through each year, as health and strength
abate,
" You'll weep your woes and wonder at your fate;
" And cry, ' Behold,' as life's last cares come on,
" ' My burthens growing when my strength is gone.'
" Now turn with me, and all the young desire,
" That taste can form, that fancy can require;
" All that excites enjoyment, or procures
" Wealth, health, respect, delight, and love, are yours:
" Sparkling, in cups of gold, your wines shall flow,
" Grace that fair hand, in that dear bosom glow;
" Fruits of each clime, and flowers, through all the
year,
" Shall on your walls and in your walks appear:
" Where all beholding, shall your praise repeat,
" No fruit so tempting and no flower so sweet:
" The softest carpets in your rooms shall lie,
" Pictures of happiest loves shall meet your eye,
" And tallest mirrors, reaching to the floor,
" Shall show you all the object I adore;
" Who, by the hands of wealth and fashion dress'd,
" By slaves attended and by friends caress'd,
" Shall move, a wonder, through the public ways,
" And hear the whispers of adoring praise.
" Your female friends, though gayest of the gay,
" Shall see you happy, and shall, sighing, say,
" While smother'd envy rises in the breast, —
' ' Oh! that we lived so beauteous and so blest!'

" Come, then, my mistress, and my wife; for she
" Who trusts my honour is the wife for me;
" Your slave, your husband, and your friend employ,
" In search of pleasures we may both enjoy."

To this the Damsel, meekly firm, replied:
" My mother loved, was married, toil'd, and died;
" With joys, she 'd griefs, had troubles in her course,
" But not one grief was pointed by remorse;
" My mind is fix'd, to Heaven I resign,
" And be her love, her life, her comforts mine."

Tyrants have wept; and those with hearts of steel,
Unused the anguish of the heart to heal,
Have yet the transient power of virtue known,
And felt th' imparted joy promote their own.

Our Knight relenting, now befriends a youth,
Who to the yielding maid had vow'd his truth;
And finds in that fair deed a sacred joy,
That will not perish, and that cannot cloy;—
A living joy, that shall its spirit keep,
When every beauty fades, and all the passions sleep.

THE

PARISH REGISTER.

PART III.

BURIALS.

True Christian Resignation not frequently to be seen — The Register a melancholy Record — A dying Man, who at length sends for a Priest: for what Purpose? answered — Old Collett of the Inn, an Instance of Dr. Young's slow-sudden Death: his Character and Conduct — The Manners and Management of the Widow Goe: her successful Attention to Business: her Decease unexpected — The Infant-Boy of Gerard Ablett dies: Reflections on his Death, and the Survivor his Sister-Twin — The Funeral of the deceased Lady of the Manor described: her neglected Mansion: Undertaker and Train: the Character which her Monument will hereafter display — Burial of an ancient Maiden: some former drawback on her Virgin-Fame: Description of her House and Household: her Manners, Apprehensions, Death — Isaac Ashford, a virtuous Peasant, dies: his manly Character: Reluctance to enter the Poor-House; and why — Misfortune and Derangement of Intellect in Robin Dingley: whence they proceeded: he is not restrained by Misery from a wandering Life: his various Returns to his Parish: his final Return — Wife of Farmer Frankford dies in Prime of Life: Affliction in Consequence of such Death; melancholy View of her House, &c. on her Family's Return from her Funeral: Address to Sorrow — Leah Cousins, a Midwife: her Character; and successful Practice: at length opposed by Dr. Glibb: Opposition in the Parish: Argument of the Doctor; of Leah: her Failure and Decease — Burial of Roger Cuff, a Sailor: his Enmity to his Family; how it originated: — his Experiment and its Consequence — The Register terminates — A Bell heard: Enquiry for whom? The Sexton — Character of old Dibble, and the five Rectors whom he served — Reflections — Conclusion.

THE

PARISH REGISTER.

PART III.

BURIALS.

Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
Qui Stygia tristem, non tristis, videt,—
. . . . . .
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.

SENECA *in Agamem.* (1)

THERE was, 't is said, and I believe, a time,
When humble Christians died with views sublime;
When all were ready for their faith to bleed,
But few to write or wrangle for their creed;
When lively Faith upheld the sinking heart,
And friends, assured to meet, prepared to part;
When Love felt hope, when Sorrow grew serene,
And all was comfort in the death-bed scene. (2)

(1) ["That man who feareth not the fickle fates a strawe,
The visage grim of Acheront whose eyes yet never saw,
That person is a prince's peere, and like the gods in might."
NEWTON, 1581.]

(2) ["There is nothing in history," says Addison, "which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so

Alas! when now the gloomy king they wait,
'T is weakness yielding to resistless fate;
Like wretched men upon the ocean cast,
They labour hard and struggle to the last;
"Hope against hope," and wildly gaze around,
In search of help that never shall be found:
Nor, till the last strong billow stops the breath,
Will they believe them in the jaws of Death!

. . .

When these my Records I reflecting read,
And find what ills these numerous births succeed;
What powerful griefs these nuptial ties attend,
With what regret these painful journeys end;
When from the cradle to the grave I look,
Mine I conceive a melancholy book.

Where now is perfect resignation seen?
Alas! it is not on the village-green:—
I 've seldom known, though I have often read
Of happy peasants on their dying-bed;

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sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this: there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are, perhaps, characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble. It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason that few books have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's Discourse upon Death; though, at the same time, I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece has not read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language."— When Addison found the end of his own useful life approaching, he directed his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, to be called; and when the young lord desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die." In Tickell's beautiful elegy on his friend there are these lines in allusion to this moving interview: —

"He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
The price of knowledge! taught us how to die."]

Whose looks proclaim'd that sunshine of the breast,
That more than hope, that Heaven itself express'd.
What I behold are feverish fits of strife,
'Twixt fears of dying and desire of life: (1)
Those earthly hopes, that to the last endure;
Those fears, that hopes superior fail to cure;
At best a sad submission to the doom,
Which, turning from the danger, lets it come. (2)

Sick lies the man, bewilder'd, lost, afraid,
His spirits vanquish'd and his strength decay'd;

(1) ["Surely, to the sincere believer, death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties — those heart-strings — by which we are attached to life. Nor, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer, that the fear of death is not common, and that, where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased or enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief, as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burthen of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality." — SOUTHEY.]

(2) ["Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to 'the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns!' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber, without a wish that 'my last end might be like theirs.'" — SIR HENRY HALFORD.]

No hope the friend, the nurse, the doctor lend—
"Call then a priest, and fit him for his end."
A priest is call'd; 't is now, alas! too late,
Death enters with him at the cottage-gate;
Or time allow'd—he goes, assured to find
The self-commending, all-confiding mind;
And sighs to hear, what we may justly call
Death's common-place, the train of thought in all.

"True, I 'm a sinner," feebly he begins,
"But trust in Mercy to forgive my sins:"
(Such cool confession no past crimes excite!
Such claim on Mercy seems the sinner's right!)
"I know, mankind are frail, that God is just,
"And pardons those who in his mercy trust;
"We 're sorely tempted in a world like this,
"All men have done, and I like all, amiss;
"But now, if spared, it is my full intent
"On all the past to ponder and repent:
"Wrongs against me I pardon great and small,
"And if I die, I die in peace with all."

His merits thus and not his sins confess'd,
He speaks his hopes, and leaves to Heaven the rest.
Alas! are these the prospects, dull and cold,
That dying Christians to their priests unfold?
Or mends the prospect when th' enthusiast cries,
"I die assured!" and in a rapture dies?

Ah, where that humble, self-abasing mind,
With that confiding spirit, shall we find;
The mind that, feeling what repentance brings,
Dejection's terrors and Contrition's stings,
Feels then the hope, that mounts all care above,
And the pure joy that flows from pardoning love?

Such have I seen in Death, and much deplore,
So many dying—that I see no more:
Lo! now my Records, where I grieve to trace,
How Death has triumph'd in so short a space;
Who are the dead, how died they, I relate,
And snatch some portion of their acts from fate. (1)

With *Andrew Collett* (2) we the year begin,
The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn,—
Big as his butt, and, for the self-same use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told;
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold:
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast and drunkards had his praise;
" One, in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,
" As mugs were then—the champion of the Crown;
" For thrice three days another lived on ale,
" And knew no change but that of mild and stale;
" Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
" When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied;
" Nor from their seats departed, till they found
" That butt was out and heard the mournful sound."
He praised a poacher, precious child of fun!
Who shot the keeper with his own spring-gun;

(1) ["Oh! snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate."—POPE's *Homer*.]

(2) [Phœbe Dawson, Andrew Collett, and the Widow Goe, were all portraits from the life.]

Nor less the smuggler who the exciseman tied,
And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
There to expire;—but one who saw him hang
Cut the good cord—a traitor of the gang.

His own exploits with boastful glee he told,
What ponds he emptied and what pikes he sold;
And how, when blest with sight alert and gay,
The night's amusements kept him through the day.

He sang the praises of those times, when all
"For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call;
"When justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
"And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view."

He told, when angry wives, provoked to rail,
Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale,
What were his triumphs, and how great the skill
That won the vex'd virago to his will;
Who raving came;—then talk'd in milder strain,—
Then wept, then drank, and pledged her spouse again.

Such were his themes: how knaves o'er laws prevail,
Or, when made captives, how they fly from jail;
The young how brave, how subtle were the old:
And oaths attested all that Folly told.

On death like his what name shall we bestow,
So very sudden! yet so very slow?
'T was slow:—Disease, augmenting year by year,
Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near:
'T was not less sudden; in the night he died,
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied;
Thus aiding folly with departing breath:—
"Beware, Lorenzo [1], the slow-sudden death." [2]

(1) [Young's Night Thoughts.]

(2) ["It has always appeared to me as one of the most striking passages

Next died *the Widow Goe*, an active dame,
Famed ten miles round, and worthy all her fame;
She lost her husband when their loves were young,
But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue:
Full thirty years she ruled, with matchless skill,
With guiding judgment and resistless will;
Advice she scorn'd, rebellions she suppress'd,
And sons and servants bow'd at her behest.
Like that great man's, who to his Saviour came,
Were the strong words of this commanding dame;—
"Come," if she said, they came; if "go," were gone; (1)
And if "do this,"—that instant it was done:
Her maidens told she was all eye and ear,
In darkness saw and could at distance hear;—
No parish-business in the place could stir,
Without direction or assent from her;
In turn she took each office as it fell,
Knew all their duties and discharged them well;
The lazy vagrants in her presence shook,
And pregnant damsels fear'd her stern rebuke;
She look'd on want with judgment clear and cool,
And felt with reason and bestow'd by rule;
She match'd both sons and daughters to her mind,
And lent them eyes, for Love, she heard, was blind;
Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive,
The working bee, in full or empty hive;

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in the visions of Quevedo, that which stigmatises those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. 'How,' says he, 'can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?'" — JOHNSON.]

(1) ["And I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." — *Matt.* viii. 9.]

Busy and careful, like that working bee,
No time for love nor tender cares had she;
But when our farmers made their amorous vows,
She talk'd of market-steeds and patent-ploughs.
Not unemploy'd her evenings pass'd away,
Amusement closed, as business waked the day;
When to her toilet's brief concern she ran,
And conversation with her friends began,
Who all were welcome, what they saw, to share;
And joyous neighbours praised her Christmas fare,
That none around might, in their scorn, complain
Of Gossip Goe as greedy in her gain.

Thus long she reign'd, admired, if not approved;
Praised, if not honour'd; fear'd, if not beloved;—
When, as the busy days of Spring drew near,
That call'd for all the forecast of the year;
When lively hope the rising crops survey'd,
And April promised what September paid;
When stray'd her lambs where gorse and greenweed grow;
When rose her grass in richer vales below;
When pleased she look'd on all the smiling land,
And view'd the hinds, who wrought at her command;
(Poultry in groups still follow'd where she went;)
Then dread o'ercame her, — that her days were spent.

" Bless me! I die, and not a warning giv'n,—
" With *much* to do on Earth, and ALL for Heav'n!—
" No reparation for my soul's affairs,
" No leave petition'd for the barn's repairs;
" Accounts perplex'd, my interest yet unpaid,
" My mind unsettled, and my will unmade;—

" A lawyer haste, and in your way, a priest;
" And let me die in one good work at least."
She spake, and, trembling, dropp'd upon her knees,
Heaven in her eye and in her hand her keys;
And still the more she found her life decay,
With greater force she grasp'd those signs of sway:
Then fell and died!—In haste her sons drew near,
And dropp'd, in haste, the tributary tear,
Then from th' adhering clasp the keys unbound,
And consolation for their sorrows found.

Death has his infant-train; his bony arm
Strikes from the baby-cheek the rosy charm;
The brightest eye his glazing film makes dim,
And his cold touch sets fast the lithest limb:
He seized the sick'ning boy to *Gerard* lent, (1)
When three days' life, in feeble cries, were spent;
In pain brought forth, those painful hours to stay,
To breathe in pain and sigh its soul away!

" But why thus lent, if thus recall'd again,
" To cause and feel, to live and die in, pain?"
Or rather say, Why grievous these appear,
If all it pays for Heaven's eternal year;
If these sad sobs and piteous sighs secure
Delights that live, when worlds no more endure?

The sister-spirit long may lodge below,
And pains from nature, pains from reason, know;
Through all the common ills of life may run,
By hope perverted and by love undone;
A wife's distress, a mother's pangs, may dread,
And widow-tears, in bitter anguish, shed;

(1) Gerard Ablett, see *ante*, p. 161.

May at old age arrive through numerous harms,
With children's children in those feeble arms:
Nor till by years of want and grief oppress'd
Shall the sad spirit flee and be at rest!

Yet happier therefore shall we deem the boy,
Secured from anxious care and dangerous joy?(1)

Not so! for then would Love Divine in vain
Send all the burthens weary men sustain;
All that now curb the passions when they rage,
The checks of youth and the regrets of age;
All that now bid us hope, believe, endure,
Our sorrow's comfort and our vice's cure;
All that for Heaven's high joys the spirits train,
And charity, the crown of all, were vain.

Say, will you call the breathless infant blest,
Because no cares the silent grave molest?
So would you deem the nursling from the wing
Untimely thrust and never train'd to sing;
But far more blest the bird whose grateful voice
Sings its own joy and makes the woods rejoice,
Though, while untaught, ere yet he charm'd the ear,
Hard were his trials and his pains severe!

Next died the LADY who yon Hall possess'd;
And here they brought her noble bones to rest.

(1) ["'Whom the gods love, die young,' was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's arrow, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save."— BYRON.]

In Town she dwelt;—forsaken stood the Hall:
Worms ate the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall:
No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;
No cheerful light the long-closed sash convey'd;
The crawling worm, that turns a summer-fly,
Here spun his shroud and laid him up to die
The winter-death:—upon the bed of state,
The bat shrill shrieking woo'd his flickering mate;
To empty rooms the curious came no more,
From empty cellars turn'd the angry poor,
And surly beggars cursed the ever-bolted door.
To one small room the steward found his way,
Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay; (1)
Yet no complaint before the Lady came,
The feeling servant spared the feeble dame;
Who saw her farms with his observing eyes,
And answer'd all requests with his replies:—
She came not down, her falling groves to view;
Why should she know, what one so faithful knew?
Why come, from many clamorous tongues to hear,
What one so just might whisper in her ear?
Her oaks or acres, why with care explore;
Why learn the wants, the sufferings of the poor;
When one so knowing all their worth could trace,
And one so piteous govern'd in her place? (2)

(1) ["This description of the lady of the manor's deserted mansion is very striking, and in the good old taste of Pope and Dryden."—JEFFREY.]

(2) ["Absenteeism, all the world over, is the greatest of evils that can befall a labouring population. "While," says Mr. Lewis, "I fancied my attorney to be resident on my estate, he was attending to one of his own. During his absence, an overseer was left in absolute power, which he abused to such a degree, that the property was nearly ruined. Yet, while all this was going on, my attorney wrote me letters filled with assurances of his perpetual vigilance for the poor creatures' welfare; nor, if I had not witnessed it myself, should I ever have had the most distant idea how abominably they had been misused."—*Quarterly Review*, 1834.]

Lo! now, what dismal Sons of Darkness come,
To bear this Daughter of Indulgence home;
Tragedians all, and well-arranged in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake their sables in the wearied eye,
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion, mean!
The tear for kindness past affection owes;
For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well-feign'd passion for our sorrows call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall:
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Unlike the darkness of the sky, that pours
On the dry ground its fertilising showers;
Unlike to that which strikes the soul with dread,
When thunders roar and forky fires are shed;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms appear
And oh! how needless, when the wo's sincere.

Slow to the vault they come, with heavy tread,
Bending beneath the Lady and her lead;
A case of elm surrounds that ponderous chest,
Close on that case the crimson velvet's press'd;
Ungenerous this, that to the worm denies,
With niggard-caution, his appointed prize;
For now, ere yet he works his tedious way,
Through cloth and wood and metal to his prey,

That prey dissolving shall a mass remain,
That fancy loathes and worms themselves disdain.
But see! the master-mourner makes his way,
To end his office for the coffin'd clay;
Pleased that our rustic men and maids behold
His plate like silver, and his studs like gold,
As they approach to spell the age, the name,
And all the titles of th' illustrious dame.—
This as (my duty done) some scholar read,
A Village-father look'd disdain and said:
"Away, my friends! why take such pains to know
"What some brave marble soon in Church shall show?
"Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,
"But how she lived—the blessing of the land;
"How much we all deplored the noble dead,
"What groans we utter'd and what tears we shed;
"Tears, true as those, which in the sleepy eyes
"Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise;
"Tears, true as those which, ere she found her grave,
"The noble Lady to our sorrows gave."

Down by the church-way walk, and where the brook
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook;
In that small house, with those green pales before,
Where jasmine trails on either side the door;
Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild at will,
Were clipp'd in form and tantalised with skill;
Where cockles blanch'd and pebbles neatly spread,
Form'd shining borders for the larkspurs' bed;—
There lived a Lady, wise, austere, and nice,
Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice;

In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd,
A pea-green Joseph (1) was her favourite vest;
Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean.

There long she lived in maiden-state immured,
From looks of love and treacherous man secured;
Though evil fame—(but that was long before)
Had blown her dubious blast at *Catherine's* door:
A Captain thither, rich from India came,
And though a *cousin* call'd, it touch'd her fame:
Her annual stipend rose from his behest,
And all the long-prized treasures she possess'd:—
If aught like joy awhile appear'd to stay
In that stern face, and chase those frowns away;
'T was when her treasures she disposed for view
And heard the praises to their splendour due;
Silks beyond price, so rich, they'd stand alone,
And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;
Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set,
And bracelets fair in box of glossy jet;
Bright polish'd amber precious from its size,
Or forms the fairest fancy could devise:
Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs,
Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;
Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine
Round the pink'd rims of crisped Valentine.
Her china-closet, cause of daily care,
For woman's wonder held her pencill'd ware;
That pictured wealth of China and Japan,
Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.

(1) [A lady's great-coat.]

Her neat small room, adorn'd with maiden-taste,
A clipp'd French puppy, first of favourites, graced:
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art;
(For Poll, when living, lost the Lady's heart,
And then his life; for he was heard to speak
Such frightful words as tinged his Lady's cheek:)
Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
Save by such speech, his gratitude and love.
A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside;
A type of sadness in the house of pride.
The polish'd surface of an India chest,
A glassy globe, in frame of ivory, press'd;
Where swam two finny creatures; one of gold,
Of silver one; both beauteous to behold:—
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit;
The beast well-manner'd and the fishes mute.
A widow'd Aunt was there, compell'd by need
The nymph to flatter and her tribe to feed;
Who, veiling well her scorn, endured the clog,
Mute as the fish and fawning as the dog.

As years increased, these treasures, her delight,
Arose in value in their owner's sight:
A miser knows that, view it as he will,
A guinea kept is but a guinea still:
And so he puts it to its proper use,
That something more this guinea may produce;
But silks and rings, in the possessor's eyes,
The oft'ner seen, the more in value rise,
And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow
The kind of pleasure that with years will grow.

But what avail'd their worth—if worth had they—
In the sad summer of her slow decay?

Then we beheld her turn an anxious look
From trunks and chests, and fix it on her book,—
A rich-bound Book of Prayer the Captain gave,
(Some Princess had it, or was said to have;)
And then once more, on all her stores, look round,
And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,
That told, "Alas! how hard from these to part,
"And for new hopes and habits form the heart!
"What shall I do (she cried), my peace of mind
"To gain in dying, and to die resign'd?"
"Hear," we return'd;—"these baubles cast aside,
"Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;
"Thy closets shut, and ope thy kitchen's door;
"*There* own thy failings, *here* invite the poor;
"A friend of Mammon let thy bounty make;
"For widow's prayers, thy vanities forsake;
"And let the hungry, of thy pride partake
"Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey
"The angel Mercy tempering Death's delay!"
Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had charms,
Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms;
Still was the same unsettled, clouded view,
And the same plaintive cry, "What shall I do?"
Nor change appear'd; for when her race was run,
Doubtful we all exclaim'd, "What has been done?"
Apart she lived, and still she lies alone,
Yon earthy heap awaits the flattering stone,
On which invention shall be long employ'd,
To show the various worth of *Catherine Lloyd*.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble Peasant, *Isaac Ashford*, died.

Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved,
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour, which their neighbours find:)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, — though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew,
None his superior, and his equals few: —
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;

A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied, —
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim:
Christian and countrymen was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct; —
" On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
" But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labour done;
When he, save honest fame, retain'd no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
'T was then, a spark of — say not discontent —
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent: —

" Kind are your laws, ('t is not to be denied,)
" That in yon House, for ruin'd age, provide,
" And they are just; —when young, we give you all,
" And for assistance in our weakness call. —
" Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
" To join your poor, and eat the parish-bread?
" But yet I linger, loth with him to feed,
" Who gains his plenty by the sons of need

" He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
" And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
" On some old master I could well depend;
" See him with joy and thank him as a friend;
" But ill on him, who doles the day's supply,
" And counts our chances who at night may die:
" Yet help me, Heav'n! and let me not complain
" Of what I suffer, but my fate sustain."

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;
Daily he placed the Workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage-gate. (1)

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there:—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.

Then died a Rambler; not the one who sails
And trucks, for female favours, beads and nails;

(1) [Isaac Ashford's prototype was honest John Jasper, the parish-clerk at North Glenham; of whose manly independence of mind and integrity of conduct Mr. Crabbe often spoke with cordial warmth and respect, long after he had left Suffolk. John's only complaint was a dread of a workhouse, when his ability to labour should be over.]

Not one, who posts from place to place — of men
And manners treating with a flying pen;
Not he, who climbs, for prospects, Snowdon's height,
And chides the clouds that intercept the sight;
No curious shell, rare plant, or brilliant spar,
Enticed our traveller from his home so far;
But all the reason, by himself assign'd
For so much rambling, was, a restless mind;
As on, from place to place, without intent,
Without reflection, *Robin Dingley* (1) went.

Not thus by nature: — never man was found
Less prone to wander from his parish bound:
Claudian's Old Man, to whom all scenes were new, (2)
Save those where he and where his apples grew,
Resembled Robin, who around would look,
And his horizon for the earth's mistook.

To this poor swain a keen Attorney came; —
"I give thee joy, good fellow! on thy name;

(1) [Robin Dingley, the wandering pauper, was suggested by Richard Wilkinson, a parishioner of Muston, who every now and then disappeared, like some migratory birds, no one could conjecture whither, and, just as his existence was forgotten, home came Richard to be again clothed and fed at the expense of the parish.]

(2) [The Old Man of Verona, "qui suburbium nunquam egressus est." Claudian's verses are thus imitated by Cowley: —

"Happy the man who his whole life doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground;
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And, by degrees, sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserved his life and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get;
No change of consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar," &c.]

" The rich old Dingley's dead; — no child has he,
" Nor wife, nor will; his ALL is left for thee:
" To be his fortune's heir thy claim is good;
" Thou hast the name, and we will prove the blood."
The claim was made; 't was tried, — it would not stand;
They proved the blood, but were refused the land
Assured of wealth, this man of simple heart,
To every friend had predisposed a part:
His wife had hopes indulged of various kind;
The three Miss Dingleys had their school assign'd,
Masters were sought for what they each required,
And books were bought and harpsichords were hired;
So high was hope: — the failure touch'd his brain,
And Robin never was himself again;
Yet he no wrath, no angry wish express'd,
But tried, in vain, to labour or to rest;
Then cast his bundle on his back and went
He knew not whither, nor for what intent.
Years fled; — of Robin all remembrance past,
When home he wander'd in his rags at last:
A sailor's jacket on his limbs was thrown,
A sailor's story he had made his own;
Had suffer'd battles, prisons, tempests, storms,
Encountering death in all his ugliest forms:
His cheeks were haggard, hollow was his eye
Where madness lurk'd, conceal'd in misery;
Want, and th' ungentle world, had taught a part,
And prompted cunning to that simple heart:
" He now bethought him, he would roam no more,
But live at home and labour as before."

Here clothed and fed, no sooner he began
To round and redden, than away he ran;
His wife was dead, their children past his aid.
So, unmolested, from his home he stray'd:
Six years elapsed, when, worn with want and pain,
Came Robin, wrapt in all his rags, again: —
We chide, we pity; — placed among our poor,
He fed again, and was a man once more.

As when a gaunt and hungry fox is found,
Entrapp'd alive in some rich hunter's ground:
Fed for the field, although each day 's a feast,
Fatten you may, but never *tame* the beast;
A house protects him, savoury viands sustain;
But loose his neck and off he goes again:
So stole our Vagrant from his warm retreat,
To rove a prowler and be deem'd a cheat.

Hard was his fare; for him at length we saw,
In cart convey'd and laid supine on straw.
His feeble voice now spoke a sinking heart;
His groans now told the motions of the cart;
And when it stopp'd, he tried in vain to stand;
Closed was his eye, and clench'd his clammy hand;
Life ebb'd apace, and our best aid no more
Could his weak sense or dying heart restore:
But now he fell, a victim to the snare,
That vile attorneys for the weak prepare; —
They who, when profit or resentment call,
Heed not the groaning victim they enthrall.

Then died lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued *Mother* and a faithful *Wife*;

Call'd not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone;
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek!
But view'd the sick and were afraid to speak.—
Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face:
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend;
For good-man *Frankford* was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
"Be still, be patient;" oft she strove to stay;
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As Nature guided, took the tone of wo.

Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place,—where she—no more, was found;—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew she fill'd with all her race,—
Each place of hers, was now a sacred place,(1)
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise.

Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;

(1) [It has been told (*antè*, Vol. I. p. 104.), that Mr. Crabbe, on returning to Aldborough, after the publication of the "The Library," found that his mother had died while he was in London. "That affectionate parent, who would have lost all sense of sickness and suffering, had she witnessed his success, was no more: she had sunk under the dropsy, in his absence, with a fortitude of resignation closely resembling that of his own last hours. It happened that a friend and neighbour was slowly yielding at the same time to the same hopeless disorder, and every morning she used to desire her *daughter to see* if this sufferer's window was opened; saying, cheerfully, 'She must make haste, or I shall be at rest before her.' My father has alluded to his feelings on this occasion in the 'Parish Register:'—

"Arrived at home, how then he gazed around
On every place,—where she—no more, was found;'

And I find him recurring to the same theme in one of his manuscript pieces:—

——— 'But oh! in after-years
Were other deaths, that call'd for other tears:—
No, that I dare not, that I cannot paint!
The patient sufferer! the enduring saint!
Holy and cheerful! but all words are faint!']

If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker, he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide and not my punishment!

Of *Leah Cousins* next the name appears,
With honours crown'd and blest with length of years,
Save that she lived to feel, in life's decay,
The pleasure die, the honours drop away;
A matron she, whom every village-wife
View'd as the help and guardian of her life;
Fathers and sons, indebted to her aid,
Respect to her and her profession paid;
Who in the house of plenty largely fed,
Yet took her station at the pauper's bed;
Nor from that duty could be bribed again,
While fear or danger urged her to remain:
In her experience all her friends relied,
Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.

Thus Leah lived; long trusted, much caress'd,
Till a Town-Dame a youthful Farmer bless'd;
A gay vain bride, who would example give
To that poor village where she deign'd to live;
Some few months past, she sent, in hour of need,
For Doctor *Glibb*, who came with wond'rous speed:
Two days he waited, all his art applied,
To save the mother when her infant died:—
"'Twas well I came," at last he deign'd to say;
"'Twas wond'rous well;"—and proudly rode away.
The news ran round;—"How vast the Doctor's pow'r!"
"He saved the Lady in the trying hour;

" Saved her from death, when she was dead to hope,
" And her fond husband had resign'd her up:
" So all, like her, may evil fate defy,
" If Doctor Glibb, with saving hand, be nigh."
Fame (now his friend), fear, novelty, and whim,
And fashion, sent the varying sex to him:
From this, contention in the village rose;
And *these* the Dame espoused; the Doctor *those:*
The wealthier part, to him and science went;
With luck and her the poor remain'd content.
The Matron sigh'd; for she was vex'd at heart,
With so much profit, so much fame, to part:
" So long successful in my art," she cried,
" And this proud man, so young and so untried!"
" Nay," said the Doctor, "dare you trust your wives
" The joy, the pride, the solace of your lives,
" To one who acts and knows no reason why,
" But trusts, poor hag! to luck for an ally?—
" Who, on experience, can her claims advance,
" And own the powers of accident and chance?
" A whining dame, who prays in danger's view,
" (A proof she knows not what beside to do;)
" What's her experience? In the time that's gone,
" Blundering she wrought and still she blunders on:—
" And what is Nature? One who acts in aid
" Of gossips half asleep, and half afraid:
" With such allies I scorn my fame to blend,
" Skill is my luck and courage is my friend:
" No slave to Nature, 'tis my chief delight
" To win my way and act in her despite:—
" Trust then my art, that, in itself complete,
" Needs no assistance and fears no defeat."

Warm'd by her well-spiced ale and aiding pipe,
The angry Matron grew for contest ripe.
" Can you," she said, " ungrateful and unjust,
" Before experience, ostentation trust!
" What is your hazard, foolish daughters, tell?
" If safe, you're certain; if secure, you're well:
" That I have luck must friend and foe confess,
" And what's good judgment but a lucky guess?
" *He* boasts, but what he *can* do:—will you run
" From me, your friend! who, all *he* boasts, *have* done?
" By proud and learned words his powers are known;
" By healthy boys and handsome girls my own:
" Wives! fathers! children! by my help you live;
" Has this pale Doctor more than life to give?
" No stunted cripple hops the village round;
" Your hands are active and your heads are sound:
" My lads are all your fields and flocks require;
" My lasses all those sturdy lads admire.
" Can this proud leech, with all his boasted skill,
" Amend the soul or body, wit or will?
" Does he for courts the sons of farmers frame,
" Or make the daughter differ from the dame?
" Or, whom he brings into this world of wo,
" Prepares he them their part to undergo?
" If not, this stranger from your doors repel,
" And be content to *be* and to be *well*."
She spake; but, ah! with words too strong and plain;
Her warmth offended, and her truth was vain:
The *many* left her, and the friendly *few*,
If never colder, yet they older grew;

Till, unemploy'd, she felt her spirits droop,
And took, insidious aid! th' inspiring cup;
Grew poor and peevish as her powers decay'd,
And propp'd the tottering frame with stronger aid,—
Then died! I saw our careful swains convey,
From this our changeful world, the Matron's clay,
Who to this world, at least, with equal care,
Brought them its changes, good and ill to share.

Now to his grave was *Roger Cuff* convey'd,
And strong resentment's lingering spirit laid.
Shipwreck'd in youth, he home return'd, and found
His brethren three—and thrice they wish'd him drown'd.
"Is this a landsman's love? Be certain then,
"We part for ever!"—and they cried, "Amen!"
His words were truth's:—Some forty summers fled,
His brethren died; his kin supposed him dead:
Three nephews these, one sprightly niece, and one,
Less near in blood—they call'd him *surly John;*
He work'd in woods apart from all his kind,
Fierce were his looks and moody was his mind.
For home the sailor now began to sigh:—
"The dogs are dead, and I'll return and die;
"When all I have, my gains, in years of care,
"The younger Cuffs with kinder souls shall share—
"Yet hold! I'm rich;—with one consent they'll say,
"'You're welcome, Uncle, as the flowers in May.'
"No; I'll disguise me, be in tatters dress'd,
"And best befriend the lads who treat me best."
Now all his kindred,—neither rich nor poor,—
Kept the wolf want some distance from the door.

In piteous plight he knock'd at George's gate,
And begg'd for aid, as he described his state:—
But stern was George;—"Let them who had thee strong,
"Help thee to drag thy weaken'd frame along;
"To us a stranger, while your limbs would move,
"From us depart, and try a stranger's love:—
"Ha! dost thou murmur?"—for, in Roger's throat,
Was "Rascal!" rising with disdainful note.

To pious James he then his prayer address'd;—
"Good-lack," quoth James, "thy sorrows pierce my breast;
"And, had I wealth, as have my brethren twain,
"One board should feed us and one roof contain:
"But plead I will thy cause and I will pray:
"And so farewell! Heaven help thee on thy way!"

"Scoundrel!" said Roger (but apart);—and told
His case to Peter;—Peter too was cold;—
"The rates are high; we have a-many poor;
"But I will think,"—he said, and shut the door.

Then the gay niece the seeming pauper press'd;—
"Turn, Nancy, turn, and view this form distress'd:
"Akin to thine is this declining frame,
"And this poor beggar claims an Uncle's name."

"Avaunt! begone!" the courteous maiden said,
"Thou vile impostor! Uncle Roger's dead:
"I hate thee, beast; thy look my spirit shocks;
"Oh! that I saw thee starving in the stocks!"

"My gentle niece!" he said—and sought the wood.—
"I hunger, fellow; prithee, give me food!"

" Give! am I rich? This hatchet take, and try
" Thy proper strength, nor give those limbs the lie;
" Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
" Nor whine out woes, thine own right-hand can heal;
" And while that hand is thine and thine a leg,
" Scorn of the proud or of the base to beg."

" Come, *surly John*, thy wealthy kinsman view,"
Old Roger said;—" thy words are brave and true;
" Come, live with me: we'll vex those scoundrel-boys,
" And that prim shrew shall, envying, hear our joys.—
" Tobacco's glorious fume all day we'll share,
" With beef and brandy kill all kinds of care;
" We'll beer and biscuit on our table heap,
" And rail at rascals, till we fall asleep."

Such was their life; but when the woodman died,
His grieving kin for Roger's smiles applied—
In vain; he shut, with stern rebuke, the door,
And dying, built a refuge for the poor,
With this restriction, That no *Cuff* should share
One meal, or shelter for one moment there.

My Record ends:—But hark! e'en now I hear
The bell of death, and know not whose to fear: (1)
Our farmers all, and all our hinds were well;
In no man's cottage danger seem'd to dwell:—
Yet death of man proclaim these heavy chimes,
For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times.

" Go; of my Sexton seek, Whose days are sped?—
" What! he, himself!—and is old *Dibble* dead?"

(1) [—— " As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard *aright*,
It is the knell of my departed hours.— YOUNG]

His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd,
And rectors five to one close vault convey'd:—
But he is gone; his care and skill I lose,
And gain a mournful subject for my Muse:
His masters lost, he 'd oft in turn deplore,
And kindly add,—"Heaven grant, I lose no more!"
Yet, while he spake, a sly and pleasant glance
Appear'd at variance with his complaisance:
For, as he told their fate and varying worth,
He archly look'd,—"I yet may bear thee forth."
"When first"—(he so began)—"my trade I plied,
"Good master *Addle* was the parish-guide;
"His clerk and sexton, I beheld with fear,
"His stride majestic, and his frown severe;
"A noble pillar of the church he stood,
"Adorn'd with college-gown and parish hood:
"Then as he paced the hallow'd aisles about,
"He fill'd the seven-fold surplice fairly out!
"But in his pulpit wearied down with prayer,
"He sat and seem'd as in his study's chair;
"For while the anthem swell'd, and when it ceased,
"Th' expecting people view'd their slumbering priest:
"Who, dozing, died.—Our Parson *Peele* was next;
"'I will not spare you,' was his favourite text;
"Nor did he spare, but raised them many a pound;
"Ev'n me he mulct for my poor rood of ground;
"Yet cared he nought, but with a gibing speech,
"'What should I do,' quoth he, 'but what I preach?'
"His piercing jokes (and he 'd a plenteous store)
"Were daily offer'd both to rich and poor;

" His scorn, his love, in playful words he spoke;
" His pity, praise, and promise, were a joke:
" But though so young and blest with spirits high,
" He died as grave as any judge could die:
" The strong attack subdued his lively powers,—
" His was the grave, and Doctor *Grandspear* ours. (1)
" Then were there golden times the village round;
" In his abundance all appear'd t' abound;
" Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread,
" E'en cool Dissenters at his table fed;
" Who wish'd and hoped,—and thought a man so kind
" A way to Heaven, though not their own, might find;
" To them, to all, he was polite and free,
" Kind to the poor, and, ah! most kind to me!
" 'Ralph,' would he say, 'Ralph Dibble, thou art old;
" 'That doublet fit, 'twill keep thee from the cold:
" 'How does my sexton?—What! the times are hard;
" 'Drive that stout pig, and pen him in thy yard.'
" But most, his rev'rence loved a mirthful jest:—
" 'Thy coat is thin; why, man, thou 'rt *barely* dress'd;
" 'It 's worn to th' thread: but I have nappy beer;
" 'Clap that within, and see how they will wear!'
" Gay days were these; but they were quickly past:
" When first he came, we found he cou'dn't last:
" A whoreson cough (and at the fall of leaf)
" Upset him quite;— but what 's the gain of grief?

(1) [Dr. Grandspear is a rough outline of Dr. Bacon, the poet's predecessor at Muston.]

" Then came the *Author-Rector:* (1) his delight
" Was all in books; to read them or to write:
" Women and men he strove alike to shun,
" And hurried homeward when his tasks were done:
" Courteous enough, but careless what he said,
" For points of learning he reserved his head;
" And when addressing either poor or rich,
" He knew no better than his cassock which:
" He, like an osier, was of pliant kind,
" Erect by nature, but to bend inclined;
" Not like a creeper falling to the ground,
" Or meanly catching on the neighbours round:—
" Careless was he of surplice, hood, and band,—(2)
" And kindly took them as they came to hand
" Nor, like the doctor, wore a world of hat,
" As if he sought for dignity in that:
" He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious rules:
" Nor turn'd from gipsies, vagabonds, or fools;
" It was his nature, but they thought it whim,
" And so our beaux and beauties turn'd from him:
" Of questions, much he wrote, profound and dark,—
" How spake the serpent, and where stopp'd the ark;
" From what far land the queen of Sheba came;
" Who Salem's Priest, and what his father's name;
" He made the Song of Songs its mysteries yield,
" And Revelations, to the world, reveal'd.
" He sleeps i' the aisle,—but not a stone records
" His name or fame, his actions or his words:
" And truth, your reverence, when I look around,
" And mark the tombs in our sepulchral ground

(1) [The Author-Rector is, in all points, the similitude of Mr. Crabbe himself, except in the subject of his lucubrations.]

(2) [See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 165.]

" (Though dare I not of one man's hope to doubt),
" I 'd join the party who repose without.
" Next came a Youth from Cambridge, and, in truth,
" He was a sober and a comely youth;
" He blush'd in meekness as a modest man,
" And gain'd attention ere his task began;
" When preaching, seldom ventured on reproof,
" But touch'd his neighbours tenderly enough.
" Him, in his youth, a clamorous sect assail'd,
" Advised and censured, flatter'd,—and prevail'd.—
" Then did he much his sober hearers vex,
" Confound the simple, and the sad perplex;
" To a new style his reverence rashly took;
" Loud grew his voice, to threat'ning swell'd his look;
" Above, below, on either side, he gazed,
" Amazing all, and most himself amazed:
" No more he read his preachments pure and plain,
" But launch'd outright, and rose and sank again:
" At times he smiled in scorn, at times he wept,
" And such sad coil with words of vengeance kept,
" That our best sleepers started as they slept.
" ' Conviction comes like lightning,' he would cry;
" ' In vain you seek it, and in vain you fly;
" ' 'T is like the rushing of the mighty wind,
" ' Unseen its progress, but its power you find;
" ' It strikes the child ere yet its reason wakes;
" ' His reason fled, the ancient sire it shakes;
" ' The proud, learn'd man, and him who loves to know
" ' How and from whence these gusts of grace will blow,

" ' It shuns,—but sinners in their way impedes,
" ' And sots and harlots visits in their deeds:
" ' Of faith and penance it supplies the place;
" ' Assures the vilest that they live by grace,
" ' And, without running, makes them win the race.'
" Such was the doctrine our young prophet taught;
" And here conviction, there confusion wrought;
" When his thin cheek assumed a deadly hue,
" And all the rose to one small spot withdrew:
" They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery flush,
" More fix'd and deeper than the maiden blush;
" His paler lips the pearly teeth disclosed,
" And lab'ring lungs the length'ning speech opposed.
" No more his span-girth shanks and quiv'ring thighs
" Upheld a body of the smaller size;
" But down he sank upon his dying bed,
" And gloomy crotchets fill'd his wandering head.—
" ' Spite of my faith, all-saving faith,' he cried,
" ' I fear of worldly works the wicked pride;
" ' Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind,
" ' The good I've wrought still rankles in my mind;
" ' My alms-deeds all, and every deed I've done,
" ' My moral-rags defile me every one; [Ralph.'
" ' It should not be:—what say'st thou? tell me,
" Quoth I, ' Your reverence, I believe, you're safe;
" ' Your faith's your prop, nor have you pass'd such time
" ' In life's good-works as swell them to a crime.
" ' If I of pardon for my sins were sure,
" ' About my goodness I would rest secure.'
" Such was his end; and mine approaches fast;
" I've seen my best of preachers,—and my last."—

He bow'd, and archly smiled at what he said,
Civil but sly:—"And is old Dibble dead?"
Yes! he is gone: and WE are going all;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall;—(1)
Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to its home;
A few short years and we behold him stand,
To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand:
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His widow weeping at her husband's bier:—
Thus, as the months succeed, shall infants take
Their names; thus parents shall the child forsake,
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
By love or law compell'd their vows to seal,
Ere I again, or one like me, explore
These simple Annals of the VILLAGE POOR. (2)

(1) ["Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground," &c.—
POPE's *Homer*.]

(2) ["On the whole, the Parish Register deserves very superior commendation, as well for the flow of verse and for the language, which is manly and powerful, equally remote from vicious ornament, and the still more disgusting cant of idiot simplicity, as for the sterling poetry, and original powers of thought, of which it contains unquestionable proofs. One remark we add with pleasure, as prophetic of a still higher degree of excellence which the author may hereafter attain: his later productions are, in every respect, better and more perfect than those by which he first became known as a poet."—*Monthly Review*, 1807.

"The characteristic of Crabbe is force, and truth of description, joined for the most part to great selection and condensation of expression; that kind of strength and originality which we meet with in Cowper, and that sort of diction and versification which we admire in Goldsmith. If he can be said to have imitated the manner of any author, it is Goldsmith; and yet his general train of thinking, and his views of society, are so extremely opposite, that, when 'The Village' was first published, it was commonly considered as an antidote, or answer, to the more captivating representations of the 'Deserted Village.' Compared with this celebrated author, he will be found to have more vigour and less delicacy; and, while he must be ad-

mitted to be inferior in the fine finish, and uniform beauty of his composition, we cannot help considering him as superior, both in the variety and the truth of his pictures. Instead of that uniform tint of pensive tenderness which overspreads the whole poetry of Goldsmith, we find in Mr. Crabbe many gleams of gaiety and humour. Though his habitual views of life are more gloomy than those of his rival, his poetical temperament seems more cheerful; and when the occasions of sorrow and rebuke are gone by, he can collect himself for sarcastic pleasantries, or unbend in innocent playfulness .... We part from him with regret; but we hope to meet him again. If his muse, to be sure, is prolific only once in twenty-two years, we can scarcely expect to live long enough to pass our judgment on his progeny; but we trust, that a larger portion of public favour than has hitherto been dealt to him, will encourage him to greater efforts; and that he will soon appear again among the worthy supporters of the old poetical establishment." — JEFFREY, 1807.

"There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme — nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius — trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let CRABBE attest;
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." —

BYRON, 1808.]

THE

BIRTH OF FLATTERY.(1)

(1) [See *ante*, p. 20.]

The Subject — Poverty and Cunning described — When united, a jarring Couple — Mutual Reproof — The Wife consoled by a Dream — Birth of a Daughter — Description and Prediction of Envy — How to be rendered ineffectual, explained in a Vision — Simulation foretells the future Success and Triumphs of Flattery — Her Power over various Characters and different Minds; over certain Classes of Men; over Envy himself — Her successful Art of softening the Evils of Life; of changing Characters; of meliorating Prospects, and affixing Value to Possessions, Pictures, &c. — Conclusion.

THE

BIRTH OF FLATTERY.

Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo;
Quidquid dicunt, laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque:
Negat quis, nego; ait, aio:
Postremò imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari. TERENT. *in Eunuch.* (1)

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to taste a bit. SWIFT.

MUSE of my Spenser, who so well could sing
The passions all, their bearings and their ties;
Who could in view those shadowy beings bring,
And with bold hand remove each dark disguise,

(1) ["I've every thing, though nothing; nought possess,
Yet nought I ever want. —
Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
They contradict, I praise that too: does any
Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too.
And, in a word, I've brought myself
To say, unsay, swear, and forswear, at pleasure." — COLMAN.]

Wherein love, hatred, scorn, or anger lies:
Guide him to Fairy-land, who now intends
That way his flight; assist him as he flies,
To mark those passions, Virtue's foes and friends,
By whom when led she droops, when leading she ascends.

Yes! they appear, I see the fairy train!
And who that modest nymph of meek address?
Not Vanity, though loved by all the vain;
Not Hope, though promising to all success;
Not Mirth, nor Joy, though foe to all distress;
Thee, sprightly syren, from this train I choose,
Thy birth relate, thy soothing arts confess;
'T is not in thy mild nature to refuse,
When poets ask thine aid, so oft their meed and muse. (1)

In Fairy-land, on wide and cheerless plain,
Dwelt, in the house of *Care*, a sturdy swain;
A hireling he, who, when he till'd the soil,
Look'd to the pittance that repaid his toil:
And to a master left the mingled joy
And anxious care that follow'd his employ:

(1) [Original MS.:—

Muse of my Spenser, who so well could sing
The Passions, and the sources whence they spring·
Who taught the birth, the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Of these the Foes of Virtue and the Friends,
With whom she rises and with whom descends—
A Syren's birth, a Syren's power I trace,
Aid me, oh! Herald of the Fairy-race;
Say whence she sprang, to what strange fortune born,
And why we love and hate, desire and scorn.]

Sullen and patient he at once appear'd,
As one who murmur'd, yet as one who fear'd;
Th' attire was coarse that clothed his sinewy frame,
Rude his address, and *Poverty* his name.

In that same plain a nymph, of curious taste,
A cottage (plann'd with all her skill) had placed;
Strange the materials, and for what design'd
The various parts, no simple man might find;
What seem'd the door, each entering guest withstood,
What seem'd a window was but painted wood;
But by a secret spring the wall would move,
And daylight drop through glassy door above:
'Twas all her pride, new traps for praise to lay,
And all her wisdom was to hide her way;
In small attempts incessant were her pains,
And *Cunning* was her name among the swains. (1)

Now, whether fate decreed this pair should wed,
And blindly drove them to the marriage bed;
Or whether love in some soft hour inclined
The damsel's heart, and won her to be kind,
Is yet unsung: they were an ill-match'd pair,
But both disposed to wed — and wed they were.

(1) [Original MS.:—

From whom she sprang, not one around her knew,
Nor why she came, nor what she had in view,
Labour she loved not, had no wealth in store,
Pursued no calling, yet was never poor,
A thousand gifts her various arts repaid,
And bounteous fairies blest the thriving maid;
For she had secret means of easy gains,
And Cunning was her name among the swains.]

Yet, though united in their fortune, still
Their ways were diverse; varying was their will;
Nor long the maid had bless'd the simple man,
Before dissensions rose, and she began: —

" Wretch that I am! since to thy fortune bound,
" What plan, what project, with success is crown'd?
" I, who a thousand secret arts possess,
" Who every rank approach with right address;
" Who've loosed a guinea from a miser's chest,
" And worm'd his secret from a traitor's breast;
" Thence gifts and gains collecting, great and small,
" Have brought to thee, and thou consum'st them all;
" For want like thine — a bog without a base —
" Ingulfs all gains I gather for the place;
" Feeding, unfill'd; destroying, undestroy'd;
" It craves for ever, and is ever void: —
" Wretch that I am! what misery have I found,
" Since my sure craft was to thy calling bound!"

" Oh! vaunt of worthless art," the swain replied,
Scowling contempt, " how pitiful this pride!
" What are these specious gifts, these paltry gains,
" But base rewards for ignominious pains?
" With all thy tricking, still for bread we strive,
" Thine is, proud wretch! the care that cannot thrive;
" By all thy boasted skill and baffled hooks,
" Thou gain'st no more than students by their books;
" No more than I for my poor deeds am paid,
" Whom none can blame, will help, or dare upbraid.
" Call this our need, a bog that all devours, —
" Then what thy petty arts, but summer-flowers,

" Gaudy and mean, and serving to betray
" The place they make unprofitably gay?
" Who know it not, some useless beauties see, —
" But ah! to prove it was reserved for me."

Unhappy state! that, in decay of love,
Permits harsh truth his errors to disprove;
While he remains, to wrangle and to jar,
Is friendly tournament, not fatal war;
Love in his play will borrow arms of hate,
Anger and rage, upbraiding and debate;
And by his power the desperate weapons thrown,
Become as safe and pleasant as his own;
But left by him, their natures they assume,
And fatal, in their poisoning force, become.

Time fled, and now the swain compell'd to see
New cause for fear — " Is this thy thrift?" quoth he:
To whom the wife with cheerful voice replied: —
" Thou moody man, lay all thy fears aside,
" I've seen a vision — they, from whom I came,
" A daughter promise, promise wealth and fame;
" Born with my features, with my arts, yet she
" Shall patient, pliant, persevering be,
" And in thy better ways resemble thee.
" The fairies round shall at her birth attend,
" The friend of all in all shall find a friend,
" And save that one sad star that hour must gleam
" On our fair child, how glorious were my dream!"

This heard the husband, and, in surly smile,
Aim'd at contempt, but yet he hoped the while:

For as, when sinking, wretched men are found
To catch at rushes rather than be drown'd;
So on a dream our peasant placed his hope,
And found that rush as valid as a rope.

Swift fled the days, for now in hope they fled,
When a fair daughter bless'd the nuptial bed;
Her infant-face the mother's pains beguiled,
She look'd so pleasing and so softly smiled;
Those smiles, those looks, with sweet sensations moved
The gazer's soul, and as he look'd he loved.

And now the fairies came with gifts, to grace
So mild a nature, and so fair a face.
They gave, with beauty, that bewitching art,
That holds in easy chains the human heart;
They gave her skill to win the stubborn mind,
To make the suffering to their sorrows blind,
To bring on pensive looks the pleasing smile,
And *Care*'s stern brow of every frown beguile.
These magic favours graced the infant-maid,
Whose more enlivening smile the charming gifts repaid.
Now Fortune changed, who, were she constant long,
Would leave us few adventures for our song.
A wicked elfin roved this land around,
Whose joys proceeded from the griefs he found;
Envy his name: — his fascinating eye
From the light bosom drew the sudden sigh;
Unsocial he, but with malignant mind,
He dwelt with man, that he might curse mankind;

Like the first foe, he sought th' abode of Joy,
Grieved to behold, but eager to destroy;
Round blooming beauty, like the wasp, he flew,
Soil'd the fresh sweet, and changed the rosy hue;
The wise, the good, with anxious heart he saw,
And here a failing found, and there a flaw;
Discord in families 't was his to move,
Distrust in friendship, jealousy in love;
He told the poor, what joys the great possess'd,
The great—what calm content the cottage bless'd;
To part the learned and the rich he tried,
Till their slow friendship perish'd in their pride.
Such was the fiend, and so secure of prey,
That only Misery pass'd unstung away.

Soon as he heard the fairy-babe was born,
Scornful he smiled, but felt no more than scorn:
For why, when Fortune placed her state so low,
In useless spite his lofty malice show?
Why, in a mischief of the meaner kind,
Exhaust the vigour of a ranc'rous mind;
But, soon as Fame the fairy-gifts proclaim'd,
Quick-rising wrath his ready soul inflamed
To swear, by vows that e'en the wicked tie,
The nymph should weep her varied destiny;
That every gift, that now appear'd to shine
In her fair face, and make her smiles divine,
Should all the poison of his magic prove,
And they should scorn her, whom she sought for love

His spell prepared, in form an ancient dame,
A fiend in spirit, to the cot he came;

There gain'd admittance, and the infant press'd
(Muttering his wicked magic) to his breast;
And thus he said: — " Of all the powers, who wait
" On Jove's decrees, and do the work of fate,
" Was I, alone, despised or worthless, found,
" Weak to protect, or impotent to wound?
" See then thy foe, regret the friendship lost,
" And learn my skill, but learn it at your cost.
" Know, then, O child! devote to fates severe
" The good shall hate thy name, the wise shall fear;
" Wit shall deride, and no protecting friend
" Thy shame shall cover, or thy name defend.
" Thy gentle sex, who, more than ours, should spare
" A humble foe, will greater scorn declare;
" The base alone thy advocates shall be,
" Or boast alliance with a wretch like thee."

He spake, and vanish'd, other prey to find,
And waste in slow disease the conquer'd mind.

Awed by the elfin's threats, and fill'd with dread,
The parents wept, and sought their infant's bed:
Despair alone the father's soul possess'd;
But hope rose gently in the mother's breast;
For well she knew that neither grief nor joy
Pain'd without hope, or pleased without alloy;
And while these hopes and fears her heart divide,
A cheerful vision bade the fears subside.

She saw descending to the world below
An ancient form, with solemn pace and slow.

" Daughter, no more be sad" (the phantom cried),
" Success is seldom to the wise denied ;
" In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
" Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way :
" Why art thou grieved ? Be rather glad, that he,
" Who hates the happy, aims his darts at thee ;
" But aims in vain ; thy favour'd daughter lies,
" Serenely blest, and shall to joy arise.
" For, grant that curses on her name shall wait,
" (So Envy wills, and such the voice of Fate,)
" Yet if that name be prudently suppress'd,
" She shall be courted, favour'd, and caress'd.
" For what are names ? and where agree mankind,
" In those to persons or to acts assign'd ?
" Brave, learn'd, or wise, if some their favourites call,
" Have they the titles or the praise from all ?
" Not so, but others will the brave disdain
" As rash, and deem the sons of wisdom vain ;
" The self-same mind shall scorn or kindness move,
" And the same deed attract contempt and love.
" So all the powers who move the human soul,
" With all the passions who the will control,
" Have various names—One giv'n by Truth Divine,
" (As *Simulation* thus was fix'd for mine,)
" The rest by man, who now, as wisdom's, prize
" My secret counsels, now as art despise ;
" One hour, as just, those counsels they embrace,
" And spurn, the next, as pitiful and base.
" Thee, too, my child, those fools as Cunning fly,
" Who on thy counsel and thy craft rely ;

" That worthy craft in others they condemn,
" But 't is their prudence, while conducting them.
" Be FLATTERY, then, thy happy infant's name,
" Let *Honour* scorn her and let *Wit* defame;
" Let all be true that Envy dooms, yet all,
" Not on herself, but on her name, shall fall;
" While she thy fortune and her own shall raise,
" And decent *Truth* be call'd, and loved as, modest *Praise*.
" O happy child! the glorious day shall shine,
" When every ear shall to thy speech incline,
" Thy words alluring and thy voice divine:
" The sullen pedant and the sprightly wit,
" To hear thy soothing eloquence shall sit;
" And both, abjuring Flattery, will agree
" That Truth inspires, and they must honour thee.
" *Envy* himself shall to thy accents bend,
" Force a faint smile and sullènly attend,
" When thou shalt call him *Virtue's jealous friend*,
" Whose bosom glows with generous rage to find
" How fools and knaves are flatter'd by mankind.
" The sage retired, who spends alone his days,
" And flies th' obstreperous voice of public praise;
" The vain, the vulgar cry,—shall gladly meet,
" And bid thee welcome to his still retreat;
" Much will he wonder, how thou camest to find
" A man to glory dead, to peace consign'd.
" O Fame! he'll cry (for he will call thee Fame),
" From thee I fly, from thee conceal my name;
" But thou shalt say, Though Genius takes his flight,
" He leaves behind a glorious train of light,

" And hides in vain :— yet prudent he that flies
" The flatterer's art, and for himself is wise.
" Yes, happy child ! I mark th' approaching day,
" When warring natures will confess thy sway ;
" When thou shalt Saturn's golden reign restore,
" And vice and folly shall be known no more.
" *Pride* shall not then in human-kind have place,
" Changed by thy skill, to *Dignity* and *Grace ;*
" While *Shame*, who now betrays the inward sense
" Of secret ill, shall be thy *Diffidence ;*
" *Avarice* shall thenceforth prudent *Forecast* be,
" And bloody *Vengeance, Magnanimity ;*
" The lavish tongue shall honest truths impart,
" The lavish hand shall show the generous heart,
" And *Indiscretion* be, contempt of art :
" *Folly* and *Vice* shall then, no longer known,
" Be, this as *Virtue*, that as *Wisdom*, shown.
" Then shall the Robber, as the Hero, rise
" To seize the good that churlish law denies ;
" Throughout the world shall rove the generous band,
" And deal the gifts of Heaven from hand to hand.
" In thy blest days no tyrant shall be seen,
" Thy gracious king shall rule contented men ;
" In thy blest days shall not a rebel be,
" But patriots all and well-approved of thee.
" Such powers are thine, that man by thee shall wrest
" The gainful secret from the cautious breast ;
" Nor then, with all his care, the good retain,
" But yield to thee the secret and the gain
" In vain shall much experience guard the heart
" Against the charm of thy prevailing art ;

" Admitted once, so soothing is thy strain
" It comes the sweeter, when it comes again;
" And when confess'd as thine, what mind so strong
" Forbears the pleasure it indulged so long?
" Soft'ner of every ill! of all our woes
" The balmy solace! friend of fiercest foes!
" Begin thy reign, and like the morning rise!
" Bring joy, bring beauty, to our eager eyes;
" Break on the drowsy world like opening day,
" While grace and gladness join thy flow'ry way;
" While every voice is praise, while every heart is gay.
" From thee all prospects shall new beauties take,
" 'Tis thine to seek them and 'tis thine to make:
" On the cold fen I see thee turn thine eyes,
" Its mists recede, its chilling vapour flies;
" Th' enraptured lord th' improving ground surveys,
" And for his Eden asks the traveller's praise,
" Which yet, unview'd of thee, a bog had been,
" Where spungy rushes hide the plashy green.
" I see thee breathing on the barren moor,
" That seems to bloom although so bleak before:
" There, if beneath the gorse the primrose spring,
" Or the pied daisy smile below the ling,
" They shall new charms, at thy command, disclose,
" And none shall miss the myrtle or the rose.
" The wiry moss, that whitens all the hill,
" Shall live a beauty by thy matchless skill;
" Gale (1) from the bog shall yield Arabian balm,
" And the grey willow wave a golden palm.
" I see thee smiling in the pictured room,
" Now breathing beauty, now reviving bloom;

(1) ["Myrica gale," a shrub growing in boggy and fenny grounds.]

" There, each immortal name 'tis thine to give,
" To graceless forms, and bid the lumber live.
" Should'st thou coarse boors or gloomy martyrs see,
" These shall thy Guidos, those thy Teniers be;
" There shalt thou Raphael's saints and angels trace,
" There make for Rubens and for Reynolds place,
" And all the pride of art shall find, in her, disgrace.
" Delight of either sex! thy reign commence;
" With balmy sweetness soothe the weary sense,
" And to the sickening soul thy cheering aid dispense.
" Queen of the mind! thy golden age begin;
" In mortal bosoms varnish shame and sin;
" Let all be fair without, let all be calm within."

The vision fled, the happy mother rose,
Kiss'd the fair infant, smiled at all her foes,
And FLATTERY made her name:—her reign began:
Her own dear sex she ruled, then vanquish'd man;
A smiling friend, to every class she spoke,
Assumed their manners, and their habits took;
Her, for her humble mien, the modest loved;
Her cheerful looks the light and gay approved;
The just beheld her, firm; the valiant, brave;
Her mirth the free, her silence pleased the grave;
Zeal heard her voice, and, as he preach'd aloud,
Well-pleased he caught her whispers from the crowd
(Those whispers, soothing-sweet to every ear,
Which some refuse to pay, but none to hear):
Shame fled her presence; at her gentle strain,
Care softly smiled, and guilt forgot its pain;
The wretched thought, the happy found, her true,
The learn'd confess'd that she their merits knew;

The rich — could they a constant friend condemn?
The poor believed — for who should flatter them?

Thus on her name though all disgrace attend,
In every creature she beholds a friend. (1)

(1) ["With many nervous lines and ingenious allusions, this poem has something of the languor which seems inseparable from an allegory which exceeds the length of an epigram." — JEFFREY.]

REFLECTIONS

UPON THE SUBJECT ——

Quid juvat errores, mersâ jam puppe, fatcri?
Quid lacrymæ delicta juvant commissa secutæ?
CLAUDIAN. in Eutropium, lib. ii. lin. 7.

What avails it, when shipwreck'd, that error appears?
Are the crimes we commit wash'd away by our tears? (1)

(1) [See *antè*, p. 21.]

REFLECTIONS.

When all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth);
When the deluded soul, in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And how to spare, to spend, to give,
(Our prudence kind, our pity just,)
'T is then we rightly learn to live.

Its weakness when the body feels,
Nor danger in contempt defies;
To reason when desire appeals,
When, on experience, hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend;
But use it, as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose,—
'T is then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold! we 're near our journey's end
We 've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade;
And, now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd:
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose?
For others, when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all their faults discern in those;
Relentless hatred, erring love,
We can for sacred truth forego;
We can the warmest friend reprove,
And bear to praise the fiercest foe:
To what effect? Our friends are gone
Beyond reproof, regard, or care;
And of our foes remains there one,
The mild relenting thoughts to share?

Now 't is our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage;
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage:
Ah! Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled;

When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?
Revenge, ambition, scorn, and pride,
And strong desire, and fierce disdain,
The giant-brood by thee defied,
Lo! Time's resistless strokes have slain.

Yet Time, who could that race subdue,
(O'erpowering strength, appeasing rage,)
Leaves yet a persevering crew,
To try the failing powers of age.
Vex'd by the constant call of these,
Virtue awhile for conquest tries;
But weary grown and fond of ease,
She makes with them a compromise:
Av'rice himself she gives to rest,
But rules him with her strict commands,
Bids Pity touch his torpid breast,
And Justice hold his eager hands.

Yet is there nothing men can do,
When chilling Age comes creeping on?
Cannot we yet some good pursue?
Are talents buried? genius gone?
If passions slumber in the breast,
If follies from the heart be fled;
Of laurels let us go in quest,
And place them on the poet's head.

Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,
And to neglected studies flee;
We'll build again the lofty rhyme,
Or live, Philosophy, with thee:

For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,
Eternal fame reward shall be;
And to what glorious heights we 'll climb,
The admiring crowd shall envying see.

Begin the song! begin the theme! —
Alas! and is Invention dead?
Dream we no more the golden dream?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled?
Yes, 't is too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate;
And thus the important point decides,
For laurels, 't is, alas! too late.
What is possess'd we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.

Beware then, Age, that what was won,
If life's past labours, studies, views,
Be lost not, now the labour 's done,
When all thy part is,—not to lose:
When thou canst toil or gain no more,
Destroy not what was gain'd before.

For, all that 's gain'd of all that 's good,
When time shall his weak frame destroy
(Their use then rightly understood),
Shall man, in happier state, enjoy.
Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know the enjoyment will be thine,
In that renew'd, that endless life!

SIR EUSTACE GREY. (1)

" Veris miscens falsa."—
SENECA, *in Herc. furente.* (2)

(1) [This poem was composed at Muston, in the winter of 1804–5, during a great snow-storm (see Vol. I., Life, *antè*, p. 184.) For the Author's account of his design in the piece, see preface, *antè*, p. 2.]

(2) [" With truth mingling the false." — HEYWOOD, 1581.]

SIR EUSTACE GREY.

SCENE —A MAD-HOUSE.

PERSONS.—VISITOR, PHYSICIAN, AND PATIENT.

VISITOR.

I 'LL know no more;—the heart is torn
By views of wo, we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal;
That wan projector's mystic style,
That lumpish idiot leering by,
That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn sigh!—
I 'll know no more.

PHYSICIAN.

—Yes, turn again;
Then speed to happier scenes thy way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet remain,
The ruins of Sir Eustace Grey,
The sport of madness, misery's prey:

But he will no historian need,
His cares, his crimes, will he display,
And show (as one from frenzy freed)
The proud lost mind, the rash-done deed.

That cell to him is Greyling Hall:—
Approach; he 'll bid thee welcome there;
Will sometimes for his servant call,
And sometimes point the vacant chair;
He can, with free and easy air,
Appear attentive and polite;
Can veil his woes in manners fair,
And pity with respect excite.

PATIENT.

Who comes?—Approach!—'tis kindly done:—
My learn'd physician, and a friend,
Their pleasures quit, to visit one
Who cannot to their ease attend, (1)
Nor joys bestow, nor comforts lend,
As when I lived so blest, so well,
And dreamt not I must soon contend
With those malignant powers of hell.

PHYSICIAN.

"Less warmth, Sir Eustace, or we go."—

(1) [Original MS.:—

Who comes?—'Approach!—'t is kindly done—
The worthy doctor, and a friend.
'T is more than kind to visit one
Who has not now to spare or spend,
As when I lived so blest, so well!]

PATIENT.

See! I am calm as infant-love,
A very child, but one of wo,
Whom you should pity, not reprove:—
But men at ease, who never strove
With passions wild, will calmly show,
How soon we may their ills remove,
And masters of their madness grow.

Some twenty years, I think, are gone,—
(Time flies, I know not how, away,)
The sun upon no happier shone,
Nor prouder man, than Eustace Grey.
Ask where you would, and all would say,
The man admired and praised of all,
By rich and poor, by grave and gay,
Was the young lord of Greyling Hall.

Yes! I had youth and rosy health;
Was nobly form'd, as man might be;
For sickness, then, of all my wealth,
I never gave a single fee:
The ladies fair, the maidens free,
Were all accustom'd then to say,
Who would a handsome figure see
Should look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

He had a frank and pleasant look,
A cheerful eye and accent bland;
His very speech and manner spoke
The generous heart, the open hand;

About him all was gay or grand,
He had the praise of great and small;
He bought, improved, projected, plann'd,
And reign'd a prince at Greyling Hall.

My lady!—she was all we love;
All praise (to speak her worth) is faint;
Her manners show'd the yielding dove,
Her morals, the seraphic saint:
She never breath'd nor look'd complaint;
No equal upon earth had she:—
Now, what is this fair thing I paint?
Alas! as all that live shall be. (1)

There was, beside, a gallant youth,
And him my bosom's friend, I had;—
Oh! I was rich in very truth,
It made me proud—it made me mad!—
Yes, I was lost—but there was cause!—
Where stood my tale?—I cannot find—
But I had all mankind's applause,
And all the smiles of womankind.

There were two cherub-things beside,
A gracious girl, a glorious boy;
Yet more to swell my full-blown pride,
To varnish higher my fading joy,
Pleasures were ours without alloy,
Nay, Paradise,—till my frail Eve
Our bliss was tempted to destroy—
Deceived and fated to deceive.

(1) [Original MS.:—Worms, doctor, worms, and so are we.]

But I deserved;—for all that time,
When I was loved, admired, caress'd,
There was within, each secret crime,
Unfelt, uncancell'd, unconfess'd:
I never then my God address'd,
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And if His Word was not my jest—
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.

I doubted:—fool I was to doubt!
If that all-piercing eye could see,—
If He who looks all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me:—
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large view, should pass me by. (1)

Thus blest with children, friend, and wife,
Blest far beyond the vulgar lot;
Of all that gladdens human life,
Where was the good, that I had not?
But my vile heart had sinful spot,
And Heaven beheld its deep'ning stain;
Eternal justice I forgot,
And mercy sought not to obtain.

(1) [Here follows, in the original MS.:—

Madman! shall He who made this all,
The parts that form the whole reject?
Is aught with him so great or small,
He cannot punish or protect?
Man's folly may his crimes neglect,
And hope the eye of God to shun;
But there 's of all the account correct—
Not one omitted—no, not one.]

Come near,—I 'll softly speak the rest! —
Alas! 't is known to all the crowd,
Her guilty love was all confess'd;
And his, who so much truth avow'd,
My faithless friend's.—In pleasure proud
I sat, when these cursed tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight was told aloud,
And Envy smiled to hear my shame!

I call'd on Vengeance; at the word
She came:—Can I the deed forget?
I held the sword — the accursed sword
The blood of his false heart made wet;
And that fair victim paid her debt,
She pined, she died, she loath'd to live;—
I saw her dying—see her yet:
Fair fallen thing! my rage forgive!

Those cherubs still, my life to bless,
Were left; could I my fears remove,
Sad fears that check'd each fond caress,
And poison'd all parental love?
Yet that with jealous feelings strove,
And would at last have won my will,
Had I not, wretch! been doom'd to prove
Th' extremes of mortal good and ill.

In youth! health! joy! in beauty's pride!
They droop'd—as flowers when blighted bow;
The dire infection came:—they died,
And I was cursed—as I am now—

Nay, frown not, angry friend,—allow
That I was deeply, sorely tried;
Hear then, and you must wonder how
I could such storms and strifes abide. (1)

Storms!—not that clouds embattled make,
When they afflict this earthly globe;
But such as with their terrors shake
Man's breast, and to the bottom probe;
They make the hypocrite disrobe,
They try us all, if false or true;
For this one Devil had power on Job;
And I was long the slave of two.

PHYSICIAN.

Peace, peace, my friend; these subjects fly;
Collect thy thoughts—go calmly on.—

PATIENT.

And shall I then the fact deny?
I was,—thou know'st,—I was begone,
Like him who fill'd the eastern throne,
To whom the Watcher cried aloud; (2)
That royal wretch of Babylon,
Who was so guilty and so proud.

(1) [MS.:—Nay, frown not—chide not—but allow
Pity to one so sorely tried:
But I am calm—to fate I bow,
And all the storms of life abide.]

(2) "And the king (Nebuchadnezzar) saw a watcher and an holy one come down from heaven," &c.—*Dan.* iv. 23.

Like him, with haughty, stubborn mind,
I, in my state, my comforts sought;
Delight and praise I hoped to find,
In what I builded, planted, bought!
Oh! arrogance! by misery taught —
Soon came a voice! I felt it come;
" Full be his cup, with evil fraught,
" Demons his guides, and death his doom!"

Then was I cast from out my state;
Two fiends of darkness led my way;
They waked me early, watch'd me late,
My dread by night, my plague by day!
Oh! I was made their sport, their play,
Through many a stormy troubled year;
And how they used their passive prey
Is sad to tell: — but you shall hear.

And first before they sent me forth,
Through this unpitying world to run,
They robb'd Sir Eustace of his worth,
Lands, manors, lordships, every one;
So was that gracious man undone,
Was spurn'd as vile, was scorn'd as poor,
Whom every former friend would shun,
And menials drove from every door

Then those ill-favour'd Ones (1), whom none
But my unhappy eyes could view,
Led me, with wild emotion, on,
And, with resistless terror, drew.

(1) See Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breathed, nor grew,
But silence ruled the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep, or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And clothed the crumbling spoils of time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay:
Yet years were not; — one dreadful *Now*
Endured no change of night or day;
The same mild evening's sleeping ray
Shone softly solemn and serene,
And all that time I gazed away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen. (1)

(1) ["There is great force, both of language and conception, in the wild narrative Sir Eustace gives of his frenzy; though we are not sure whether there is not something too elaborate, and too much worked-up in the picture." — JEFFREY.

"In the struggle of the passions, we delight to trace the workings of the soul; we love to mark the swell of every vein, and the throb of every pulse; every stroke that searches a new source of pity and terror we pursue with a busy and inquisitive sympathy. It is from this cause that Mr. Crabbe's delineations of the passions are so just — so touching of the gentle, and of the awful so tremendous. Remorse and madness have been rarely portrayed by a more powerful hand. For feeling, imagery, and agitation of thoughts, the lines in which Sir Eustace Grey tells the story of his insanity are second to few modern productions. The

At length a moment's sleep stole on, —
Again came my commission'd foes;
Again through sea and land we 're gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose:
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land;
I had no strength their strength t'oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierced my frame with icy wound;
And all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.

Slowly that darkness pass'd away,
When down upon the earth I fell, —
Some hurried sleep was mine by day;
But, soon as toll'd the evening bell,
They forced me on, where ever dwell
Far-distant men in cities fair,
Cities of whom no travellers tell,
Nor feet but mine were wanderers there.

---

contrast between the state of the madness, and the evening scene on which he was condemned to gaze, gives a tone of penetrating anguish to these verses." — GIFFORD.]

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast,
As on we hurry through the dark;
The watch-light blinks as we go past,
The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark;
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill; and, hark!
The free wind blows—we've left the town —
A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
And on a tombstone place me down

What monuments of mighty dead!
What tombs of various kind are found!
And stones erect their shadows shed
On humble graves, with wickers bound,
Some risen fresh, above the ground,
Some level with the native clay:
What sleeping millions wait the sound,
"Arise, ye dead, and come away!"

Alas! they stay not for that call;
Spare me this woe! ye demons, spare! —
They come! the shrouded shadows all, —
'Tis more than mortal brain can bear;
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man upheld by vital breath;
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death!

Yes, I have felt all man can feel,
Till he shall pay his nature's debt;
Ills that no hope has strength to heal,
No mind the comfort to forget:

Whatever cares the heart can fret,
The spirits wear, the temper gall,
Woe, want, dread, anguish, all beset
My sinful soul! — together all! (1)

Those fiends upon a shaking fen
Fix'd me, in dark tempestuous night
There never trod the foot of men,
There flock'd the fowl in wint'ry flight;
There danced the moor's deceitful light
Above the pool where sedges grow;
And when the morning-sun shone bright,
It shone upon a field of snow

They hung me on a bough so small,
The rook could build her nest no higher;
They fix'd me on the trembling ball
That crowns the steeple's quiv'ring spire;
They set me where the seas retire,
But drown with their returning tide;
And made me flee the mountain's fire,
When rolling from its burning side.

I 've hung upon the ridgy steep
Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier
I 've plunged below the billowy deep,
Where air was sent me to respire;

(1) [MS. Ills that no medicines can heal,
And griefs that no man can forget;
Whatever cares the mind can fret,
The spirits wear, the bosom gall—
Pain, hunger, prison, duns, and debt,
Foul-fiends and fear, — I 've felt ye all.]

I 've been where hungry wolves retire;
And (to complete my woes) I've ran
Where Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
Against the life of reasoning man.

I 've furl'd in storms the flapping sail,
By hanging from the topmast-head;
I 've served the vilest slaves in jail,
And pick'd the dunghill's spoil for bread;
I 've made the badger's hole my bed,
I 've wander'd with a gipsy crew;
I 've dreaded all the guilty dread,
And done what they would fear to do. (1)

On sand, where ebbs and flows the flood,
Midway they placed and bade me die;
Propt on my staff, I stoutly stood
When the swift waves came rolling by;
And high they rose, and still more high,
Till my lips drank the bitter brine;
I sobb'd convulsed, then cast mine eye,
And saw the tide's re-flowing sign.

And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield but my unhappy case;
I 've been of thousand devils caught,
And thrust into that horrid place,

(1) ["There is great force in these two lines; but that which gives the last finish to this vision of despair is contained in these words:—

'And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield, but my unhappy case.'"— GIFFORD.

Where reign dismay, despair, disgrace;
Furies with iron fangs were there,
To torture that accursed race,
Doom'd to dismay, disgrace, despair.

Harmless I was; yet hunted down
For treasons, to my soul unfit;
I 've been pursued through many a town,
For crimes that petty knaves commit;
I 've been adjudged t' have lost my wit,
Because I preach'd so loud and well;
And thrown into the dungeon's pit,
For trampling on the pit of hell.

Such were the evils, man of sin,
That I was fated to sustain;
And add to all, without — within,
A soul defiled with every stain
That man's reflecting mind can pain;
That pride, wrong, rage, despair, can make;
In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity will the vilest seek,
If punish'd guilt will not repine, —
I heard a heavenly Teacher speak,
And felt the SUN OF MERCY shine:
I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
And then was seal'd among the few;
Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
And from me in an instant flew.

Come hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep, the strays of sin,
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in:
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries: — (1).

Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
" Come the way to Zion's gate,
" There, till Mercy let thee in,
" Knock and weep and watch and wait.
" Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry:
" Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
" Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
" Wait,—till heavenly light appears.

" Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice;
" Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
" Now within the gate rejoice,
" Safe and seal'd and bought and blest!
" Safe—from all the lures of vice,
" Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
" Bought—by love and life the price,
" Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

(1) It has been suggested to me, that this change from restlessness to repose, in the mind of Sir Eustace, is wrought by a methodistic call; and it is admitted to be such: a sober and rational conversion could not have happened while the disorder of the brain continued: yet the verses which follow, in a different measure, are not intended to make any religious persuasion appear ridiculous; they are to be supposed as the effect of memory in the disordered mind of the speaker, and, though evidently enthusiastic in respect to language, are not meant to convey any impropriety of sentiment.

" Holy Pilgrim! what for thee
" In a world like this remain?
" From thy guarded breast shall flee
" Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
" Fear—the hope of Heaven shall fly,
" Shame—from glory's view retire,
" Doubt—in certain rapture die,
" Pain—in endless bliss expire."

But though my day of grace was come,
Yet still my days of grief I find;
The former clouds' collected gloom
Still sadden the reflecting mind;
The soul, to evil things consign'd,
Will of their evil some retain;
The man will seem to earth inclined,
And will not look erect again.

Thus, though elect, I feel it hard
To lose what I possess'd before,
To be from all my wealth debarr'd,—
The brave Sir Eustace is no more:
But old I wax and passing poor,
Stern, rugged men my conduct view;
They chide my wish, they bar my door,
'Tis hard—I weep—you see I do:—

Must you, my friends, no longer stay?
Thus quickly all my pleasures end;
But I'll remember, when I pray,
My kind physician and his friend;

And those sad hours, you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love at Greyling Hall.

VISITOR.

The poor Sir Eustace!—Yet his hope
Leads him to think of joys again;
And when his earthly visions droop,
His views of heavenly kind remain:—
But whence that meek and humbled strain,
That spirit wounded, lost, resign'd?
Would not so proud a soul disdain
The madness of the poorest mind?

PHYSICIAN.

No! for the more he swell'd with pride,
The more he felt misfortune's blow;
Disgrace and grief he could not hide,
And poverty had laid him low:
Thus shame and sorrow working slow,
At length this humble spirit gave;
Madness on these began to grow,
And bound him to his fiends a slave.

Though the wild thoughts had touch'd his brain,
Then was he free:—So, forth he ran;
To soothe or threat, alike were vain:
He spake of fiends; look'd wild and wan;

Year after year, the hurried man
Obey'd those fiends from place to place;
Till his religious change began
To form a frenzied child of grace.

For, as the fury lost its strength,
The mind reposed; by slow degrees
Came lingering hope, and brought at length,
To the tormented spirit, ease:
This slave of sin, whom fiends could seize,
Felt or believed their power had end;—
"'Tis faith," he cried, "my bosom frees,
"And now my SAVIOUR is my friend."

But ah! though time can yield relief,
And soften woes it cannot cure;
Would we not suffer pain and grief,
To have our reason sound and sure?
Then let us keep our bosoms pure,
Our fancy's favourite flights suppress;
Prepare the body to endure,
And bend the mind to meet distress;
And then HIS guardian care implore,
Whom demons dread and men adore.

THE

HALL OF JUSTICE.

IN TWO PARTS. (1)

(1) [See *ante*, p. 99.]

THE

HALL OF JUSTICE.

PART I.

Confiteor facere hoc annos; sed et altera causa est,
Anxietas animi, continuusque dolor.

OVID.

MAGISTRATE, VAGRANT, CONSTABLE, &c.

VAGRANT.

TAKE, take away thy barbarous hand,
And let me to thy Master speak;
Remit awhile the harsh command,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

MAGISTRATE.

Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate,
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?
Thy crime is proved, thou know'st thy fate;
But come, thy tale!—begin, begin!—

VAGRANT.

My crime!——This sick'ning child to feed,
I seized the food, your witness saw;
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law. (1)

Know'st thou, to Nature's great command
All human laws are frail and weak?
Nay! frown not—stay his eager hand,
And hear me, or my heart will break.

In this, th' adopted babe I hold
With anxious fondness to my breast,
My heart's sole comfort I behold,
More dear than life, when life was blest;
I saw her pining, fainting, cold,
I begg'd—but vain was my request.

I saw the tempting food, and seized—
My infant-sufferer found relief;
And, in the pilfer'd treasure pleased,
Smiled on my guilt, and hush'd my grief.

But I have griefs of other kind,
Troubles and sorrows more severe;
Give me to ease my tortured mind,
Lend to my woes a patient ear;
And let me—if I may not find
A friend to help—find one to hear.

(1) [Original MS.:— Or,——

What is my crime? a deed of love;
I fed my child with pilfer'd food:
Your laws will not the act approve,
The law of Nature deems it good.]

Yet nameless let me plead—my name
Would only wake the cry of scorn;
A child of sin, conceived in shame,
Brought forth in woe, to misery born.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;
With them, by want on error forced,
Like them, I base and guilty grew.

Few are my years, not so my crimes;
The age, which these sad looks declare,
Is Sorrow's work, it is not Time's,
And I am old in shame and care. (1)

Taught to believe the world a place
Where every stranger was a foe,
Train'd in the arts that mark our race,
To what new people could I go?
Could I a better life embrace,
Or live as virtue dictates? No!—

So through the land I wandering went,
And little found of grief or joy;
But lost my bosom's sweet content
When first I loved—the Gipsy-Boy.

(1) [MS. :— My years, indeed, are sad and few,
Though weak these limbs, and shrunk this frame:
For Grief has done what Time should do;
And I am old in care and shame.]

A sturdy youth he was and tall,
His looks would all his soul declare ;
His piercing eyes were deep and small,
And strongly curl'd his raven-hair.

Yes, AARON had each manly charm,
All in the May of youthful pride,
He scarcely fear'd his father's arm,
And every other arm defied.—

Oft, when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?)
I rose, their wrathful souls to calm,
Not yet in sinful combat tried.

His father was our party's chief,
And dark and dreadful was his look ;
His presence fill'd my heart with grief,
Although to me he kindly spoke.

With Aaron I delighted went,
His favour was my bliss and pride ;
In growing hope our days we spent,
Love growing charms in either spied,
It saw them, all which Nature lent,
It lent them, all which she denied.

Could I the father's kindness prize,
Or grateful looks on him bestow,
Whom I beheld in wrath arise,
When Aaron sunk beneath his blow?

He drove him down with wicked hand,
It was a dreadful sight to see;
Then vex'd him, till he left the land,
And told his cruel love to me;—
The clan were all at his command,
Whatever his command might be.

The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and sleep,
I only wept and wish'd for day.

Accursed be the love he bore,
Accursed was the force he used,
So let him of his God implore
For mercy, and be so refused!

You frown again,—to show my wrong,
Can I in gentle language speak?
My woes are deep, my words are strong,—
And hear me, or my heart will break.

MAGISTRATE.

I hear thy words, I feel thy pain;
Forbear awhile to speak thy woes;
Receive our aid, and then again
The story of thy life disclose.

For, though seduced and led astray,
Thou 'st travell'd far and wander'd long;
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.

THE

HALL OF JUSTICE.

PART II.

Quondam ridentes oculi, nunc fonte perenni
Deplorant pœnas nocte dieque suas.
Corn. Galli Eleg.

MAGISTRATE.

COME, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart
Till we discern the wounds within.

Compunction weeps our guilt away,
The sinner's safety is his pain;
Such pangs for our offences pay,
And these severer griefs are gain.

VAGRANT.

The son came back—he found us wed,
Then dreadful was the oath he swore;—
His way through Blackburn Forest led,—
His father we beheld no more.

Of all our daring clan not one
Would on the doubtful subject dwell;
For all esteem'd the injured son,
And fear'd the tale which he could tell.

But I had mightier cause for fear,
For slow and mournful round my bed
saw a dreadful form appear, —
It came when I and Aaron wed.

Yes! we were wed, I know my crime, —
We slept beneath the elmin tree;
But I was grieving all the time,
And Aaron frown'd my tears to see.

For he not yet had felt the pain
That rankles in a wounded breast;
He waked to sin, then slept again,
Forsook his God, yet took his rest. —

But I was forced to feign delight,
And joy in mirth and music sought, —
And mem'ry now recalls the night,
With such surprise and horror fraught,
That reason felt a moment's flight,
And left a mind to madness wrought. (1)

When waking, on my heaving breast
I felt a hand as cold as death:
A sudden fear my voice suppress'd,
A chilling terror stopp'd my breath. —

I seem'd — no words can utter how!
For there my father-husband stood, —

(1) [MS. : — Compell'd to feast in full delight
When I was sad and wanted power,
Can I forget that dismal night?
Ah! how did I survive the hour?]

And thus he said:—"Will God allow,
"The great Avenger just and Good,
"A wife to break her marriage vow?
"A son to shed his father's blood?" (1)

I trembled at the dismal sounds,
But vainly strove a word to say;
So, pointing to his bleeding wounds,
The threat'ning spectre stalk'd away. (2)

I brought a lovely daughter forth,
His father's child, in Aaron's bed;
He took her from me in his wrath,
"Where is my child?"—"Thy child is dead."

'T was false—we wander'd far and wide,
Through town and country, field and fen,
Till Aaron, fighting, fell and died,
And I became a wife again.

I then was young:—my husband sold
My fancied charms for wicked price,
He gave me oft for sinful gold,
The slave, but not the friend of vice:—
Behold me, Heaven! my pains behold,
And let them for my sins suffice!

(1) [MS.:—Or——
And there my father-husband stood—
I felt no words can tell you how—
As he was wont in angry mood,
And thus he cried, "Will God allow," &c.]

(2) The state of mind here described will account for a vision of this nature, without having recourse to any supernatural appearance.

The wretch who lent me thus for gain,
Despised me when my youth was fled;
Then came disease, and brought me pain: —
Come, Death, and bear me to the dead!
For though I grieve, my grief is vain,
And fruitless all the tears I shed.

True, I was not to virtue train'd,
Yet well I knew my deeds were ill;
By each offence my heart was pain'd,
I wept, but I offended still;
My better thoughts my life disdain'd,
But yet the viler led my will.

My husband died, and now no more
My smile was sought, or ask'd my hand,
A widow'd vagrant, vile and poor,
Beneath a vagrant's vile command.

Ceaseless I roved the country round,
To win my bread by fraudful arts,
And long a poor subsistence found,
By spreading nets for simple hearts.

Though poor, and abject, and despised,
Their fortunes to the crowd I told;
I gave the young the love they prized,
And promised wealth to bless the old;
Schemes for the doubtful I devised,
And charms for the forsaken sold.

At length for arts like these confined
In prison with a lawless crew,
I soon perceived a kindred mind,
And there my long-lost daughter knew;

His father's child, whom Aaron gave
To wander with a distant clan,
The miseries of the world to brave,
And be the slave of vice and man.

She knew my name—we met in pain,
Our parting pangs can I express?
She sail'd a convict o'er the main,
And left an heir to her distress.

This is that heir to shame and pain,
For whom I only could descry
A world of trouble and disdain:
Yet, could I bear to see her die,
Or stretch her feeble hands in vain,
And, weeping, beg of me supply?

No! though the fate thy mother knew
Was shameful! shameful though thy race
Have wander'd all a lawless crew,
Outcasts despised in every place;

Yet as the dark and muddy tide,
When far from its polluted source,
Becomes more pure and purified,
Flows in a clear and happy course;

In thee, dear infant! so may end
Our shame, in thee our sorrows cease!
And thy pure course will then extend,
In floods of joy, o'er vales of peace.

Oh! by the GOD who loves to spare,
Deny me not the boon I crave;
Let this loved child your mercy share,
And let me find a peaceful grave;

Make her yet spotless soul your care,
And let my sins their portion have;
Her for a better fate prepare,
And punish whom 'twere sin to save!

MAGISTRATE.

Recall the word, renounce the thought,
Command thy heart and bend thy knee.
There is to all a pardon brought,
A ransom rich, assured and free;
'T is full when found, 't is found if sought,
Oh! seek it, till 'tis seal'd to thee.

VAGRANT.

But how my pardon shall I know?

MAGISTRATE.

By feeling dread that 't is not sent,
By tears for sin that freely flow,
By grief, that all thy tears are spent,

By thoughts on that great debt we owe,
With all the mercy GOD has lent,
By suffering what thou canst not show,
Yet showing how thine heart is rent,
Till thou canst feel thy bosom glow,
And say, "MY SAVIOUR, I REPENT!" (1)

(1) ["The Hall of Justice, or the story of the Gypsy Convict, is very nervous,—very shocking,—and very powerfully represented. It is written with very unusual power of language, and shows Mr. Crabbe to have great mastery over the tragic passions of pity and horror."—JEFFREY.]

WOMAN!

MR. LEDYARD, AS QUOTED BY MUNGO PARKE IN HIS TRAVELS INTO AFRICA —

"To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and "friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was "hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like Men, to "perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they "contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; "and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores, she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

" What though so pale his haggard face,
" So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries;
" And far unlike our nobler race,
" With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
" Yet misery marks him of our kind;
" We see him lost, alone, afraid;
" And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
" Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

" Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
" There are who in these forms delight;
" Whose milky features please them more,
" Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright;
" Of such may be his weeping wife,
" Such children for their sire may call,
" And if we spare his ebbing life,
" Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze:—
" From some sad land the stranger comes,
" Where joys like ours are never found;
" Let 's soothe him in our happy homes,
" Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

" 'T is good the fainting soul to cheer,
" To see the famish'd stranger fed;
" To milk for him the mother-deer,
" To smooth for him the furry bed.

" The powers above our Lapland bless
" With good no other people know;
" T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
" By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'T is hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer. (1)

(1) [In Mr. Crabbe's note-book, which contains the original draught of "Woman," there occur also the following stanzas: —

A weary Traveller walk'd his way,
With grief and want and pain opprest:
His looks were sad, his locks were grey:
He sought for food, he sigh'd for rest.

A wealthy grazier pass'd — "Attend,"
The sufferer cried — "some aid allow:" —
"Thou art not of my parish, Friend;
Nor am I in mine office now."

He dropt, and more impatient pray'd —
A mild adviser heard the word:
"Be patient, Friend!" he kindly said,
"And wait the leisure of the Lord."

Another comes! — "Turn, stranger, turn!"
"Not so!" replied a voice; "I mean
"The candle of the Lord to burn
"With mine own flock on Save-all Green;

"To war with Satan, thrust for thrust;
"To gain my lamb he led astray;
"The Spirit drives me: on I must —
"Yea, woe is me, if I delay!"

But WOMAN came! by Heaven design'd
To ease the heart that throbs with pain —
She gave relief — abundant — kind —
And bad him go in peace again.]

APPENDIX.

No. I.

INEBRIETY; A POEM.

PUBLISHED AT IPSWICH, IN 1775. (1)

THE mighty spirit, and its power, which stains (2)
The bloodless cheek, and vivifies the brains,
I sing. Say, ye, its fiery vot'ries true,
The jovial curate, and the shrill-tongued shrew;
Ye, in the floods of limpid poison nurst,
Where bowl the second charms like bowl the first;
Say how, and why, the sparkling ill is shed,
The heart which hardens, and which rules the head.
When winter stern his gloomy front uprears,
A sable void the barren earth appears;
The meads no more their former verdure boast,
Fast bound their streams, and all their beauty lost;
The herds, the flocks, in icy garments mourn,
And wildly murmur for the spring's return;

(1) For particulars respecting this juvenile production of Mr. Crabbe, see Vol. i. p. 94. In the following reprint some couplets are omitted, but nothing has been altered.

(2) "The mighty Mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings," &c.
POPE's *Dunciad.*

From snow-topp'd hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods, and pierce the vales below;
Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies;
The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms bare,
And shed their substance on the floating air;
The floating air their downy substance glides
Through springing waters, and prevents their tides;
Seizes the rolling waves, and, as a god,
Charms their swift race, and stops the refluent flood;
The opening valves, which fill the venal road,
Then scarcely urge along the sanguine flood;
The labouring pulse, a slower motion rules,
The tendons stiffen, and the spirit cools;
Each asks the aid of Nature's sister, Art,
To cheer the senses, and to warm the heart.
The gentle fair on nervous tea relies,
Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes;
An inoffensive scandal fluttering round,
Too rough to tickle, and too light to wound;
Champagne the courtier drinks, the spleen to chase,
The colonel burgundy, and port his grace;
Turtle and 'rrac the city rulers charm,
Ale and content the labouring peasants warm:
O'er the dull embers, happy Colin sits,
Colin, the prince of joke, and rural wits;
Whilst the wind whistles through the hollow panes,
He drinks, nor of the rude assault complains;
And tells the tale, from sire to son retold,
Of spirits vanishing near hidden gold;
Of moon-clad imps that tremble by the dew,
Who skim the air, or glide o'er waters blue:
The throng invisible that, doubtless, float
By mouldering tombs, and o'er the stagnant moat;
Fays dimly glancing on the russet plain,
And all the dreadful nothing of the green.

Peace be to such, the happiest and the best,
Who with the forms of fancy urge their jest;
Who wage no war with an avenger's rod,
Nor in the pride of reason curse their God.
When in the vaulted arch Lucina gleams,
And gaily dances o'er the azure streams;
On silent ether when a trembling sound
Reverberates, and wildly floats around,
Breaking through trackless space upon the ear,
Conclude the Bacchanalian rustic near:
O'er hills and vales the jovial savage reels,
Fire in his head and frenzy at his heels;
From paths direct the bending hero swerves,
And shapes his way in ill-proportioned curves.
Now safe arrived, his sleeping rib he calls,
And madly thunders on the muddy wa'ls;
The well-known sounds an equal fury move,
For rage meets rage, as love enkindles love:
In vain the 'waken'd infant's accents shrill,
The humble regions of the cottage fill;
In vain the cricket chirps the mansion through,
'Tis war, and blood, and battle must ensue.
As when, on humble stage, him Satan hight
Defies the brazen hero to the fight:
From twanging strokes what dire misfortunes rise,
What fate to maple arms and glassen eyes!
Here lies a leg of elm, and there a stroke
From ashen neck has whirl'd a head of oak.
So drops from either power, with vengeance big,
A remnant night-cap and an old cut wig;
Titles unmusical retorted round,
On either ear with leaden vengeance sound;
Till equal valour, equal wounds create,
And drowsy peace concludes the fell debate;
Sleep in her woollen mantle wraps the pair,
And sheds her poppies on the ambient air;
Intoxication flies, as fury fled,
On rooky pinions quits the aching head;

Returning reason cools the fiery blood,
And drives from memory's seat the rosy god.
Yet still he holds o'er some his maddening rule,
Still sways his sceptre, and still knows his fool;
Witness the livid lip, and fiery front,
With many a smarting trophy placed upon't;
The hollow eye, which plays in misty springs,
And the hoarse voice, which rough and broken rings.
These are his triumphs, and o'er these he reigns,
The blinking deity of reeling brains.
See Inebriety! her wand she waves,
And lo! her pale, and lo! her purple slaves!
Sots in embroidery, and sots in crape,
Of every order, station, rank, and shape:
The king, who nods upon his rattle throne;
The staggering peer, to midnight revel prone;
The slow-tongued bishop, and the deacon sly,
The humble pensioner, and gownsman dry;
The proud, the mean, the selfish, and the great,
Swell the dull throng, and stagger into state.
Lo! proud Flaminius at the splendid board,
The easy chaplain of an atheist lord,
Quaffs the bright juice, with all the gust of sense,
And clouds his brain in torpid elegance;
In china vases, see! the sparkling ill,
From gay decanters view the rosy rill;
The neat-carved pipes in silver settle laid,
The screw by mathematic cunning made:
Oh, happy priest! whose God, like Egypt's, lies,
At once the deity and sacrifice.
But is Flaminius then the man alone
To whom the joys of swimming brains are known?
Lo! the poor toper whose untutor'd sense,
Sees bliss in ale, and can with wine dispense; (1)

(1) "Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind," &c.
POPE's *Essay on Man.*

Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer,
Beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer;
But simple nature can her longing quench,
Behind the settle's curve, or humbler bench:
Some kitchen fire diffusing warmth around,
The semi-globe by hieroglyphics crown'd;
Where canvass purse displays the brass enroll'd,
Nor waiters rave, nor landlords thirst for gold;
Ale and content his fancy's bounds confine,
He asks no limpid punch, no rosy wine;
But sees, admitted to an equal share,
Each faithful swain the heady potion bear:
Go wiser thou! and in thy scale of taste,
Weigh gout and gravel against ale and rest;
Call vulgar palates what thou judgest so;
Say beer is heavy, windy, cold, and slow;
Laugh at poor sots with insolent pretence,
Yet cry, when tortured, where is Providence?

In various forms the madd'ning spirit moves,
This drinks and fights, another drinks and loves.
A bastard zeal, of different kinds it shows,
And now with rage, and now religion glows:
The frantic soul bright reason's path defies,
Now creeps on earth, now triumphs in the skies;
Swims in the seas of error, and explores,
Through midnight mists, the fluctuating shores;
From wave to wave in rocky channel glides,
And sinks in woe, or on presumption slides;
In pride exalted, or by shame deprest,
An angel-devil, or a human-beast.

Some rage in all the strength of folly mad;
Some love stupidity, in silence clad,
Are never quarrelsome, are never gay,
But sleep, and groan, and drink the night away;
Old Torpio nods, and as the laugh goes round,
Grunts through the nasal duct, and joins the sound.

Then sleeps again, and, as the liquors pass,
Wakes at the friendly jog, and takes his glass:
Alike to him who stands, or reels, or moves,
The elbow chair, good wine, and sleep he loves;
Nor cares of state disturb his easy head,
By grosser fumes, and calmer follies fed;
Nor thoughts of when, or where, or how to come,
The canvass general, or the general doom
Extremes ne'er reach'd one passion of his soul,
A villain tame, and an unmettled fool,
To half his vices he has but pretence,
For they usurp the place of common sense;
To half his little merits has no claim,
For very indolence has raised his name;
Happy in this, that, under Satan's sway,
His passions tremble, but will not obey.
The vicar at the table's front presides,
Whose presence a monastic life derides;
The reverend wig, in sideway order placed,
The reverend band, by rubric stains disgraced,
The leering eye, in wayward circles roll'd,
Mark him the pastor of a jovial fold,
Whose various texts excite a loud applause,
Favouring the bottle, and the good old cause.
See! the dull smile which fearfully appears,
When gross indecency her front uprears,
The joy conceal'd, the fiercer burns within,
As masks afford the keenest gust to sin;
Imagination helps the reverend sire,
And spreads the sails of sub-divine desire;
But when the gay immoral joke goes round,
When shame and all her blushing train are drown'd,
Rather than hear his God blasphemed, he takes
The last loved glass, and then the board forsakes.
Not that religion prompts the sober thought,
But slavish custom has the practice taught;

Besides, this zealous son of warm devotion
Has a true Levite bias for promotion.
Vicars must with discretion go astray,
Whilst bishops may be damn'd the nearest way:
So puny robbers individuals kill,
When hector-heroes murder as they will.
Good honest Curio elbows the divine,
And strives a social sinner how to shine;
The dull quaint tale is his, the lengthen'd tale,
That Wilton farmers give you with their ale,
How midnight ghosts o'er vaults terrific pass,
Dance o'er the grave, and slide along the grass;
Or how pale Cicely within the wood
Call'd Satan forth, and bargain'd with her blood:
These, honest Curio, are thine, and these
Are the dull treasures of a brain at peace;
No wit intoxicates thy gentle skull,
Of heavy, native, unwrought folly full:
Bowl upon bowl in vain exert their force,
The breathing spirit takes a downward course,
Or vainly soaring upwards to the head,
Meets an impenetrable fence of lead.
Hast thou, oh reader! search'd o'er gentle Gay,
Where various animals their powers display?
In one strange group a chattering race are hurl'd,
Led by the monkey who had seen the world.
Like him Fabricio steals from guardian's side,
Swims not in pleasure's stream, but sips the tide:
He hates the bottle, yet but thinks it right
To boast next day the honours of the night;
None like your coward can describe a fight.
See him as down the sparkling potion goes,
Labour to grin away the horrid dose;
In joy-feign'd gaze his misty eyeballs float,
Th' uncivil spirit gurgling at his throat;
So looks dim Titan through a wintry scene,
And faintly cheers the woe foreboding swain.

Timon, long practised in the school of art,
Has lost each finer feeling of the heart;
Triumphs o'er shame, and, with delusive wiles,
Laughs at the idiot he himself beguiles:
So matrons past the awe of censure's tongue,
Deride the blushes of the fair and young.
Few with more fire on every subject spoke,
But chief he loved the gay immoral joke;
The words most sacred, stole from holy writ,
He gave a newer form, and call'd them wit.
Vice never had a more sincere ally,
So bold no sinner, yet no saint so sly;
Learn'd, but not wise, and without virtue brave,
A gay, deluding, philosophic knave.
When Bacchus' joys his airy fancy fire,
They stir a new, but still a false desire;
And to the comfort of each untaught fool,
Horace in English vindicates the bowl.
" The man," says Timon, " who is drunk is blest, (1)
" No fears disturb, no cares destroy his rest;
" In thoughtless joy he reels away his life,
" Nor dreads that worst of ills, a noisy wife."
" Oh! place me, Jove, where none but women come,
" And thunders worse than thine afflict the room,
" Where one eternal nothing flutters round,
" And senseless titt'ring sense of mirth confound;
" Or lead me bound to garret, Babel-high,
" Where frantic poet rolls his crazy eye,
" Tiring the ear with oft-repeated chimes,
" And smiling at the never-ending rhymes:
" E'en here, or there, I'll be as blest as Jove,
" Give me tobacco, and the wine I love."
Applause from hands the dying accents break,
Of stagg'ring sots who vainly try to speak;

(1) " Integer vitæ, scelerisque puris
Non eget," &c. &c.

HORACE.

From Milo, him who hangs upon each word,
And in loud praises splits the tortured board,
Collects each sentence, ere it's better known,
And makes the mutilated joke his own,
At weekly club to flourish, where he rules,
The glorious president of grosser fools.
But cease, my Muse! of those, or these enough,
The fools who listen, and the knaves who scoff;
The jest profane, that mocks th' offended God,
Defies his power, and sets at nought his rod;
The empty laugh, discretion's vainest foe,
From fool to fool re-echoed to and fro;
The sly indecency, that slowly springs
From barren wit, and halts on trembling wings:
Enough of these, and all the charms of wine,
Be sober joys, and social evenings mine;
Where peace and reason, unsoil'd mirth improve
The powers of friendship and the joys of love;
Where thought meets thought ere words its form array,
And all is sacred, elegant, and gay:
Such pleasure leaves no sorrow on the mind,
Too great to fall, to sicken too refined;
Too soft for noise, and too sublime for art,
The social solace of the feeling heart,
For sloth too rapid, and for wit too high,
'Tis VIRTUE's pleasure, and can never die!

No. II.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE

FROM

MR. CRABBE'S EARLY NOTE-BOOKS.

YE GENTLE GALES.

Woodbridge, 1776.

Ye gentle Gales, that softly move,
Go whisper to the Fair I love;
Tell her I languish and adore,
And pity in return implore.

But if she's cold to my request,
Ye louder Winds, proclaim the rest —
My sighs, my tears, my griefs proclaim,
And speak in strongest notes my flame.

Still if she rests in mute disdain,
And thinks I feel a common pain —
Wing'd with my woes, ye Tempests, fly,
And tell the haughty Fair I die.

MIRA.

Aldborough, 1777.

A WANTON chaos in my breast raged high,
A wanton transport darted in mine eye;

False pleasure urged, and ev'ry eager care,
That swell the soul to guilt and to despair.
My Mira came! be ever blest the hour,
That drew my thoughts half way from folly's power;
She first my soul with loftier notions fired;
I saw their truth, and as I saw admired;
With greater force returning reason moved,
And as returning reason urged, I loved;
Till pain, reflection, hope, and love allied
My bliss precarious to a surer guide —
To Him who gives pain, reason, hope, and love,
Each for that end that angels must approve.
One beam of light He gave my mind to see,
And gave that light, my heavenly fair, by thee;
That beam shall raise my thoughts, and mend my strain,
Nor shall my vows, nor prayers, nor verse be vain.

HYMN.

Beccles, 1778.

Oh, Thou! who taught my infant eye
To pierce the air, and view the sky,
To see my God in earth and seas,
To hear him in the vernal breeze,
To know him midnight thoughts among,
O guide my soul, and aid my song.
Spirit of Light! do thou impart
Majestic truths, and teach my heart;
Teach me to know how weak I am;
How vain my powers, how poor my frame;
Teach me celestial paths untrod —
The ways of glory and of God.

No more let me, in vain surprise,
To heathen art give up my eyes —
To piles laborious science rear'd
For heroes brave, or tyrants fear'd;
But quit Philosophy, and see
The Fountain of her works in Thee.

Fond man! yon glassy mirror eye —
Go, pierce the flood, and there descry
The miracles that float between
The rainy leaves of wat'ry green;
Old Ocean's hoary treasures scan; ...
See nations swimming round a span.

Then wilt thou say — and rear no more
Thy monuments in mystic lore —
My God! I quit my vain design,
And drop my work to gaze on Thine:
Henceforth I'll frame myself to be,
Oh, Lord! a monument of Thee.

THE WISH.

Aldborough, 1778.

Give me, ye Powers that rule in gentle hearts!
The full design, complete in all its parts,
Th' enthusiastic glow, that swells the soul —
When swell'd too much, the judgment to control —
The happy ear that feels the flowing force
Of the smooth line's uninterrupted course;
Give me, oh give! if not in vain the prayer,
That sacred wealth, poetic worth to share —
Be it my boast to please and to improve,
To warm the soul to virtue and to love;

To paint the passions, and to teach mankind
Our greatest pleasures are the most refined;
The cheerful tale with fancy to rehearse,
And gild the moral with the charm of verse.

THE COMPARISON.

Parham, 1778.

Friendship is like the gold refined,
And all may weigh its worth;
Love like the ore, brought undesign'd
In virgin beauty forth.

Friendship may pass from age to age,
And yet remain the same;
Love must in many a toil engage,
And melt in lambent flame.

GOLDSMITH TO THE AUTHOR.

"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

Aldborough, 1778.

You 're in love with the Muses! Well, grant it be true,
When, good Sir, were the Muses enamour'd of you?
Read first, — if my lectures your fancy delight, —
Your taste is diseased: — can your cure be to *write*?

You suppose you 're a genius, that ought to engage
The attention of wits, and the smiles of the age:
Would the wits of the age their opinion make known,
Why—every man thinks just the same of his own.

You imagine that Pope—but yourself you beguile—
Would have wrote the same things, had he chose the same style.
Delude not yourself with so fruitless a hope,—
Had he chose the same style, he had never been Pope.

You think of *my* muse with a friendly regard,
And rejoice in her author's esteem and reward.
But let not his glory your spirits elate,
When pleased with his honours, remember his fate.

FRAGMENT.

" Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

Aldborough, 1778.

Proud, little Man, opinion's slave,
Error's fond child, too duteous to be free,
Say, from the cradle to the grave,
Is not the earth thou tread'st too grand for thee?
This globe that turns thee, on her agile wheel
Moves by deep springs, which thou canst never feel:
Her day and night, her centre and her sun,
Untraced by thee, their annual courses run.
A busy fly, thou sharest the march divine,
And flattering fancy calls the motion thine:
Untaught how soon some hanging grave may burst,
And join thy flimsy substance to the dust.

THE RESURRECTION.

Aldborough, 1778.

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

So, when the world and all its woes
Are vanish'd far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day,—

When, from the confines of the grave,
The body too shall rise;
No more precarious passion's slave,
Nor error's sacrifice.

'Tis but a sleep — and Sion's king
Will call the many dead:
'Tis but a sleep — and then we sing,
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes! — wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear,
And Nature has her types to show
Throughout the varying year.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Aldborough, Dec. 24. 1778.

THROUGH a dull tract of woe, of dread,
The toiling year has pass'd and fled:
And, lo! in sad and pensive strain,
I sing my birth-day date again.

Trembling and poor, I saw the light,
New waking from unconscious night:
Trembling and poor I still remain
To meet unconscious night again.

Time in my pathway strews few flowers,
To cheer or cheat the weary hours;
And those few strangers, dear indeed,
Are choked, are check'd, by many a weed.

TO ELIZA.

Beccles, 1779.

The Hebrew king, with spleen possest,
By David's harp was soothed to rest;
Yet, when the magic song was o'er,
The soft delusion charm'd no more:
The former fury fired the brain,
And every care return'd again.

But, had he known Eliza's skill
To bless the sense and bind the will,
To bid the gloom of care retire,
And fan the flame of fond desire,
Remembrance then had kept the strain,
And not a care return'd again.

LIFE.

Aldborough, 1779.

THINK ye the joys that fill our early day,
Are the poor prelude to some full repast.
Think you they *promise?* — ah! believe they *pay:*
The purest ever, they are oft the last.
The jovial swain that yokes the morning team,
And all the verdure of the field enjoys,
See him, how languid! when the noontide beam
Plays on his brow, and all his force destroys.
So 'tis with us, when, love and pleasure fled,
We at the summit of our hill arrive:
Lo! the gay lights of Youth are past — are dead,
But what still deepening clouds of Care survive!

THE SACRAMENT.

Aldborough, 1779.

O! SACRED gift of God to man,
A faith that looks above,
And sees the deep amazing plan
Of sanctifying love.

Thou dear and yet tremendous God,
Whose glory pride reviles;
How did'st thou change thy awful rod
To pard'ning grace and smiles!

Shut up with sin, with shame, below,
I trust, this bondage past,
A great, a glorious change to know,
And to be bless'd at last.

I *do* believe, that, God of light!
Thou didst to earth descend,
With Satan and with Sin to fight—
Our great, our only friend.

I *know* thou did'st ordain for me,
Thy creature, bread and wine;
The depth of grace I cannot see,
But worship the design.

NIGHT.

Aldborough, 1779.

The sober stillness of the night
That fills the silent air,
And all that breathes along the shore
Invite to solemn prayer.

Vouchsafe to me that spirit, Lord!
Which points the sacred way,
And let thy creatures here below
Instruct me how to pray.

FRAGMENT, WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Aldborough, 1779.

Or, great Apollo! by whose equal aid
The verse is written, and the med'cine made;
Shall thus a boaster, with his fourfold powers,
In triumph scorn this sacred art of ours?

Insulting quack! on thy sad business go,
And land the stranger on this world of woe.
Still I pass on, and now before me find
The restless ocean, emblem of my mind;
There wave on wave, here thought on thought succeeds,
Their produce idle works, and idle weeds:
Dark is the prospect o'er the rolling sea,
But not more dark than my sad views to me;
Yet from the rising moon the light beams dance
In troubled splendour o'er the wide expanse;
So on my soul, whom cares and troubles fright,
The Muse pours comfort in a flood of light. —
Shine out, fair flood! until the day-star flings
His brighter rays on all sublunar things.
" Why in such haste? by all the powers of wit,
I have against thee neither bond nor writ;
If thou 'rt a poet, now indulge the flight
Of thy fine fancy in this dubious light;
Cold, gloom, and silence shall assist thy rhyme,
And all things meet to form the true sublime." —
" Shall I, preserver deem'd around the place,
With abject rhymes a doctor's name disgrace?
Nor doctor solely, in the healing art
I 'm all in all, and all in every part;
Wise Scotland's boast let that diploma be
Which gave me right to claim the golden fee:
Praise, then, I claim, to skilful surgeon due,
For mine th' advice and operation too;
And, fearing all the vile compounding tribe,
I make myself the med'cines I prescribe;
Mine, too, the chemic art; and not a drop
Goes to my patients from a vulgar shop.
But chief my fame and fortune I command
From the rare skill of this obstetric hand:
This our chaste dames and prudent wives allow,
With her who calls me from thy wonder now."

TIME.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, FEBRUARY, 1780.

"The clock struck one! we take no thought of Time,"
Wrapt up in night, and meditating rhyme:
All big with vision, we despise the powers
That vulgar beings link to days and hours;
Those vile, mechanic things, that rule our hearts,
And cut our lives in momentary parts.
"That speech of Time was Wisdom's gift," said Young:
Ah, Doctor! better Time would hold his tongue:
What serves the clock? "To warn the careless crew
How much in little space they have to do;
To bid the busy world resign their breath,
And beat each moment a soft call for death —
To give it, then, a tongue, was wise in man."
Support the assertion, Doctor, if you can:
It tells the ruffian when his comrades wait;
It calls the duns to crowd my hapless gate;
It tells my heart the paralysing tale,
Of hours to come, when Misery must prevail.

THE CHOICE.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, FEBRUARY, 1780.

What vulgar title thus salutes the eye,
The schoolboy's first attempt at poesy?
The long-worn theme of every humbler Muse,
For wits to scorn and nurses to peruse;

The dull description of a scribbler's brain,
And sigh'd-for wealth, for which he sighs in vain;
A glowing chart of fairy-land estate,
Romantic scenes, and visions out of date,
Clear skies, clear streams, soft banks, and sober bowers,
Deer, whimpering brooks, and wind-perfuming flowers?

Not thus! too long have I in fancy wove
My slender webs of wealth, and peace, and love;
Have dream'd of plenty, in the midst of want,
And sought, by Hope, what Hope can never grant,
Been fool'd by wishes, and still wish'd again,
And loved the flattery, while I knew it vain!
"Gain by the Muse!" — alas! thou might'st as soon
Pluck gain (as Percy honour) from the moon;
As soon grow rich by ministerial nods,
As soon divine by dreaming of the gods,
As soon succeed by telling ladies truth,
Or preaching moral documents to youth:
To as much purpose, mortal! thy desires,
As Tully's flourishes to country squires;
As simple truth within St. James's state,
Or the soft lute in shrill-tongued Billingsgate.
"Gain by the Muse!" alas, preposterous hope!
Who ever gain'd by poetry — but Pope?
And what art thou? No St. John takes thy part;
No potent Dean commends thy head or heart!
What gain'st thou but the praises of the poor?
They bribe no milkman to thy lofty door,
They wipe no scrawl from thy increasing score.
What did the Muse, or Fame, for Dryden, say?
What for poor Butler? what for honest Gay?
For Thomson, what? or what to Savage give?
Or how did Johnson — how did Otway live?
Like thee! dependent on to-morrow's good,
Their thin revenue never understood;

Like thee, elate at what thou canst not know;
Like thee, repining at each puny blow;
Like thee they lived, each dream of Hope to mock,
Upon their wits — but with a larger stock.
No, if for food thy unambitious pray'r,
With supple acts to supple minds repair;
Learn of the base, in soft grimace to deal,
And deck thee with the livery genteel;
Or trim the wherry, or the flail invite,
Draw teeth, or any viler thing but write.
Writers, whom once th' astonish'd vulgar saw,
Give nations language, and great cities law;
Whom gods, they said — and surely gods — inspired,
Whom emp'rors honour'd, and the world admired —
Now common grown, they awe mankind no more,
But vassals are, who judges were before;
Blockheads on wits their little talents waste,
As files gnaw metal that they cannot taste:
Though still some good, the trial may produce,
To shape the useful to a nobler use.
Some few of these, a statue and a stone
Has Fame decreed — but deals out bread to none.
Unhappy art! decreed thine owner's curse,
Vile diagnostic of consumptive purse:
Members by bribes, and ministers by lies,
Gamesters by luck, by courage soldiers rise:
Beaux by the outside of their heads may win,
And wily sergeants by the craft within:
Who but the race, by Fancy's demon led,
Starve by the means they use to gain their bread?
Oft have I read, and, reading, mourn'd the fate
Of garret-bard, and his unpitied mate;
Of children stinted in their daily meal! —
The joke of wealthier wits, who could not feel;
Portentous spoke that pity in my breast!
And pleaded self — who ever pleads the best:

No! thank my stars, my misery 's all my own, —
To friends — to family — to foes unknown:
Who hates my verse, and damns the mean design,
Shall wound no peace — shall grieve no heart but mine.
One trial past, let sober Reason speak:
Here shall we rest, or shall we further seek?
Rest here, if our relenting stars ordain
A placid harbour from the stormy main:
Or, that denied, the fond remembrance weep,
And sink, forgotten, in the mighty deep.

No. III.

THE CANDIDATE;

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO THE AUTHORS OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW. (1)

Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vincta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
Sollicito damus, aut fesso, &c. Hor. Lib. ii. Ep. 1.

AN INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF THE AUTHOR TO HIS POEMS.

Ye idler things, that soothed my hours of care,
Where would ye wander, triflers, tell me where?
As maids neglected, do ye fondly dote,
On the fair type, or the embroider'd coat;
Detest my modest shelf, and long to fly,
Where princely Popes, and mighty Miltons lie?
Taught but to sing, and that in simple style,
Of Lycia's lip, and Musidora's smile;—
Go then! and taste a yet unfelt distress,
The fear that guards the captivating press;
Whose maddening region should ye once explore,
No refuge yields my tongueless mansion more.

(1) [For particulars respecting the original edition of this Poem, see *ante*, Vol. I. p. 55.]

But thus ye'll grieve, Ambition's plumage stript,
" Ah, would to Heaven, we'd died in manuscript!"
Your unsoil'd page each yawning wit shall flee,
— For few will read, and none admire like me. —
Its place, where spiders silent bards enrobe,
Squeezed betwixt Cibber's Odes and Blackmore's Job;
Where froth and mud, that varnish and deform,
Feed the lean critic and the fattening worm;
Then sent disgraced — the unpaid printer's bane —
To mad Moorfields, or sober Chancery Lane,
On dirty stalls I see your hopes expire,
Vex'd by the grin of your unheeded sire,
Who half reluctant has his care resign'd,
Like a teased parent, and is rashly kind.

Yet rush not all, but let some scout go forth,
View the strange land, and tell us of its worth;
And should he there barbarian usage meet,
The patriot scrap shall warn us to retreat.

And thou, the first of thy eccentric race,
A forward imp, go, search the dangerous place,
Where Fame's eternal blossoms tempt each bard,
Though dragon-wits there keep eternal guard;
Hope not unhurt the golden spoil to seize,
The Muses yield, as the Hesperides;
Who bribes the guardian, all his labour's done,
For every maid is willing to be won.

Before the lords of verse a suppliant stand,
And beg our passage through the fairy land:
Beg more — to search for sweets each blooming field,
And crop the blossoms, woods and valleys yield;
To snatch the tints that beam on Fancy's bow;
And feel the fires on Genius' wings that glow;
Praise without meanness, without flattery stoop,
Soothe without fear, and without trembling hope.

TO THE READER.

The following Poem being itself of an introductory nature, its author supposes it can require but little preface.

It is published with a view of obtaining the opinion of the candid and judicious reader, on the merits of the writer, as a poet; very few, he apprehends, being in such cases sufficiently impartial to decide for themselves.

It is addressed to the Authors of the Monthly Review, as to critics of acknowledged merit; an acquaintance with whose labours has afforded the writer of this Epistle a reason for directing it to them in particular, and, he presumes, will yield to others a just and sufficient plea for the preference.

Familiar with disappointment, he shall not be much surprised to find he has mistaken his talent. However, if not egregiously the dupe of his vanity, he promises to his readers some entertainment, and is assured, that however little in the ensuing Poem is worthy of applause, there is yet less that merits contempt.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The pious pilot, whom the Gods provide,
Through the rough seas the shatter'd bark to guide,
Trusts not alone his knowledge of the deep,
Its rocks that threaten, and its sands that sleep;
But, whilst with nicest skill he steers his way,
The guardian Tritons hear their favourite pray.
Hence borne his vows to Neptune's coral dome,
The God relents, and shuts each gulfy tomb.

Thus as on fatal floods to fame I steer,
I dread the storm, that ever rattles here,
Nor think enough, that long my yielding soul
Has felt the Muse's soft, but strong control,
Nor think enough that manly strength and ease,
Such as have pleased a friend, will strangers please;
But, suppliant, to the critic's throne I bow,
Here burn my incense, and here pay my vow;
That censure hush'd, may every blast give o'er,
And the lash'd coxcomb hiss contempt no more.
And ye, whom authors dread or dare in vain,
Affecting modest hopes, or poor disdain,
Receive a bard, who, neither mad nor mean,
Despises each extreme, and sails between;
Who fears; but has, amid his fears confess'd,
The conscious virtue of a Muse oppress'd;
A Muse in changing times and stations nursed,
By nature honour'd, and by fortune cursed.

No servile strain of abject hope she brings,
Nor soars presumptuous, with unwearied wings,
But, pruned for flight — the future all her care —
Would know her strength, and, if not strong, forbear.

The supple slave to regal pomp bows down,
Prostrate to power, and cringing to a crown;
The bolder villain spurns a decent awe,
Tramples on rule, and breaks through every law;
But he whose soul on honest truth relies,
Nor meanly flatters power, nor madly flies.
This timid authors bear an abject mind,
And plead for mercy they but seldom find.
Some, as the desperate, to the halter run,
Boldly deride the fate they cannot shun;
But such there are, whose minds, not taught to stoop,
Yet hope for fame, and dare avow their hope,

Who neither brave the judges of their cause,
Nor beg in soothing strains a brief applause.
And such I 'd be; — and ere my fate is past,
Ere clear'd with honour, or with culprits cast,
Humbly at Learning's bar I 'll state my case,
And welcome then, distinction or disgrace!

When in the man the flights of fancy reign,
Rule in the heart, or revel in the brain,
As busy Thought her wild creation apes,
And hangs delighted o'er her varying shapes,
It asks a judgment, weighty and discreet,
To know where wisdom prompts, and where conceit;
Alike their draughts to every scribbler's mind
(Blind to their faults as to their danger blind); —
We write enraptured, and we write in haste,
Dream idle dreams, and call them things of taste,
Improvement trace in every paltry line,
And see, transported, every dull design;
Are seldom cautious, all advice detest,
And ever think our own opinions best;
Nor shows my Muse a muse-like spirit here,
Who bids me pause, before I persevere.

But she — who shrinks while meditating flight
In the wide way, whose bounds delude her sight,
Yet tired in her own mazes still to roam,
And cull poor banquets for the soul at home,
Would, ere she ventures, ponder on the way,
Lest dangers yet unthought-of flight betray;
Lest her Icarian wing, by wits unplumed,
Be robb'd of all the honours she assumed;
And Dulness swell, — a black and dismal sea,
Gaping her grave; while censures madden me.

Such was his fate, who flew too near the sun,
Shot far beyond his strength, and was undone;

Such is his fate, who creeping at the shore
The billow sweeps him, and he 's found no more.
Oh! for some God, to bear my fortunes fair
Midway betwixt presumption and despair!

" Has then some friendly critic's former blow
" Taught thee a prudence authors seldom know?"

Not so! their anger and their love untried,
A wo-taught prudence deigns to tend my side:
Life's hopes ill-sped, the Muse's hopes grow poor,
And though they flatter, yet they charm no more;
Experience points where lurking dangers lay,
And as I run, throws caution in my way.

There was a night, when wintry winds did rage,
Hard by a ruin'd pile, I met a sage;
Resembling him the time-struck place appear'd,
Hollow its voice, and moss its spreading beard;
Whose fate-lopp'd brow, the bat's and beetle's dome,
Shook, as the hunted owl flew hooting home.
His breast was bronzed by many an eastern blast,
And fourscore winters seem'd he to have past,
His thread-bare coat the supple osier bound,
And with slow feet he press'd the sodden ground,
Where, as he heard the wild-wing'd Eurus blow,
He shook, from locks as white, December's snow;
Inured to storm, his soul ne'er bid it cease,
But lock'd within him meditated peace.

Father, I said — for silver hairs inspire,
And oft I call the bending peasant Sire —
Tell me, as here beneath this ivy bower
That works fantastic round its trembling tower,
We hear Heaven's guilt-alarming thunders roar,
Tell me the pains and pleasures of the poor;

For Hope, just spent, requires a sad adieu,
And Fear acquaints me I shall live with you.

There was a time when, by Delusion led,
A scene of sacred bliss around me spread,
On Hope's, as Pisgah's lofty top, I stood,
And saw my Canaan there, my promised good;
A thousand scenes of joy the clime bestow'd,
And wine and oil through vision's valleys flow'd;
As Moses his, I call'd my prospect bless'd,
And gazed upon the good I ne'er possess'd:
On this side Jordan doom'd by fate to stand,
Whilst happier Joshuas win the promised land.
" Son," said the Sage — " be this thy care suppress'd;
" The state the Gods shall choose thee, is the best:
" Rich if thou art, they ask thy praises more,
" And would thy patience when they make thee poor;
" But other thoughts within thy bosom reign,
" And other subjects vex thy busy brain,
" Poetic wreaths thy vainer dreams excite,
" And thy sad stars have destined thee to write.
" Then since that task the ruthless fates decree,
" Take a few precepts from the Gods and me!

" Be not too eager in the arduous chace;
" Who pants for triumph seldom wins the race:
" Venture not all, but wisely hoard thy worth,
" And let thy labours one by one go forth:
" Some happier scrap capricious wits may find
" On a fair day, and be profusely kind;
" Which, buried in the rubbish of a throng,
" Had pleased as little as a new-year's song,
" Or lover's verse, that cloy'd with nauseous sweet,
" Or birth-day ode, that ran on ill-pair'd feet.
" Merit not always — Fortune feeds the bard,
" And as the whim inclines bestows reward:

" None without wit, nor with it numbers gain;
" To please is hard, but none shall please in vain:
" As a coy mistress is the humour'd town,
" Loth every lover with success to crown;
" He who would win must every effort try,
" Sail in the mode, and to the fashion fly;
" Must gay or grave to every humour dress,
" And watch the lucky Moment of Success;
" That caught, no more his eager hopes are crost;
" But vain are Wit and Love, when that is lost."

Thus said the God; for now a God he grew,
His white locks changing to a golden hue,
And from his shoulders hung a mantle azure-blue.
His softening eyes the winning charm disclosed
Of dove-like Delia when her doubts reposed;
Mira's alone a softer lustre bear,
When wo beguiles them of an angel's tear;
Beauteous and young the smiling phantom stood,
Then sought on airy wing his blest abode.

Ah! truth, distasteful in poetic theme,
Why is the Muse compell'd to own her dream?
Whilst forward wits had sworn to every line,
I only wish to make its moral mine.

Say then, O ye who tell how authors speed,
May Hope indulge her flight, and I succeed?
Say, shall my name, to future song prefix'd,
Be with the meanest of the tuneful mix'd?
Shall my soft strains the modest maid engage,
My graver numbers move the silver'd sage,
My tender themes delight the lover's heart,
And comfort to the poor my solemn songs impart?

For Oh! thou Hope's, thou Thought's eternal King,
Who gav'st them power to charm, and me to sing—

Chief to thy praise my willing numbers soar,
And in my happier transports I adore;
Mercy! thy softest attribute proclaim,
Thyself in abstract, thy more lovely name;
That flings o'er all my grief a cheering ray,
As the full moon-beam gilds the watery way.
And then too, Love, my soul's resistless lord,
Shall many a gentle, generous strain afford,
To all the soil of sooty passions blind,
Pure as embracing angels, and as kind;
Our Mira's name in future times shall shine,
And—though the harshest—Shepherds envy mine.

Then let me, (pleasing task!) however hard,
Join, as of old, the prophet and the bard;
If not, ah! shield me from the dire disgrace,
That haunts the wild and visionary race;
Let me not draw my lengthen'd lines along,
And tire in untamed infamy of song,
Lest, in some dismal Dunciad's future page,
I stand the CIBBER of this tuneless age;
Lest, if another POPE th' indulgent skies
Should give, inspired by all their deities,
My luckless name, in his immortal strain,
Should, blasted, brand me as a second Cain;
Doom'd in that song to live against my will,
Whom all must scorn, and yet whom none could kill.

The youth, resisted by the maiden's art,
Persists, and time subdues her kindling heart;
To strong entreaty yields the widow's vow,
As mighty walls to bold besiegers bow;
Repeated prayers draw bounty from the sky,
And heaven is won by importunity;
Ours, projecting tribe, pursue in vain,
Wearied trials, an uncertain gain;

Madly plunge on through every hope's defeat,
And with our ruin only, find the cheat.

"And why then seek that luckless doom to share?"
Who, I?—To shun it is my only care.

I grant it true, that others better tell
Of mighty WOLFE, who conquer'd as he fell; (1)
Of heroes born, their threaten'd realms to save,
Whom Fame anoints, and Envy tends whose grave;
Of crimson'd fields, where Fate, in dire array,
Gives to the breathless the short-breathing clay;
Ours, a young train, by humbler fountains dream,
Nor taste presumptuous the Pierian stream;
When Rodney's triumph comes on eagle-wing,
We hail the victor, whom we fear to sing;
Nor tell we how each hostile chief goes on,
The luckless Lee, or wary Washington;
How Spanish bombast blusters—they were beat,
And French politeness dulcifies—defeat.
My modest Muse forbears to speak of kings,
Lest fainting stanzas blast the name she sings;
For who—the tenant of the beechen shade,
Dares the big thought in regal breasts pervade?
Or search his soul, whom each too-favouring God
Gives to delight in plunder, pomp, and blood?
No; let me, free from Cupid's frolic round,
Rejoice, or more rejoice by Cupid bound;
Of laughing girls in smiling couplets tell,
And paint the dark-brow'd grove, where wood-nymphs dwell;
Who bid invading youths their vengeance feel,
And pierce the votive hearts they mean to heal.

(1) IMIT. — Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, aut equis
Miles, te duce, gesserit, &c. &c.
HOR. Lib. i. Od. 8.

Such were the themes I knew in school-day ease,
When first the moral magic learn'd to please,
Ere Judgment told how transports warm'd the breast,
Transported Fancy there her stores imprest;
The soul in varied raptures learn'd to fly,
Felt all their force, and never question'd why;
No idle doubts could then her peace molest,
She found delight, and left to heaven the rest;
Soft joys in Evening's placid shades were born;
And where sweet fragrance wing'd the balmy morn,
When the wild thought roved vision's circuit o'er,
And caught the raptures, caught, alas! no more:
No care did then a dull attention ask,
For study pleased, and that was every task;
No guilty dreams stalk'd that heaven-favour'd round,
Heaven-guarded too, no Envy entrance found;
Nor numerous wants, that vex advancing age,
Nor Flattery's silver'd tale, nor Sorrow's sage;
Frugal Affliction kept each growing dart,
T' o'erwhelm in future days the bleeding heart.
No sceptic art veil'd Pride in Truth's disguise,
But prayer unsoil'd of doubt besieged the skies;
Ambition, avarice, care, to man retired,
Nor came desires more quick, than joys desired.

A summer morn there was, and passing fair,
Still was the breeze, and health perfumed the air;
Th ing east in crimson'd splendour shone,
W e the eye just marks the pallid moon,
d Zephyr fann'd each opening flow'r,
from fragrant cups the limpid sh
man fill'd his cheerful horn,
vivid d hung trembling on the thorn,
mists, l reeping rocks, arose to meet the morn.
giant s ws spread along the plain,
not from towering rocks o'er half the main.

There to the slumbering bark the gentle tide
Stole soft, and faintly beat against its side;
Such is that sound, which fond designs convey,
When, true to love, the damsel speeds away;
The sails unshaken, hung aloft unfurl'd,
And simpering nigh, the languid current curl'd;
A crumbling ruin, once a city's pride,
The well-pleased eye through withering oaks descried,
Where Sadness, gazing on time's ravage, hung,
And Silence to Destruction's trophy clung —
Save that as morning songsters swell'd their lays,
Awaken'd Echo humm'd repeated praise:
The lark on quavering pinion woo'd the day,
Less towering linnets fill'd the vocal spray,
And song-invited pilgrims rose to pray.
Here at a pine-prest hill's embroider'd base
I stood, and hail'd the Genius of the place.
Then was it doom'd by fate, my idle heart,
Soften'd by Nature, gave access to Art;
The Muse approach'd, her syren-song I heard,
Her magic felt, and all her charms revered:
E'er since she rules in absolute control,
And Mira only dearer to my soul.
Ah! tell me not these empty joys to fly,
If they deceive, I would deluded die;
To the fond themes my heart so early wed,
So soon in life to blooming visions led,
So prone to run the vague uncertain course,
'T is more than death to think of a divorce.

What wills the poet of the favouring go
I 'd to their shrine, and blest in their abo . (1)
What when he fills the glass, and to eac youth
Names his loved maid, and glories in h truth?

(1) Imit. — Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? &c. &c. Hor. *Carm.* x. lib. i.

Not India's spoils, the splendid nabob's pride,
Not the full trade of Hermes' own Cheapside,
Nor gold itself, nor all the Ganges laves,
Or shrouds, well shrouded in his sacred waves;
Nor gorgeous vessels deck'd in trim array,
Which the more noble Thames bears far away;
Let those whose nod makes sooty subjects flee,
Hack with blunt steel the savory calipee;
Let those whose ill-used wealth their country fly,
Virtue-scorn'd wines from hostile France to buy;
Favour'd by fate, let such in joy appear,
Their smuggled cargoes landed thrice a year;
Disdaining these, for simpler food I 'll look,
And crop my beverage at the mantled brook.

O Virtue! brighter than the noon-tide ray,
My humble prayers with sacred joys repay!
Health to my limbs may the kind Gods impart,
And thy fair form delight my yielding heart!
Grant me to shun each vile inglorious road,
To see thy way, and trace each moral good:
If more — let Wisdom's sons my page peruse,
And decent credit deck my modest Muse.

Nor deem it pride that [illegible]ophecies, my song
[illegible]all please the sons of taste, and please them long.
[illegible] ye! to whom my Muse submissive brings
[illegible] first-fruit offering, and on trembling wings,
[illegible]ay she hot hope in future days to soar,
[illegible]ere fancy's sons have led the way before?
[illegible] genius strives in each ambrosial bower
[illegible] snatch with agile hand the opening flower?
[illegible] pull what sweets adorn the mountain's brow,
[illegible] humbler blossoms crown the vales below,
[illegible] blend with these the stores by art refined,
And give the moral Flora to the mind?

Far other scenes my timid hour admits,
Relentless critics, and avenging wits;
E'en coxcombs take a licence from their pen,
And to each "let-him-perish" cry Amen!
And thus, with wits or fools my heart shall cry,
For if they please not, let the trifles die:
Die, and be lost in dark oblivion's shore,
And never rise to vex their author more.

I would not dream o'er some soft liquid line,
Amid a thousand blunders form'd to shine;
Yet rather this, than that dull scribbler be,
From every fault, and every beauty free,
Curst with tame thoughts and mediocrity.
Some have I found so thick beset with spots,
'Twas hard to trace their beauties through their blots;
And these, as tapers round a sick-man's room,
Or passing chimes, but warn'd me of the tomb!

O! if you blast, at once consume my bays,
And damn me not with mutilated praise.
With candour judge; and, a young bard in view,
Allow for that, and judge with kindness too;
Faults he must own, though hard for him to find,
Not to some happier men is quite so blind;
These if mistaken Fancy only sees,
Or Hope, that takes Deformity for these:
If Dunce, the crowd-befitting title, falls
His lot, and Dulness her new subject calls, —
To the poor bard alone your censures give —
Let his fame die, but let his honour live;
Laugh if you must — be candid as you can,
And when you lash the Poet, spare the Man.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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